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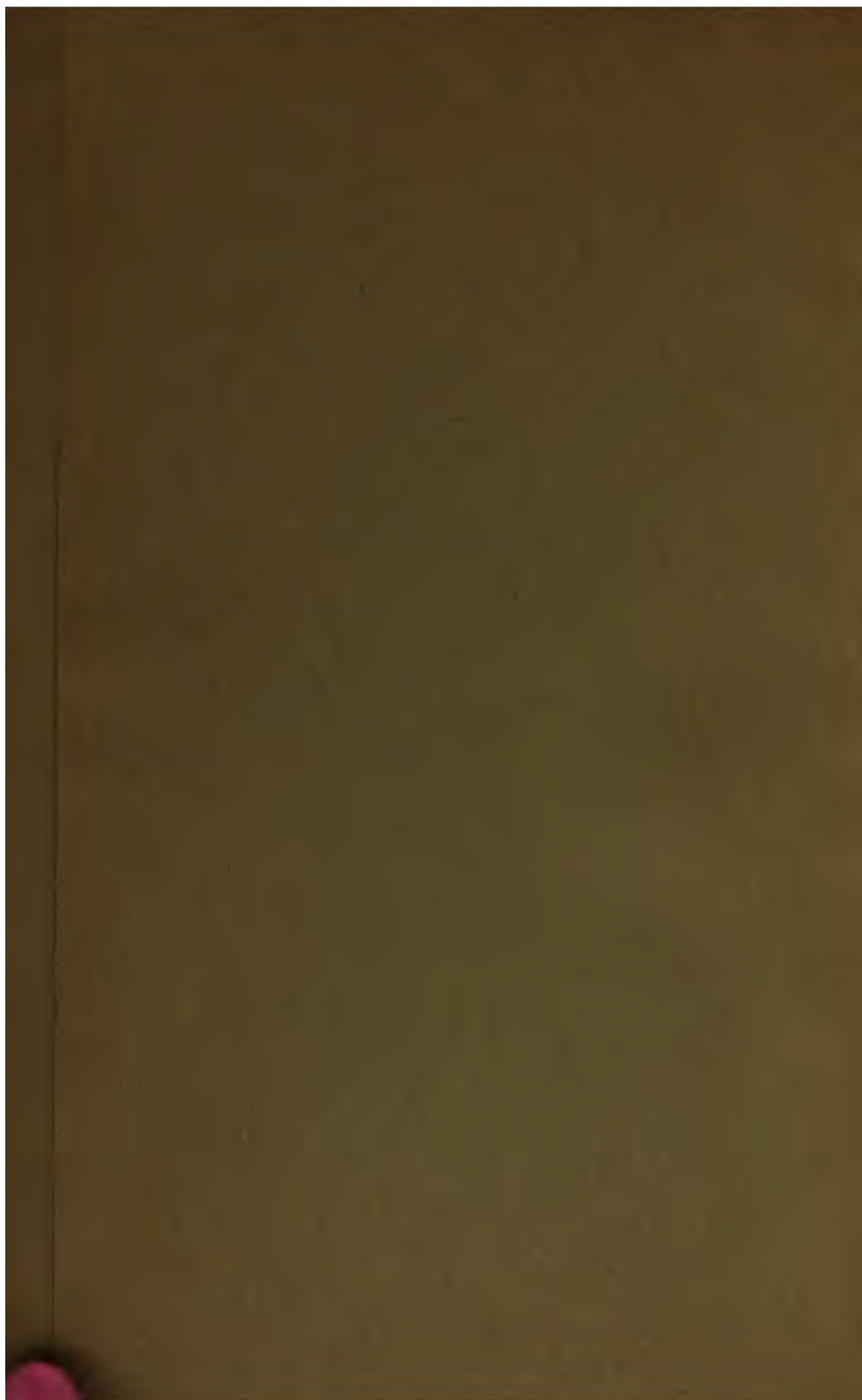
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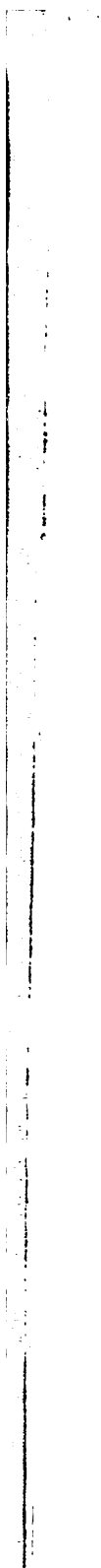
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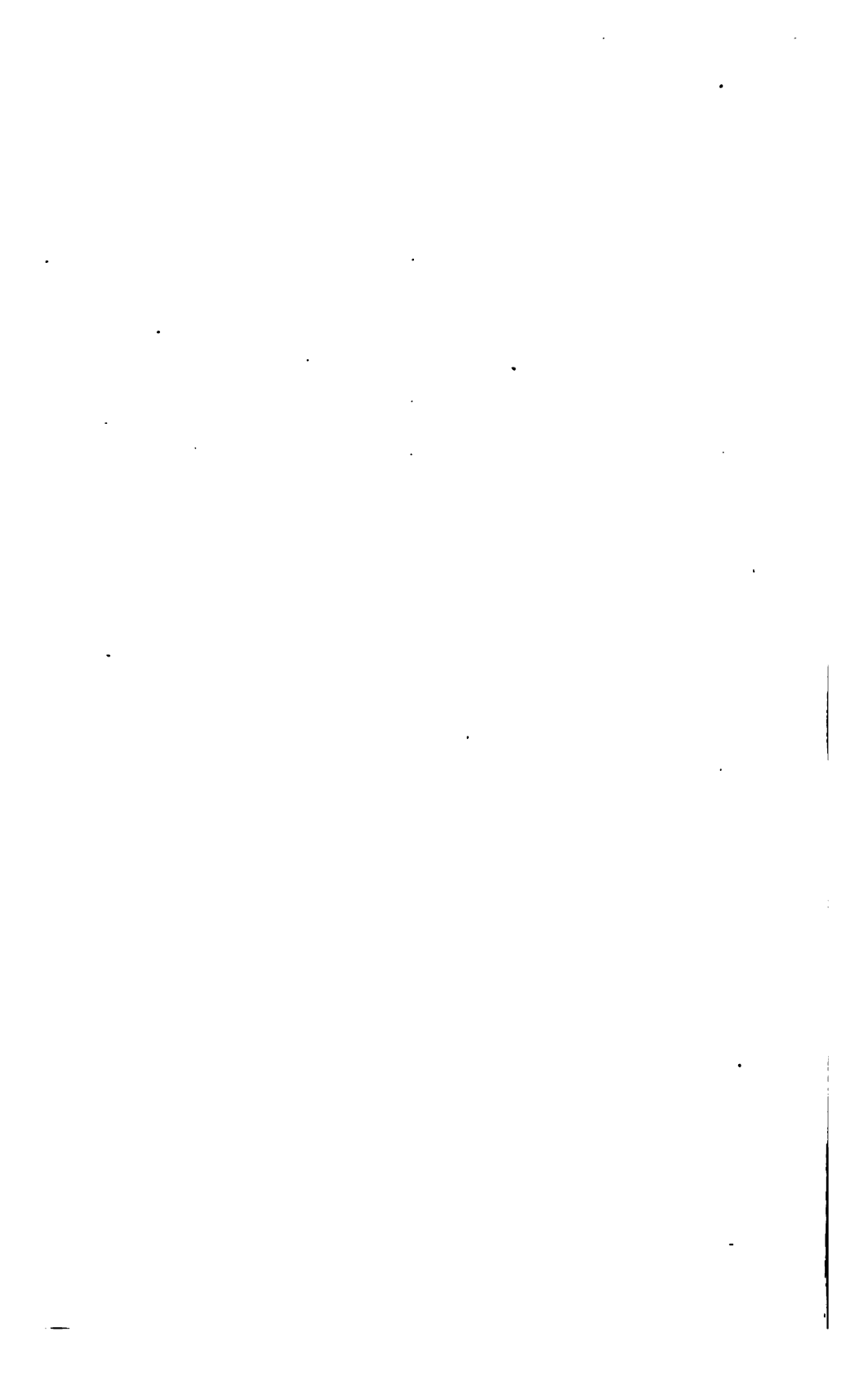
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**PASSAGES IN  
A WANDERING LIFE**



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*T. Arnold*

Edward Arnold, London 1900

# PASSAGES IN A WANDERING LIFE

BY

THOMAS ARNOLD, M.A.

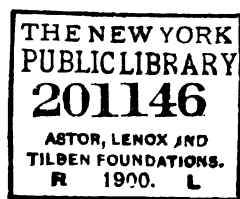
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## PREFACE

AN old controversy, and one that, I suppose, will never be decided, relates to the comparative wisdom or unwisdom of a father's determining the future career of his son, and bringing him up under the persuasion that he must reconcile himself to that and think of no other; or, on the contrary, leaving him free to make his own choice, down to the very close of the years of education and preparation. My father, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, so far as his judgment may be inferred from his conduct in the case of his two elder sons,—his other sons were too young at the time of his death for the question to have arisen as to them,—was of the latter opinion. He must have seen how strong was the bent of my eldest brother's mind towards poetry, and literary composition in general; and to the best of my belief he never thought of prescribing to him in any way either the field within which, or the aims towards which, he should set his genius to work. Both my brother and I looked forward to a residence at Oxford as the natural close of life at a public school, and my father regarded the matter in much the same light, trusting that, after Oxford, each would find the groove suited

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to him. For us, and for all of his children, the precept flowed steadily from his life, still more than from his lips, "*Work.*" Not, work at this or that—but, *Work.*

In my case, it must be confessed, his confidence was somewhat rash; and there is no telling whether difficulties which I escaped, or was helped through, simply because I bore an honoured name, might not have overwhelmed me under other circumstances.

Through Oxford I passed according to my father's wish and disposal; and what is said in the narrative as to the early unsettlement of my opinions must not be taken for an admission that I had lost all power of self-control. I held on to the Oxford life, though it had become distasteful to me, till I had taken my degree; knowing that an Oxford degree, and a good place in the class-list, were an insurance against future embarrassment and want, which whoever had the power to provide himself with, was inexcusable if he did not do so.

Whether or not I acted foolishly in going out to New Zealand, I declare on my conscience I do not know; those who shall do me the favour to read the following chapters will be in as good a position to form a judgment on that point as I am myself.

T. A.

DUBLIN, *February* 1900.

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# PASSAGES IN A WANDERING LIFE

## CHAPTER I

Birth at Laleham—Fledborough—Sir Charles Penrose—Rugby—Dr. Arnold—Journeys to Westmoreland—Winchester School—Keble and Hursley—Grisi and Macready—Badger-baiting—Cathedral—Whately—The Stanleys—Mr. Hull—Judge Coleridge—Sir Grey Skipwith—Bunsen—Tom Hughes—Hodson of Hodson's horse.

It would never have occurred to me that any part of my life was of sufficient general interest to warrant the placing an account of it before the public. Some of my friends, however, have judged otherwise; chiefly, perhaps, because I have lived so long that my recollections reach back to times almost historical, and also have survived so many of my contemporaries, that I can speak without offence of much that, thirty years ago, it would have been improper or premature to discuss.

I was born on the 30th November 1823, at Laleham, near Staines, a village about eighteen miles above London, on the Middlesex side of the Thames. At the southern end of the village were the house and gardens of Lord Lucan; on a short cross-road running

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down to the river was the villa belonging to the Hartwell family, where Louis XVIII. and other members of the French royal family found an asylum for many years.

My father—Thomas Arnold, afterwards Dr. Arnold of Rugby—since his marriage in 1820, had been taking private pupils at Laleham. For this purpose he rented an old red-brick mansion in the middle of the village, built in that semi-Dutch style, comfortable to inhabit and not unpleasing to behold, which prevailed in the home counties during the greater part of the last century. Behind it was a large lawn, flanked by some fine cedars; beyond the lawn was a greenhouse. In my boyish memory and imagination the lawn, bathed in perpetual sunshine, stretched out for a quarter of a mile between the house and the greenhouse, and the whole scene was parklike and beautiful. After some years at Rugby I visited my birthplace again; the spacious lawn was but some eighty yards across; everything was altered and shrunk in my eyes; disillusion could not be more complete.

At the head of the cross-road leading down to the river was the private school kept by the Rev. J. Buckland, who was married to my father's sister Frances. In a small house adjoining lived our "Aunt Susanna," confined to her bed, without hope of rising from it, by a spinal complaint. She had been brought up in the gay society of my grandfather's house at Cowes, and her lively wit and cheerfulness had been remarkable. When she knew her doom, she accepted

it with an uncomplaining fortitude; formed and kept a resolution never to speak of her malady except to the doctors; and threw her strong intelligence with keen interest into the circle of thoughts and projects which engaged the mind of the brother whom she loved. My father, if I rightly remember, never let a day pass without going to see her. I dimly remember sitting occasionally beside her crib, and the impression remains with me that a more cheerful person I never knew.

When I was five years old, there was a visit to Fledborough, my grandfather's living in Nottinghamshire. John Penrose was a pious and venerable man—mild and gentle-mannered—fixed in the hearts of his parishioners as they were in his. The good old man made his grandchildren one Sunday afternoon join the village class round his pulpit, and say the Catechism with them. I still possess a book which he gave me on the occasion. Before the end of that year (1829) he died.

His brother, Charles Vinicombe, born in 1759, had entered the navy, and risen to the rank of vice-admiral. He usually lived, after the close of the great war, at Ethy near Lostwithiel, and I doubt whether I ever saw him. As a lieutenant on board the *Cleopatra*, he served under the first Sir Hyde Parker at the indecisive battle with a Dutch fleet at the Doggerbank in 1781. Once in his life, at the passage of the Adour by the British army in 1814, the chance of renown came in his way, and he seized

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it with vigour and success. As Napier is scarcely fair to him personally,<sup>1</sup> while recognising the general importance of the achievement, I shall relate from the Wellington despatches, and from Napier himself, the main features of the operation.

In December 1813, Captain Penrose was appointed Rear-Admiral of the Blue, and soon afterwards ordered to superintend the naval service connected with Lord Wellington's army, then advanced as far as the Pyrenees. After obtaining leave to select his own captain, and choosing his nephew, Captain Coode, he proceeded to Passages, near St. Sebastian, and hoisted his flag on board the *Porcupine*. Wellington had won the battle of the Nivelle (November 10), and his troops were pressing down the valleys of the two Gaves; but it was apparent that, without the reduction of the fortress of Bayonne, a secure hold of south-western France could not be obtained. Bayonne could not be advantageously invested, except on the north side; it thus became necessary to effect the passage of the Adour. While, therefore, Wellington, with the bulk of the army, was advancing against Soult in the direction of Orthez, he left it to Sir John Hope, commanding on the left, and to Admiral Penrose, to effect the passage of the Adour. This had been planned long before. It was known that there was a bar at the river's mouth, on which broke at all times a dangerous surf; and the means of overcoming the natural difficulties, and building a bridge between Bayonne and

<sup>1</sup> "History of the Peninsular War," vol. vi.

the sea, had been carefully studied. A number of *chasse-marees*—Spanish two-masted coasting vessels—were collected at Passages, and an opportunity for bringing them into the river was awaited. Meantime Sir John Hope had sent his advanced guard as far as the Adour, and had thrown six hundred of the Guards across to the right bank in country boats; but the flotilla was detained many days by adverse weather, and the position of the troops sent forward was, considering the nearness of Bayonne and the strength of its garrison, extremely precarious. At last, on the 24th February, the weather changed for the better, and the admiral, taking command of the flotilla in the *Porcupine*, brought it round from Passages with a fair wind to the mouth of the Adour. The soldiers on the shore anxiously watched their approach. Hope, about noon, was able to communicate the position in which he stood to the admiral, and Penrose resolved, though "the bar was by no means safe,"<sup>1</sup> to attempt crossing it at once. He transferred his flag to the *Gleaner*, in order that he might superintend the operation from near at hand, and remained in her close to the bar for the whole afternoon.<sup>2</sup> Captain O'Reilly of the *Lyra* led the way through the surf; his boat was swamped, and he was very nearly drowned, but rescue came in time. Penrose waited to see all the *chasse-*

<sup>1</sup> "Well. Desp.," viii. 592. "You can scarcely form an idea," wrote Hope next day to the Quartermaster-General, "of the surf on the bar, even when fine weather prevails."

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., viii. 592. Admiral Penrose to Lord Wellington, February 24, 1814.

## 6 PASSAGES IN A WANDERING LIFE

*marées* and the boats of the men-of-war across the bar; "I cannot say without many casualties," he adds, but he could not then give the particulars; and returned on board the *Porcupine*. Thus, says Napier, was accomplished "this perilous and glorious exploit."<sup>1</sup> But the loss which fell on these self-devoted sailors was severe: Captain Elliot, of the *Martial*, with launch and crew, and three of the boats from the transports, perished close to the shore, and four other vessels lost part of their crews. Still the greater number of the *chasse-marées*, which were to form the bridge, had been brought over the bar, and were now safe inside.

The engineers and naval officers now took up their work of construction, and carried it on with so much energy that by the evening of the 26th February the bridge was ready for use. Three miles below Bayonne the river was confined by retaining-walls to a breadth of three hundred yards. It happened also that this winter, through the shifting of the sand-banks which encumbered the river's mouth, the current ran for some distance parallel to the beach before finding its way to the sea; hence the disturbance of the water through surf and wind forcing their way in, was less that year at the spot where the bridge was to be built than was usually the case. Twenty-six *chasse-marées*, moored head and stern at distances of forty feet, were bound together with ropes, and two thick cables carried loosely over their decks, on which planks were laid to

<sup>1</sup> "History of the Peninsular War," vi. 541.

form the roadway. It was found that this simple structure was strong enough to bear the heaviest artillery. A boom, composed of ships' spars, chains, and anchors was thrown across above the bridge, as a protection against fireships. Penrose had written to Lord Wellington<sup>1</sup> about such a boom on the 8th February, and had submitted his design to the Admiralty some time before; but according to Napier the boom that was actually laid was the conception of Colonel Sturgeon and Major Todd, engineer officers probably.

On the 27th February Hope completed the investment of Bayonne, and on the same day Wellington gained the battle of Orthez.

The general in command did not underrate the value of the naval co-operation which he had received. Writing on the day after the crossing of the bar,<sup>2</sup> Hope said, "It is impossible for me to express adequately my sense of the exertions made by the officers of the navy on this occasion, which has been a very trying one for them. The perseverance of the admiral in keeping the fleet together, and seizing the favourable moment to send it in, and the intrepid exertions of Captain O'Reilly of the *Lyra*, and the officers and seamen employed under him, in braving the most tremendous surf, were such as to require that I should state them in the most favourable point of view to your lordship." Napier gives his estimate of the enterprise in the following sentence: "This fortune

<sup>1</sup> "Well. Desp.," viii. 573.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., Lieut.-Gen. Hope to Lord Wellington, Feb. 25, 1814.

## 8 PASSAGES IN A WANDERING LIFE

(the shifting of the channel), the error of the enemy, the matchless skill and daring of the British seamen, and the discipline and intrepidity of the British soldiers, all combined by the genius of Wellington, were necessary to the success of this stupendous operation, which must always rank among the prodigies of war."<sup>1</sup>

In May 1814, Admiral Penrose entered the Gironde; and drove the French armed vessels below Blaye, including the *Regulus*, 74, to seek refuge higher up the river. Of his conduct on this occasion Napier says,<sup>2</sup> "It appears Lord Wellington thought this officer dilatory." Nothing to this effect occurs anywhere, so far as I can ascertain, in the despatches; perhaps it was a mere hearsay.

Admiral Penrose was nominated a K.C.B., and rose to the rank of a Vice-Admiral. He died on the 1st January 1830, little more than three months after his brother, my grandfather.<sup>3</sup>

My father was elected head-master of Rugby in 1828. For many years afterwards my personal recollections do not wander much beyond the school-house and its two gardens, the school-field, and the roads leading out of Rugby, especially the Barby road. Little cricket, gymnastics, quoits, swinging, gardening, were among the recreations of us children; but for several years the chief amusement of all was found in the "digging-places." The three "elder ones" turned their digging-place into a partly subterranean fort

<sup>1</sup> "History of the Peninsular War," vi. 543.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, vi. 600.

<sup>3</sup> His Life was written by his nephew, the Rev. J. Penrose of Langton, (Murray, 1850).

about three yards square, surrounded by a ditch and ramparts of earth. The four "little ones" attempted something of the same kind, but did not succeed so well. Missiles, in the shape of clay balls, were easily manufactured. Continual warfare was kept up between the two digging-places, and on one occasion resulted in the capture of the youngest of the "little ones," who was immured for some time in the fort above mentioned.

My father delighted in our games, and sometimes joined in them. Stern though his look could be—and often had to be—there was a vein of drollery in him, a spirit of pure fun, which perhaps came from his Suffolk ancestry. He was not witty, nor—though he could appreciate humour—was he humorous; but the comic and grotesque side of human life attracted him strongly. He gave to each of his children some nickname more or less absurd, and joked with us, while his eyes twinkled, on the droll situations and comparisons which the names suggested. In a sense we were afraid of him; that is, we were very much afraid, if we did wrong, of being found out and punished, and, still worse, of witnessing the frown gather on his brow. Yet in all of us on the whole love cast out fear; for he never held us at a distance, was never impatient with us; always, we knew, was trying to make us good and happy.

He had ridden much in his youth, but at Rugby he always took his exercise walking, with my mother on her gray pony for his sole companion, unless some

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sixth-form boy fell in by invitation, or the programme was modified by a chance arrival from Oxford or Cambridge. But when the holidays came, and we were in Westmoreland, he loved to take his children for mountain walks, fixing "stages" when the *monde* was steep, so that no one should be overtired, and, if the place were Loughrigg, making them now and then play "hide-and-seek" in the thick fern. He was no sportsman, and had had, I think, no experience; but I never heard him say a word against sport.

My brother<sup>1</sup> went for two years, from his eighth to his tenth year, to Mr. Buckland's school at Laleham. After that he and I, and a younger brother, Edward, were given in charge to a tutor, Herbert Hill, a cousin of the poet Southey. He was a good, but rather | a severe tutor; and we all made fair progress under him in Greek and Latin. Euclid he taught us also; but here the natural bent of my brother's mind showed itself. Ratiocination did not at that time charm him; and the demonstration of what he did not care to know found him languid. Later on, when he applied his mind to reasoning, he found no difficulty; and some writer who knew the facts has lately told how easily and quickly he mastered the principles and terminology of Logic, when it was necessary for him to take up that subject as a substitute for Euclid at his Responsions.

<sup>1</sup> By "my brother" must be understood my eldest brother, Matthew; when any one of my younger brothers is mentioned, his name will be given.

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For many years, during the thirties, it was the rule of the household to migrate twice in the year to Westmoreland. The journey took up the greater part of three days, and the preparations were long and interesting. The boxes belonging to the olive-green carriage—which was a landaulet,—cap-box, sword-case, drop-box, imperial, &c.—were brought upstairs and packed; other boxes were made ready for the accompanying chaise; and eatables were provided in great abundance. There was a choice of several posting routes, and my father tried two or three of them; but that which he finally preferred, avoiding Leicestershire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire, followed nearly the same line of country as that which the London and North-Western Railway now takes between Rugby and Kendal. The end of the first day's journey was usually at Wolseley Bridge Inn, a comfortable roadside hostel at the crossing of the Trent. The next day brought us, past the beautiful Trentham Park and its gazing deer, to Stone, Newcastle-under-Lyne, Congleton, Knutsford, Warrington and Wigan, the sleeping-place being usually Yarrowbridge Inn, under Rivington Pike. Or, if a visit was to be paid to Alderley, from Congleton the way led to Wilmslow and Manchester. From Yarrowbridge Inn it was not a long day, through "proud Preston" and castled Lancaster, to Kendal and Ambleside. From Lancaster there were two posting routes to Kendal, one by Burton, the other by Milnthorpe. The first divided the twenty-two

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miles into two equal stages, passing through an uninteresting country. The second made a long stage of fourteen miles to Milnthorpe, whence it was only eight miles to Kendal. We were all of us fond of this short stage, because it took us past Levens, an old and beautiful house, which at the time that I am speaking of belonged to Colonel Howard, but has passed through many hands—Grahams of Netherby, Bellinghams of Northumberland, &c.—until now that it is owned by Captain Bagot, member for the southern division of Westmoreland. The high road runs for some distance along the garden wall; at the end of which, on the left, appears the gray stone mansion, flanked by the garden, with its massive clipped hedges of box and yew, and small yew trees tortured into the shapes of animals. Beyond the house the road crosses the Kent, which is here a most beautiful stream, winding down through the deer park, and soon to be swallowed up in the sands of Morecambe Bay.<sup>1</sup> If we had started in good time on the second day, we could reach Preston before night, where we used to put up at the "Bull," a grand old hotel near the great church, then kept by Mrs. Scott, a widow lady of a stately presence and reassuring urbanity.

This way of travelling was sometimes a little tedious; but how familiar one became with country and town in the parts of England traversed! What joy it was to rattle through the streets of every town

<sup>1</sup> In 1898 we had the pleasure of visiting my daughter and her husband at Levens, which was at the time in their occupation.

that we came to, wondering at all that met our eyes, and ourselves the objects of a not unfriendly curiosity to the passers in the street! Now we wait outside in a dull station, where nothing of the town is brought to our cognisance except its name. Not that I mean to say anything against the railways, to have originated which always seemed to me a real glory for England; but it is natural that those who remember the earlier state of things should sometimes think affectionately of the old turnpike roads—the bad macadam here, the excruciating *pavé*<sup>1</sup> there—the long hills, the post-boys in their buff or blue jackets, and the much-loved horses—bay, brown, gray, and chestnut.

The time came for my brother and me to go to a grammar school, and it seemed to my father, though always intending that Rugby should be our principal school, that a year at Winchester, where he had been himself, would do us no harm, and would be a fitting acknowledgment which he owed to William of Wykeham. We were members of "Commoners," under Dr. Moberly, from the summer of 1836 to the autumn of 1837. Times are much changed since then at the old school; I believe that the boys no longer "go on Hills," and that "beever leave-out" is

<sup>1</sup> In the carboniferous district of South Lancashire fifty years ago the principal roads were armed with a pavement of large square stones, on either side of which deep muddy tracks were worn *ad libitum*. *Hac urget lupus, hac canis*; the terrific jolting drove one to the mud, the depth and dirt of which would soon compel a return to the stones. My father used to say that these *pavés* were used, partly on account of the difficulty and expense of getting good road-making stone in that sandstone country, partly because they were durable and therefore economical.

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a thing of the past ; but these and other changes have been described by Wykehamists, and I have no inclination to intrude upon their province. One or two incidents only, in which my brother was concerned, it seems worth while to mention.

Dr. Moberly used to ask boys of the upper forms to breakfast, and one day in the spring of 1837 it came to our turn. My brother always talked freely, and it happened that at this breakfast, without thinking of consequences, he spoke of some part of the work of the form in which he was as being light and easy. "Indeed!" said the doctor laughing, "we must see to that," or something to that effect. A stupid boy from "senior part" was present, and took the matter very seriously. Being older and stronger than my brother, he attacked him as soon as we had returned into Commoners, and practically impressed upon him the wickedness of making little to the head-master of the difficulty of the form work. From this slight cause my brother became unpopular in the school ; and when the time came on (in connection, I think, with the ceremony known as "Cloister peelings") for the public exhibition of feelings of disapproval towards boys who were supposed to have deserved ill of the school-republic, my brother was brought out, placed at the end of the great school, and, amid howls and jeers, pelted with a rain of "pontos"<sup>1</sup> for some time. The other incident was his success in repeating poetry.

<sup>1</sup> "Ponto" was the word in the school lingo for a ball made of the soft inside of a fresh roll.

This, if I remember right, was a competition open to the whole school. He chose for recitation the fine speech which Byron puts in the mouth of Marino Faliero ("I speak to time and to eternity," &c.), and the simplicity and distinctness of his delivery caused him to be adjudged the best speaker among the competitors.

The days for which there were collects, &c., in the Church of England Prayer-book, and which were known to us as Saints' days, were by ancient custom holidays at the school. Boys might visit friends in the neighbourhood of Winchester if invited to do so, and if permission were given by the head or the second master. On one such day in the early spring of 1837, a letter of invitation having come for us from Mr. Keble, who was my brother's godfather, he and I set out to walk to Hursley. It was a bright frosty morning, and the exhilaration caused by the temporary release from school, along with the freshness of the pure cold air, put us both in the highest spirits. We kept to the downs as far as possible, and did not hurry ourselves. When we reached Hursley, four miles from Winchester, Keble received us with great kindness, and Mrs. Keble also; she seemed to be very much younger than her husband. Two other boys were there, one of whom was a son of John Davison, the author of the essay on "Prophecy." I remember that we had a run in the park, and were introduced to Sir W. Heathcote, Keble's great friend and patron. There was an afternoon service in the old church, attended by a small group from the rectory, but by no others.

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Unlike my birthplace, Winchester has risen in my eyes in beauty and charm whenever I have seen it in later days. The bold hills around, the clear chalk streams, the great memories of Alfred and St. Swithun, the beautiful close or churchyard round the cathedral, the thought of William of Wykeham, and—coming down to later times—the remembrance of stout John Milner<sup>1</sup> standing up for the holy ancient cause against a parcel of lazy luxurious prebendaries—all these associations fill an Englishman's heart with an ever-increasing love and admiration for the beautiful capital of Wessex.

At Easter 1837 we spent the short vacation in London, and I had the unspeakable pleasure of hearing Grisi, whose voice was then at the acme of its power and sweetness, in "Don Pasquale," and Mario as Count Almaviva. I think it must have been on the same occasion that we saw that wonderful cast of "King John" at Covent Garden, in which Charles Kemble played the bastard Faulconbridge, Macready King John, and Helen Faucit the Lady Constance.

When the holidays came, in the summer of 1837, Rugby had already broken up, and the order came to us to travel by coach from Winchester to Birmingham, and thence proceed by the newly opened Grand Junction Railway to Manchester. This we did, and admired to find ourselves whirled from Birmingham to Manchester (97½ miles) in five hours and a quarter.

<sup>1</sup> Milner, afterwards Bishop of Castabala, and Vicar-General of the Western District, was the Catholic priest of Winchester.

This seems slow work now, and yet the train moved at a fairly rapid pace—thirty miles an hour—but it stopped at all the principal stations,—Wolverhampton, Stafford, Whitmore, Crewe, Hartford Bridge, Warrington, and Newton,—and the short cut from Crewe to Manchester was not then in existence. Neither of us had travelled by an English railway before, but we had gone by the new line from Dublin to Kingstown in 1836.

Returning to Winchester, I am tempted to say a word on the practice of “going on hills.” So much has been written about the school, that probably few are ignorant of this old custom—when the whole school, in charge of a tutor, walked in column to St. Catharine’s Hill, about a mile from the town, ascended the hill till past the encircling fosse and mound near the top, and remained there, sometimes an hour, sometimes two hours. While on hills we did whatever pleased us; some played football, others ran races, others hunted for beech-mast; a great number, perhaps the majority, loafed about with their hands in their pockets. Badger-baiting brought at times a welcome distraction. There was an old man named Turner who might often be seen, carrying a bag on his shoulder, with two dogs at his heels. One was a black and tan terrier, the other a white bull-terrier. I remember Turner’s coming on hills one morning, choosing a comparatively sheltered spot in the fosse, and producing from his bag a fine badger. The small dog began to bark and

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jump about, pretending to attack; meantime Turner held the white dog by a cord. The badger scarcely moved; only sometimes giving a vicious snap when the small dog came too near. After this had gone on for some time, the badger, seeming to think himself at liberty, began to run along the fosse, the small dog, Turner, and all of us following with much noise and clatter. Presently the badger turned down a grassy opening which led out from the fosse on to the bare breast of the hill. Instantly Turner let loose the white dog, which, going straight for the badger, pinned him. Turner came up, took up the badger, which was not hurt, and put him back into his bag. Then a collection was made for his benefit. I asked the old man whether the white dog was ever bitten during the pinning process; he replied by holding up the animal's chin, the under side of which was entirely covered with small scars, the result of badger bites.

On Sundays the school went to cathedral for the communion service, occupying seats in the choir near William Rufus's tomb. Dr. Williams, the former head-master, usually chanted the service; his magnificent voice I can never forget, nor the beautiful rolling melody of the responses sung by the choir. On one of these occasions Dr. Howley, then Archbishop of Canterbury, was the preacher; his lawn sleeves and his aged face I can still see; but the discourse itself has faded from my memory. A terrible accident happened on one of these Sundays.

Robin Cornish, the son of one of my father's oldest friends, had entered Commoners at the beginning of the summer half-year in 1837. To gain our place in the choir we had, after entering the cathedral by a side door, to walk along a narrow passage, on one side of which was an iron railing. Cornish, while walking along this passage, slipped and fell against the railing, one of the spikes of which entered his eye. The sight was destroyed, and the beauty of the boy's handsome face for ever marred; nevertheless he lived, as every one knows, to grow up and take orders; and being appointed Anglican bishop in Madagascar, laboured strenuously there for many years.

After our departure from Winchester, my brother and I followed the usual school routine at Rugby for some years. James Prince Lee, who was soon appointed to King Edward's School, Birmingham, and afterwards became the first Anglican bishop of Manchester, was the master of "The Twenty," *i.e.* of the upper portion of the Fifth Form. I never knew a more admirable teacher, nor one who, while interesting his pupils in the subjects taught, better preserved that personal dignity which boys look for and so well appreciate.

Before passing on to college days, I will say something of the circle of friends of my father and mother amongst whom we grew up.

Of Whately, who had been one of the fellows of Oriel at the time of my father's election there in 1815,

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and afterwards gone to St. Alban Hall as President, and to the living of Halesworth, I have no distinct recollection earlier than his elevation by Lord Melbourne to the Protestant Archiepiscopal See of Dublin. He had many of the elements of a great man; and certainly, that he was a very extraordinary man no one who knew his career will deny. His massive, well-balanced figure was surmounted by a small head and an oval face; his light hair was thin, and his whiskers nearly non-existent; his light-blue eyes were extremely mobile. It was worth anything to see the smile, or rather the bright glow, which overspread his face when he had made some point in argument which was—not *obvious* by any means, but yet so solidly established by his own previous thinking as to be irrefutable when once stated. He was a fluent and untiring talker, and perhaps not sufficiently a listener; but his talk was so lucid, and his phrases so apt, that no one who heard him with a mind not preoccupied could feel any desire that he should cease. His habit of continual reflection, and constant search for exact and logical expressions, explained the fact, often observed, that what he said when a subject interested him might have been printed without the least alteration. At the beautiful country house, Redesdale, near Stillorgan, where the family lived when he was not obliged to be in Dublin, he would wander for hours in the garden and grounds, seemingly absorbed in his pruning, budding, and grafting; but all the time his mind must have been actively at work, re-debating old problems or imagining new.

For in this sense imagination, which on the literary side has been justly denied him, was truly his. He was a most faithful and most generous friend, as I myself have great reason to acknowledge. A story has been told of him, that he declared "that he had given away forty thousand pounds since he came to the See, but never a penny to a beggar in the street." The truth of the first part of the statement I do not doubt, nor moreover that it was kindly, delicately, and secretly distributed; but I am a little sceptical as to the truth of the second part. Even the stern anti-mendicant principle of a Whately could hardly hold out all those years against the wheedling plausibilities of the Dublin beggars.

He always regarded my mother, whose clear and keen intelligence he admired, with sincere affection.

During the years in which I saw most of him it was his habit to judge of events and probabilities without bias or *parti pris*. Once, when conversion from one religion to the other was mentioned, he said, "The conversions on either side are insignificant; perhaps ten on one side each year, and a hundred on the other." "That is," I asked, "a hundred become Protestants to ten who become Roman Catholics?" "No," he said, "the other way." When some one was speaking of the beautiful ruins of an old Irish cathedral, he said, "I wish that all the old Irish cathedrals were pulled down; as long as they remain they will exercise an unfavourable influence on great numbers of people." His love of truth and clearness

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of head would not allow him to enlarge, with the Mants and the Todds of those days, on the antiquity of the Protestant Church in Ireland; he knew well that the old cathedrals were built by and for the members of a different religion, namely the Roman Catholic. Yet it is quite true that he looked to the extension of Protestantism as the main reformatory influence for Ireland; this is demonstrated by Senior's *Journals*; but he regarded education, not proselytism, as the method proper to be followed. He would have said with Dr. Johnson, that an incurable rationality prevented him from accepting a religion which teemed with mysteries. In the last years of his life it is to be feared that this dislike to proselytism was somewhat relaxed, but that he changed his attitude in any marked or material degree I do not believe.

His eccentricities were many, and in a short and unauthorised biography by Mr. Fitzpatrick, published soon after his death, advantage was taken of these to the full. The proceeding was that of a literary free lance, but I do not think that Mr. Fitzpatrick had any ill-will towards Whately, nor that the book has really prejudiced his memory. An adequate biography would have set everything straight; but this—although his daughter laboured conscientiously to provide it—was not forthcoming. Unless in very exceptional cases, a daughter stands too near to write her father's life properly. Some man of a different school of thought, yet understanding the archbishop's—loving him thoroughly, but independent and just: duly admir-

ing his great powers, but not blind to his foibles and mistakes;—such was the kind of biographer needed to place Whately in his true light before posterity. “This was looked for” at the hand of his friends, “and this was baulked.”

From the ever-prized and venerated memory of Mrs. Whately a recording word must not be withheld. Her features were far from regular, but in her best days the eyes beamed with kindness and intelligence, and wonderfully lit up the rest of the face. In the whole Whately circle there was no one, I think—and we loved them all—to whom the hearts of the whole Arnold circle went out with so warm and special a love as to the mother. She was drawn in her later years into the proselytising operations which awakened the zeal of her daughters, and a great family sorrow came to throw a shade of gloom upon her once radiant forehead; but the intrinsic benevolence of her nature never changed.

To Alderley, that beautiful Cheshire parish, we sometimes went, as I have said, from Congleton. Edward Stanley, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, was rector there till 1837. His children were all older than we; but in the case of the youngest daughter, Catharine, who afterwards became the wife of Charles Vaughan, the difference of years was slight; and while Arthur and Mary joined their father and mother in entertaining ours, Catharine and Charles (if he happened to be at home) would teach us juniors archery, for which the rectory provided one of the most fasci-

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nating lawns conceivable, or in other ways made us at home. What charming manners, what delightful friendliness were conspicuous in every member of that dear family! The rector, though a convinced and resolute Whig, and hence in thorough political sympathy with my father, was an aristocrat to his very finger-tips; brave and chivalrous, but without a spark of hauteur; Chaucer would have pronounced him, had he been a layman—

“A very parfit, gentle knight.”

He took a great interest in birds, as a well-known book from his pen testifies. He had a strong love for the sea, ships, and a sailor's calling. All these things, however, are fully told in the life of him written by his son Arthur. Mrs. Stanley was one of the Leycesters of Toft, an old Cheshire family. She was winning and gracious towards those of whom she approved, but she could be cold, reserved, and even sarcastic towards the presumptuous and the upstart. She had a powerful mind, and, on the intellectual side, was more in sympathy with my father, for whom she had a strong regard, than the good rector. The entire union of heart and mind that existed between her and her son Arthur was something very beautiful to witness. As to other members of the family;—there will be opportunities for saying more about Arthur further on. Charles, the youngest son, went into the Engineers, married a Lancashire lady, went out with Sir William Denison to Tasmania, and died, to my

great sorrow, of an attack of gastric fever, towards the end of 1849, a month before I could reach Hobart Town. Owen, the eldest son, joined the navy, and was never at home at the time of those Alderley visits; but I came to know him later, and we became fast friends. His figure was short and firmly knit; his face wore a stern and rather saturnine expression; luxury and ease he made no account of. The dashing young army officers whose acquaintance he made at Norwich had small attraction for him—"the sort of men," he once said to me, "who, after meeting a handsome woman at a ball, say, 'that's a dom'd fine girl.'" Owen was honour itself, and as true as steel; and when the outer crust of brusquerie was broken, he was most kind and thoughtful for his friends. I was to have had a cruise with him in 1845, meeting him at Grimsby, but from some accident or change of orders, the ship never arrived, and I had my journey for nothing. Afterwards, when he was commissioned to the *Rattlesnake* (surveying ship), I paid him a visit at Portsmouth, and he showed me the various arrangements and contrivances of his "chart-room." On that voyage Huxley, whom I did not know till long afterwards, and who always spoke of Owen very warmly, accompanied him as surgeon. While at Portsmouth he took me to the Sunday service on board the *St. Vincent*, the flag-ship of Admiral Milne, Captain Alexander Milne being his flag-captain. It was an impressive sight. The nine hundred blue-jackets filled the whole space of the main-deck. That must have

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been in 1846. All readers of Arthur's life of his father will remember the mention of those three sad deaths, happening within a few months of each other, at different points of the world—Bishop Stanley's, in Ross-shire, in September 1849; Charles's, as already mentioned, at Hobart Town; and Owen's, at Sydney, in February 1850.

One of my father's oldest and dearest friends was Mr. Winstanley Hull, a barrister with little practice, living in London, whose five children were about contemporary with the eldest five of us. I have heard my father say that the reason of his comparatively briefless condition was a conscientious objection to undertaking a *bad* case—one in which he knew, or firmly believed, that his (proposed) client was in the wrong. This scruple my father honoured; yet another dear friend, Judge Coleridge, had much to say on the other side of the question. I suppose few would defend the conduct of Mr. Phillips, who, as counsel for the murderer of Lord William Russell, actually tried to turn suspicion, in his address to the jury, on a person whom he knew to be innocent. But it is difficult to see what moral stain attaches to the conduct of an advocate who, while knowing, or strongly suspecting, his client to be guilty, deems himself justified, and even bound, to see that the law is fully complied with in his regard, and that he loses no advantage which the law gives him. However this may be, Mr. Hull's abstention from the business of the courts enured to the advantage of any of my father's children whom

he might take up with him to London in those days; for, starting from 1 Tavistock Square, the residence of our kind host, we were taken by him to see many of the novel and delightful "sights" of London. The journey from Rugby to London was not then, as now, an affair of two hours. It was accomplished on the "Accommodation," a two-horse coach, which crawled up to the metropolis in the space of eleven hours. Even slower was the progress of the "Regulator," the coach between Rugby and Oxford, which perhaps suggested the well-known jest in "Joe Miller," that it received its name from the circumstance that all the other coaches on the road "went by it."

Mr. Justice Coleridge, whom we knew as Judge Coleridge, had been at Corpus with my father, and was united to him by a friendship which only death disturbed. His dignified and striking countenance, and the grave kindness of his bearing, made a powerful impression on us juniors. He was a nephew of the poet, and had the Coleridge face to perfection. His eldest son, John, Lord Coleridge and Lord Chief-Justice, was on intimate terms of friendship with my brother from 1840, when the latter gained the Balliol Scholarship, to his death in 1888. I also, in a far less degree, was honoured with his friendship. His younger brother, Henry, a scholar of Trinity, whose gentle, retiring nature was in singular contrast to the bold self-confident character of John, joined the Roman Church, and entered the Society of Jesus.

Some of the School Trustees were my father's

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good friends, but of the majority of them it may be said that his Whig opinions were a sore subject with them, and caused them to regard him all along with some misgiving, if not suspicion. But such a friend and supporter as Sir Grey Skipwith must have consoled him for many cold looks and unappreciative words. Sir Grey was the Whig member for North Warwickshire for several years after the passing of the first Reform Bill. Naturally he was a Rugby trustee, for his fine old mansion of Newbold Hall was only about five miles from Rugby, and his family had been connected with Warwickshire for centuries. One could not imagine a more perfect type of the "Fine old English Gentleman." Brave, generous, kind-hearted, cheery, straightforward, and conscientious, he was a candidate whom his constituents must have adored. And in those days men did not conceal their politics! I do not pretend to say that for the destruction of bribery the introduction of the ballot may not have been necessary and right; but the old methods were more congenial to the English nature. I recollect, one hot August day in 1835, going with my father into the polling-booth at Dunchurch, when the contest between Sir Grey Skipwith and Mr. Bracebridge of Atherston Hall, the Whig candidates, and two Tory candidates whose names I forget, was proceeding. In the booth was a long table, at the far end of which were several gentlemen and officials. My father took his stand at the end of the booth near the door, and removed his hat. "What is your name?" asked an

official. "Thomas Arnold." "What is the nature of your qualification?" "Freehold." "For whom do you record your vote?" "Skipwith and Bracebridge." A figure rose at the head of the table, and said with a bow, "Thank you, Dr. Arnold;" this was Captain Skipwith, one of Sir Grey's sons. When there is honesty on both sides, surely nothing can be more satisfactory than a simple and open ceremony like this; but if candidates *will* offer bribes, and voters will accept them, there is, I suppose, no help for it but to resort to those apparently ignoble devices by which the secrecy of the ballot is secured.

Sir Grey was a very handsome man, and had a remarkably winning countenance. He had eighteen children by Lady Skipwith, all of whom were good-looking, some remarkably so.

As has been unhappily the case with so many of the old families in Warwickshire, the Skipwiths are no longer found at Newbold Hall. The house, which may be seen on the right from the North-Western Railway, about five miles beyond Rugby, is now the property of a Mr. Walker, who was, I think, a Coventry ribbon-weaver.

Among the other trustees were the black-bearded Mr. Shirley of Easington Park, the heir of a branch of the house of Ferrers, Mr. Holbech of Farnborough, Sir Theophilus Biddulph of Birdingbury (*i.e.* Birbury) Hall, and Lord Denbigh, the grandfather of the present Earl. Sir Theophilus, when present at the official visitation of the school by the Trustees at the

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end of the summer half-year, was said to be in the habit of turning the volume of Thucydides placed before him upside down, and going quietly to sleep. But he was a benevolent and pleasant-mannered old man, and I believe this story to have been in the main a calumny. The Lord Denbigh of those days was not remarkable for ability, but he had a cool and clear judgment, and my father used often to fortify himself by his opinion.

I seem to be forgetting Baron von Bunsen, but in fact the period during which my father and he were intimate fell in the last years of my father's life. Never did I behold the *passion* of friendship better exemplified than in the feelings with which my father regarded that truly remarkable and gifted man. His German thoroughness on the one hand, and his ardent English sympathies on the other; his successful efforts to frame a comprehensive Protestant church in Prussia, the very object which my father had so deeply at heart for England; the admiration with which both regarded Niebuhr and his historic method, and the deep interest with which my father (to whom jealousy was an unknown feeling) followed the labours of Bunsen in the field of Egyptology—all these and many other points of intellectual and spiritual communion constituted a union of souls seldom witnessed in this imperfect world. Even the rather Quixotic enterprise of establishing at Jerusalem a bishopric alternately Anglican and Evangelical-Prussian—which filled with wrath the high-church

party in England, and of which Bunsen was the ardent promoter, recommended itself unreservedly to my father's ecclesiastical aims. Like Hooker, he recognised the validity of the orders of the non-episcopal churches of the continent, so that he could heartily rejoice in a measure which appeared to prove the possibility of practical co-operation between his own Church of England and the German Church of his friend.

Bunsen—allowance being made for his calmer nature—returned sincerely my father's affection. In a copy of *Die Verfassung der Kirche der Zukunft*, which he gave me in 1847, he wrote "Dem lieben Sohne seines unvergesslichen Freundes." His eldest son, Henry, who was destined to ordination in the Church of England, lived for a long time in my father's house, and while he himself was Prussian Minister in England, between 1845 and 1854, my brother and I were always sure of a welcome at the residence in Carlton Terrace. There I met Abeken, Moscheles, Prince Löwenstein, and other interesting Germans. At a party given in 1847 in honour of the American Minister, Mr. Bancroft, Bunsen rose after dinner and made a short speech of compliment to the guest of the evening. Mr. Bancroft's reply was interesting, and contained the amazing statement that there were as many Red Indians living at that moment to the west of the Mississippi as had ever been known to be in the country since the beginning of the Anglo-American occupation. If that were so, the depopula-

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tion in the fifty-one years that have since elapsed must have been terrible indeed!

The school-years of my brother and myself between 1837 and 1840 passed as school-years generally do. He read and wrote much poetry; in 1839 his prize poem on "Alaric at Rome" was successful; his power of expression was ever rising.

The author of "Tom Brown's School Days" was at Rugby, in the School House, for several years; he was my contemporary. His father, Mr. Hughes of Donnington Priory, Oxfordshire, was several times a guest at the School House; he had been educated at Westminster and Oriel. He had a certain turn for versification, and composed a martial song to the air of "The March of the Men of Harlech" celebrating the deliverance of the Peninsula from the French. Its rushing words, and their skilful adaptation to the music, fascinated me, and I still remember snatches of it. It ended thus—

"Shout, Spain, from cottage to palace,  
And pledge to their health in thy moments of ease,  
Who fought in the valleys of old Roncesvalles,  
And won the steep crest of the proud Pyrenees."

Mr. Hughes sent several of his sons to Rugby. George, the eldest, was better at Greek and Latin than his next brother, Tom; but the impressible and plastic nature of the latter was wanting. Tom Hughes, at 15, was tall for his age; his long thin face, his sandy hair, his length of limb, and his

spare frame, gave him a lankiness of aspect which was the cause, I suppose, that the boys gave him the extraordinary nickname of "executioner." No name could be less appropriate, for there was nothing inhuman or morose or surly in his looks, and still less in his disposition; the temper of a bully was utterly alien from him, and he was always cheerful and gay. He was one of the best runners in the school, and many a time have I seen him in the quadrangle just before "Hare and Hounds"—he being one of the hares—lightly clad, and with a bag of "scent"<sup>1</sup> strapped round him. He was too keen-eyed and observant to be specially popular, but all the small boys liked him because he was kind and friendly to them. He reached the Sixth Form, but left before he had risen high in it, feeling no doubt that his work lay elsewhere.

Among the characters in his well-known book, "Tom Brown's School Days," East must have been identified by many Rugbeans with Sayer, a strong, thickset boy, rather low down in the school, and Martin—in part at least—with the wild, blue-eyed Shapland.

Tom Hughes went into Parliament, and became known through the interest which he took in labour questions. Among the "Christian Socialists" of thirty years ago he was a prominent figure, and all

<sup>1</sup> It is perhaps needless to explain that "scent" was the name given to the scraps of newspaper which the hares dropped from time to time to show which way they had gone.

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sane projects for co-operative industries found in him an ardent supporter. On this ground he was afterwards followed by one whom I gladly count as a very old friend indeed, Dr. F. J. Furnivall, the founder of the "Early English Text Society," who on that score alone deserves immortal honour. Furnivall has established a rowing club for girls on the Thames, and is engaged in many similar beneficent works, of which I do not even know the names. I am sure that both he and Hughes have done immense good, and have perhaps prepared intermediate stages whence something still better will one day be evolved; and yet I cannot applaud and rejoice in their work without reserve. It seems to me too democratic,<sup>1</sup> too content with low and commonplace strivings after comfort and recreation. Excellence is the great want of our time, not mediocrity; of that we are sure to have enough. Would co-operation and diffused comfort have ever produced the sculptors who modelled those mar-

<sup>1</sup> By all means let opportunities of rising in the world be provided for those who were not born the favourites of fortune;—let a few boys from primary schools be enabled, through merit, to pass into secondary schools, and, similarly, a few from secondary schools to pass to the universities. But harm is done if this process is pushed too far and too eagerly. If it is not quite clear that a boy is likely to justify his promotion from one grade to another—his elevation out of his own class into another class—it is better to leave him where he is. He will then be in no danger of losing the support of his contemporaries, or of incurring cruel disappointments. Again, to provide more pleasure for those in narrow circumstances, by sending them on cheap trips, assembling them at soirées, concerts, exhibitions, flower-shows, long vacation lectures, and so on, is indeed most praiseworthy in the providers, but is not the way to change and uplift the souls of the provided. Art—hand in hand with Religion—can alone do that; in England now, as in Asia Minor two thousand years ago.

vellous bas-reliefs at Xanthus?<sup>1</sup> To admire and love something more beautiful than they can ever be or create themselves, is the happiest portion that can fall to the lot of common men:—

“Shall hodmen in beer-shops complain of a glory denied them,  
Which could not ever be theirs, more than now it is theirs as  
spectators;  
Which could not be in all earth, if it were not for labour of  
hodmen?”<sup>2</sup>

Among a number of shadowy images, memory singles out with a peculiar satisfaction the stalwart figure of “Dick Bright.” His face, irregular as to features, beamed with kindness and good-humour; he was tall and strong, and, if a little ungainly in movement, had the full command of his strength, and was a football player formidable to his opposites. The fags loved him, for with a “giant’s strength,” he never “used it like a giant.” He sat in Parliament for East Somerset between 1868 and 1878, and died, rather prematurely, in the latter year. His father came from Abbotsleigh near Bristol; but Richard Bright, after his marriage to a Mrs. Gordon, removed to Hertfordshire, and occupied Stocks House<sup>3</sup> near Tring for the remainder of his life.

Hodson of Hodson’s Horse, who boarded at Price’s house, was in the Sixth Form at the same

<sup>1</sup> See p. 122.

<sup>2</sup> Clough’s “Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich.”

<sup>3</sup> This house is now in the possession of my son-in-law, Mr. T. H. Ward.

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time with me in 1841 and 1842. An interesting and, as it seems to me, impartial article upon him has lately appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*.<sup>1</sup> He had a remarkable face, his complexion being smooth and brilliant as that of a girl, while his hair was of a bright golden yellow. His nickname was "Pritchard"; any boy mentioning him to another would be likely to speak of him as "Pritchard Hodson"; but whence the *sobriquet* arose I never could find out. He was tall and well-made, and was, as the reviewer says, a first-rate runner; if I remember right, he was regarded as the best runner in the school. His expansive and impulsive nature won him many friends, and for my own part I always liked him greatly. His faults were arrogance, rashness, and a domineering temper; and if one bears this in mind, it is easy to understand the errors into which he fell in India. Yet I firmly believe that the charges and imputations which have been heaped upon his memory are for the most part false. How then explain the persistency and malignity of the attacks? His character supplies the key: his over-weening self-confidence—his striving to be always and everywhere the first—must have been to the last degree galling and irritating to many of his brother-officers, who also had their careers to make—and probably still more to high-placed civilians.

And that in one transaction Hodson went signally

<sup>1</sup> March, 1899.

wrong is undeniable. "He imprisoned wrongfully," says the reviewer, "and in defiance of the orders of his superiors, a man (a border chief) against whom all his efforts could not produce a jot of satisfactory evidence." That is just the sort of thing that a man of so much *outrécuidance* would be likely to do. But when he is accused of peculation—falsification of accounts—misappropriation of funds, &c., I should oppose, unless evidence much more damaging than has yet been brought forward can be produced, an unhesitating negative. I do not believe that Hodson was capable of base or ignoble acts. He had an honest and upright nature; for proof of which the reviewer is justified in appealing to the fact, that when my father had to look out for a prepostor whom he could send to Mr. Cotton's house to raise it out of the disorderly condition into which it had fallen, it was Hodson on whom his choice fell, and who well discharged the trust. Therefore, I also regard the charge that Hodson in his last fatal adventure at Lucknow was on the look-out for "loot" as a mere slander. But on the other hand I have never been able to think of his killing the young princes who had surrendered to him at Delhi except as a crime; a crime, however, to which his excitable and violent character impelled him, misleading for the moment his conscience, and deluding him into the fanatical belief that he was acting as the minister and instrument of public justice.

## CHAPTER II

Life at Fox How—Westmoreland society—Wordsworth, Southey, Hartley Coleridge—Captain Hamilton, Sir T. Pasley, Mrs. Fletcher—North-country clergy.

THE Fox How portion of our life was a time of unspeakable pleasure to us all. Loughrigg, the mountain at whose foot we dwelt, was bountiful to us of joy. In the winter there were the frozen tarns, which would bear for several days before Rydal Lake was safe, the deliciously pure and bracing air, the slides, the little streams, each forcing its way down its own obstructed gully through a succession of lovely ice grottoes, which wrapped round and hushed its noisy little waterfalls. But in the summer, Loughrigg had still better things in store. We were all of us fond of making and racing boats—none more so than myself. But to find a tarn on the mountain quite suitable for racing purposes was not easy. We tried several, but still were not satisfied; at last, while searching the least visited parts of the fell, we suddenly came on a small tarn which was just what we wanted. It was little over a mile from the house; its margins were free from rushes; in size it was neither too large nor too small; and, as a supererogatory merit, it commanded a very fine view of Grasmere Lake, valley, and village, the

pass of Dunmail Raise, and—through the gap—of the distant blue ridge of Skiddaw forest. Here for several years we used to race our boats—cutters, schooners, yawls, luggers, as the case might be—and never grew tired of the pastime.

As for the regattas on Lake Windermere, the sailing and rowing just for the amusement's sake, the picnics, the building up of fires on lonely shores where dead wood was abundant, the fishing for perch, pike, and eels—all these things found the day too short to exploit them fully. The queen of all the sailing-boats on the lake sixty years ago was the *Dolphin*, a beautiful Cowes-built cutter belonging to Mr. Brancker of Croft Lodge, a rich sugar-boiler. The *Nautilus*, a rather lumbering schooner built at Whitehaven, belonged to Mr. Roughsedge, our Fox Ghyll neighbour. We always wished her to win, but she regularly disappointed our hopes. Then there was the *Water Witch*, belonging, I think, to Mr. Dawson of the Wraye, and half-a-dozen others, the names of which I forget.

Such were the chief amusements of our Westmoreland life; but some of us were old enough to value and enjoy also the social privileges which the country at that time offered. I will begin with Wordsworth.

Wordsworth assisted my father in finding out the small property of Fox How under Loughrigg, the purchase of which enabled him to build a house bearing the same name, and to establish his family in a

northern home. While the house was being built, the poet—since my father, most part of the time, was obliged to be absent at Rugby—was frequently on the spot, and watched the proceedings of the contractor. A close intimacy sprang up between Fox How and Rydal Mount. Not that Wordsworth, sturdy Conservative as he was in those years, could ever have relished my father's Whiggism; indeed, I remember hearing that once after a sermon in Rydal Chapel, in which my father had made unflattering allusion to the law of primogeniture and the custom of entail, the old man grumbled and growled a good deal on his way home, and showed considerable displeasure. But they never ceased to be excellent friends. "He (Wordsworth) was ter'ble friends with the Doctor (Arnold), and Muster Southey, and Wilson of Elleray, and Hartley Coleridge." So testified an old servant at Rydal Mount to Mr. Rawnsley, when he was collecting information about the poet in 1882.<sup>1</sup> The Westmoreland witnesses on this occasion seem to have spoken of Wordsworth in a rather depreciatory manner, both in regard to his personal appearance, and to geniality and ease of intercourse. I must therefore give my own impressions, which range intermittently over a period of fifteen years. Wordsworth's figure was of a rather coarse make, and his step was heavy; the eyes were weak, and usually protected in some way or other; the aquiline nose was too large and thick to be called beautiful, and the mouth and chin, though far from

<sup>1</sup> Knight's Wordsworth, vol. x. p. 370.

weak, were without distinction. It was the beauty and nobility of the head, the width and poise of the forehead, the manifest adaptation of the "tenement of clay" to house a majestic and many-sided intellect, which atoned for all minor shortcomings, and fixed the admiring gaze of the beholder. Clough's head too was beautiful, but Clough's head was not equal to Wordsworth's. Though capacious, it seemed hardly equal to the burden and stress of thought which it sometimes had to bear; in Wordsworth's, one would say—setting humour aside—it was equal to *all* thoughts, and incapable of being disturbed from the just balance in which its Creator had poised it.

Wordsworth, however, was a great poet, and his life was lived in a sense apart; and though he could discuss trivialities and domestic matters, and sometimes seem heartily amused by them, I suppose there was a general want of practicality and the *esprit positif* about him which raised a barrier between him and the Westmoreland people. It was my good fortune to see and hear him once in one of his moods of inspiration. In the autumn of 1844, at the time when plans and prospectuses were flying about, proposing the continuation of the railway from Kendal to Windermere, my mother paid a morning call at Rydal Mount, and I accompanied her. We were shown into the dining-room, a small apartment very plainly furnished. Presently the poet entered, having a sheet of paper in his hand; his face was flushed, and his waistcoat in disarray, as if he had been clutching at it under the

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stress of fervid thought. "I have been writing a sonnet," he said. After a few more words, standing up in front of the fire, he recited it to us; it was the sonnet, "Is then no nook of English ground secure From rash assault?" The force and intensity with which he uttered the lines breathed into his hearers a contagious fire; and to this hour I recollect the precise manner and tone of his delivery more exactly than in the case of any verses I ever heard. After he had finished, he told us in detail the story of the man from near Orrest Head, whose youthful dream of a return to his native vales had been disappointed, but this story I need hardly say I have forgotten.

Another scene, in which memory brings Wordsworth and a distinguished contemporary very clearly before me, was also connected with the plans for the extension of the railway to Windermere and Ambleside. It happened, I think, in 1846, or possibly in 1847. Professor Wilson had come down, bent on opposition; he called a meeting of landowners along the line of the proposed railway to meet at Low-wood Inn and consider the scheme. My brother and I, neither of whom wished to see the railway at Ambleside, attended the meeting; Wordsworth came, and Dr. Pearson from Briary Close, (formerly the property of Captain Greaves, a great upholder of the Windermere regattas), and, I think, Angus Fletcher, the son of Mrs. Fletcher of Lancrigg, and Hartley Coleridge. Wilson, whose grand lion-like head I had never seen before, took the chair. He

seemed to be pressed for time, and to wish that resolutions adverse to the railway scheme should be speedily passed without much discussion. Dr. Pearson made a sensible practical speech, full of facts and figures, with the view of showing that the railway could never pay—that while it was being built the “navvies” would be a nuisance, and so on. To all this Professor Wilson listened patiently. Then Wordsworth got up and made a long rambling speech. Its tone was plaintive and deprecatory, but not at all business-like, verging indeed sometimes on the sentimental. This, however, Wilson would not stand; he interrupted the poet two or three times, brusquely if not rudely, recalling him to the strict tenor of the resolution to which he was speaking. That Wordsworth, considering his great age and little experience of public meetings, should have spoken as he did, was not to be wondered at; the surprising thing was, to see with what ease Christopher North could play the part of a keen man of business. The other speakers I do not recollect; I only remember that the unanimity with which we agreed to all the resolutions against the railway was most exemplary.

The poet's ordinary dress was a loose brown frock-coat, trousers of shepherd's plaid, a loose black handkerchief for a necktie, a green and black plaid shawl round the shoulders, and a wide-awake or straw hat, often with a blue veil attached to it.

Dear Mrs. Wordsworth was universally beloved.

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At the time when I first knew her she had lost all the beauty which made her in her prime "a phantom of delight" to her poet; but the kindness of her looks, tones, and actions was rightly valued by all who knew her. She spoke with a strong but very pleasing Westmoreland accent. I remember how once, when the pride of county families was being spoken of, she told my mother and me this story. "A Mr. H—— and a Miss F—— had been lately married, both belonging to old north-country families. They were going to their first dinner-party after the marriage, and on their being announced, the lady was about to enter the drawing-room in advance of her husband. But the latter said, 'Stop, madam, if you please; the H——s were always before the F——s.'"

Dora Quillinan was Wordsworth's only daughter. From the first time that I ever saw her, when Rydal Lake was frozen over, and she gave my brother and me some useful hints with regard to skating upon it, the sense of unbounded confidence in her kind eyes, or rather in the tenderness and goodness which beamed from them, never left either of us. Mr. Quillinan had two daughters, Jemima and Rotha, by a former wife, who was related to Sir Egerton Brydges. Their mother perished through a terrible calamity, which Wordsworth made the subject of a sonnet—

"These vales were saddened by no common gloom  
When good Jemima perished in her bloom."

Rotha died many years ago, but Jemima, settling in Mr. Carter's cottage,<sup>1</sup> and surviving till 1894, became a centre for many years for a great number of the younger branches of the Wordsworth family, and also for descendants of my brother and of myself.

Southey, though he lived far away at Keswick, was brought near to our daily interests by Wordsworth's affection for him.

When I was about ten, and my brother a year older, my father took us with him one day to call at Greta Bank. As we shyly advanced, Southey rose up and came to meet us, shook hands with us both, and said with a smile, "So, now you've seen a live poet!" He was in no way handsome, but had the look of a hard student. Again I saw him in 1839, when Wordsworth brought him to call at Fox How. I was not in the drawing-room, but heard afterwards that during the call he looked down and scarcely opened his lips. I watched him as he walked down the drive with Wordsworth, with a Scotch plaid round his shoulders; his mind was already failing; he died in 1843. While he was away from Keswick on his wedding-tour in 1839, Herbert Hill, whose wife was Southey's daughter Bertha, asked me and my brother Edward to stay at Greta Bank for a few days. The youngest daughter, Kate, had charge of the housekeeping, and Cuthbert, who afterwards wrote his father's life, put in an occasional appearance.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Carter was Wordsworth's agent in the business of distributing stamps.

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The large library, where the walls were almost hidden by the books, all in perfect order and preservation, bore clear testimony to Southey's methodical industry, and to the manner in which his life was passed. A very large number of the books were Spanish or Portuguese; books which came to him *sewed*, as the publishers say, not bound; but all these had been bound and lettered by his daughters, in a workman-like yet most original way, the bindings being of coloured cloth. Almost all showed signs of having been diligently used.

S. T. Coleridge I never saw; he had moved southward before we began to frequent the north. Of his son Hartley, who used to remind me of the "Black Dwarf" as described by Scott, it is better not to probe one's reminiscences too far. He was a melancholy ruin; when he was in the vein he would talk in an eloquent and richly imaginative strain, walking about the room all the time. He was asked to the evening meal at Fox How on one occasion; and his talk, though he declaimed too much, had been interesting. At ten o'clock the bell rang for prayers, to which Hartley stayed. A small jug of water with a tumbler was then brought in for my father, according to custom. Hartley, who was again circling round the room, went up to the table where the tray stood, and glanced into the jug; but he turned away with a look of sincere disapproval. My father, seeing the gesture, and mistaking it, thought that more water was wanted, and bade one of us to ring for some. A fresh supply of

water came; Hartley soon visited the jug, and this time the disappointment on his face was truly comic. However, he approached my father and said, in his deep emphatic tones, "Might I ask for a glass of *beer*?" So poor Hartley got his glass of beer and departed cheerfully.

Derwent Coleridge, a man with not a fiftieth part of the power of Hartley, used now and then to pay his brother a visit. They were both short, thickset men, and to see the head of St. Mark's College, Chelsea, the respectable divine, walking side by side with the incorrigible Bohemian his brother, suggested a perplexing subject for meditation.

Owen Lloyd, who was generally talking to himself and eccentric in other ways, was always accompanied by two or three little white smooth-haired terriers. One of these he called "Little Peculiarity;" and he had odd names for the others. De Quincey has given an interesting account of him, and of the life that he used to lead at Old Brathay, in his "Sketches."

Two of the handsomest men in England, Captain Hamilton and Sir Thomas Pasley, represented "the services" in the valley. Hamilton was the author of "Cyril Thornton" and "Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns," and must have had innumerable adventures to relate, but in doing so he was hampered by an unmanageable stammer which never left him, and which nothing seemed able to relieve. It was commonly said to be the consequence of a wound received in action. He lived at Ivy Cottage, which was then

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the name of the house near the foot-bridge over the Rotha at Rydal. He had a noble Newfoundland dog, Lion, which had a craze for "retrieving" everything that left the hand of his master or any of his master's friends, and had blunted his teeth in the process of dragging stones out of the river. Lion brings Neptune to my mind, the sturdy good-natured mastiff at Rydal Mount. Captain Hamilton, who had seen service in India and many lands, was an invaluable person on a picnic or a long mountain excursion, owing to his skill in compounding curries and other hot Indian dishes. He married Lady Farquhar,<sup>1</sup> the mother of Sir Minto Farquhar, who survived him many years.

The number and character of the letters to Sir Thomas Pasley from my father, printed in the "Life" by Stanley, are enough to show that a strong intellectual and moral sympathy subsisted between them. Pasley was a sailor, but born just too late (1804) to have taken any part in the great war. His peace services seem to have been of the usual kind, but there must have been a high opinion of his ability at headquarters, for besides holding other high appointments, he was Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth from 1866 to 1869. In the years between 1834 and 1842 he was living at Bowness, where he built a house which he called The Craig, after some old mansion which his family

<sup>1</sup> Called by error in the "Dict. Nat. Biog." (art. Hamilton, T.) "widow of Sir R. T. Farquharson." Sir R. T. Farquhar, Lady Farquhar's first husband, had been Governor of the Mauritius; he died in 1830.

had once possessed in Scotland. For although his frank and winning countenance, and his fine manners, not to speak of his perfect pronunciation of English, did not incline one to assign him an origin north of the Tweed, yet it was the fact that Sir Thomas was Scottish through and through. In those years my father and he saw each other often, and became fast friends. As a sailor, a layman intelligently interested in Church questions, a great traveller, and a Liberal in politics, he attracted my father on many sides. Writing to him in 1836, my father said, "I would rather send you a letter with nothing in it than appear indifferent to the pleasure of keeping up some communication with you—a privilege which, I can truly say, I value more and more after every fresh meeting with you." After saying that it was "painful to be always on the surface of things," he continued: "It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation—that, I believe, is often on the surface, like other conversation—but I want a sign, which one catches as by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life, whither tending, and in what cause engaged."<sup>1</sup>

From several of the letters—*e.g.* Nos. 140, 148, and 244—it appears that Pasley had been perplexed by some of the Tractarian arguments about Church authority, the Sacraments, and Apostolic Succession, and had consulted my father in order to relieve doubts which had arisen in his mind. It is unfortunate that

<sup>1</sup> "Life of Dr. Arnold," vol. ii. p. 30.

none of Pasley's letters remain, but this is a consequence of my father's practice of burning all letters as soon as he had answered them. I think he only made one exception; he did not burn Bunsen's letters. He was evidently anxious to quiet Pasley's mind, but he must have written hastily when he said (p. 40), wishing to convince his correspondent that lay ministration was allowable in the case of the Lord's Supper, as it always had been in the case of Baptism, that "no distinction can be drawn between one sacrament and the other." In truth, my father, though his open and fair mind would not let him confound reverence for images with idolatry (see "Life," ii. 350), and in many other points revolted against the narrowness and prejudice of English Nonconformity, still held on the whole to the Protestant view of religion and life as he had received it from his forefathers. The value which he placed on the assertion of the Royal supremacy, making it the corner-stone of his system of "Church and State," would alone prove this; but his historical survey of English affairs since the Reformation was deeply and ineffaceably coloured by the same predominant feeling. Censure by the Tractarians of Luther and Calvin made him indignant. "How surely would they have anathematised Paul!" he said; "how certainly would they have stoned Stephen!" And in regard to coercion by the state, there seemed to be no set-off in his mind against the Marian persecution. I remember how, when Lake (the late Dean of Durham) pressed him in an after-

dinner conversation at Rugby with the details, which were only then beginning to be generally known, of the numerous executions of Catholic priests by the government of Elizabeth, he seemed to be taken by surprise and had nothing to answer. He did not justify these executions as acts of necessary severity against traitors; that was left to James Anthony Froude.

Mrs. Fletcher, who had known Brougham and Jeffrey, and other founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, and was on terms of friendship with Lord John Russell, had, with her daughter Mary, been intimately acquainted with my mother before any of us of the later generation were born. She was noted for her powers of conversation, which was that of the old school—more dignified, correct, and deliberate than has for many years been the fashion. I was a very small boy when I first saw her at Tadcaster, where she and her daughter were then living. This was in the course of a visit to Scotland, and the occasion was indelibly graven on my memory by what seemed an extraordinary freak of the river Wharfe. A weir, the upper part of which was of cut stone, extended right across the river at Tadcaster, with a narrow footway on the top of it. When my brother and I, who had been sent out to play, first saw this weir it was dry; we walked across it and back again. After an hour or two, when we came to it again, water covered it to the depth of two or three inches, and made a pretty waterfall from bank to bank. Of course

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the operations of mills above stream would account for the phenomenon, but about all this I knew nothing, and my amazement was intense.

Resolving to settle in the Lake District, Mrs. Fletcher took up her quarters at Thorney How, a small house on the south-western flank of Helm Crag, looking up the mysterious glen of Easedale. After a time she removed to the house not far off which she had built at Lancrigg. Her daughter Mary married Sir John Richardson, well known as the Dr. Richardson of Franklin's "Voyages." Another of her daughters married Dr. Davy, the brother and biographer of Sir Humphry. The Davys built a house—Lesketh How—near Ambleside, between which and Fox How there was constant coming and going for many years.

Sixty years ago the clergy ministering in most of the parishes and chapelries of the Lake District were of a peculiar type. The stipends being everywhere small, the livings were an object of desire only to those who could not bear the expense of an Oxford or Cambridge education, and who were obliged to obtain what little ecclesiastical training was required of them in some other way. The college of St. Bees, near Whitehaven, was founded in 1819 for the purpose of giving a sufficient theological training to poor students. There were educated the Rev. Mr. D——, the incumbent of Ambleside at the time of our first coming to the valley, and the Rev. Mr. S——, his contemporary at Troutbeck, and master of the endowed school at Ambleside. Mr. D—— was uncouth

and odd, but there was nothing disreputable about him. He was a huge man, with a large red face, big fleshy nose, deep sunken grey eyes, and white hair; he dressed in rusty black, and his white neckerchief was generally fairly clean. His friends and admirers used to say of him with pride that he had beaten the Bishop of London. It was on this wise: Blomfield, who was Bishop of Chester from 1824 to 1828 (a diocese at that time including Westmoreland), belonged in those years to the strict Evangelical school, and required his clergy to don the black Geneva gown when they entered the pulpit. Now Mr. D—— would certainly have been glad to oblige the bishop, but he could not, for he did not possess a black gown. He had always preached in his old surplice, and as none of his flock raised any objection to the practice, why should he not continue to do so? But the bishop was a determined man, and, being on his visitation tour, had no time to spare; Mr. D—— therefore resorted to a course of evasions and excuses. The bishop sent for Mr. D——; Mr. D—— did not go, but sent word that he was ill. Next morning, before nine o'clock, the bishop, who was just starting for the south, went on foot to Mr. D——'s house. But Mr. D——, getting wind of this terrible approach, went upstairs to bed. The bishop, so said my informant, followed the fugitive upstairs, and lectured him soundly. The end of the story is, that Mr. D—— never mended his ways; that the bishop, soon after his translation to London, became himself a convert to the surplice as a proper

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preaching vestment, and that in this way Mr. D—— defeated Bishop Blomfield.

The Rev. Mr. S——, pastor of Troutbeck, was several degrees more primitive in dress, speech, and manners than Mr. D——. He was a good fisherman—at least of trout; he might often be seen at Ambleside lounging about the street, between morning and afternoon schools probably, with his hands plunged deep in his trousers' pockets; and his acquaintance with "Dick, Tom, and Harry" appeared to be extensive. I think the Endowed Schools Commission made a "scheme" under which his services in the education line were dispensed with, and he was provided with an adequate pension.

## CHAPTER III

Oxford life—Clough and Theodore Walrond—I resolve to emigrate—  
Voyage to New Zealand—Passengers—Palma—The Dutchman  
—Kerguelen's Land—Mount Ross—Reach Otago—Proceed to  
Wellington—Otaki and back—The Makara valley—The Porirua  
road—Disappointment.

My brother was elected a Balliol scholar in November 1840, but did not go into residence till October in the following year. I was elected to a scholarship at University in 1842. The whole family went up to Oxford in January 1842, when my father read his first course of lectures as Professor of Modern History. My brother, in all the glory of a scholar's gown and three months' experience as a "University man," welcomed his rustic *geschwister* with an amused and superior graciousness. We visited him at his rooms in Balliol at the top of the second staircase in the corner of the second quod. When he had got us all safely in, he is said to have exclaimed, "Thank God, you are in!" and when the visit was over, and he had seen the last of us out on the staircase, "Thank God, you are out!" But this tradition is doubtful.

Those lectures, delivered with so much power, and received by a large audience with such profound sympathy, who could have thought that they were to be both the first course and the last? Never can I forget

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how my heart seemed to stand still, as my father, in the sketch of the concentration of the French Army before the invasion of Russia, uttered the words, "Earthly state has never reached a prouder pinnacle than when Napoleon in June 1812 gathered his army at Dresden . . . and there received the homage of subject kings." We returned to Rugby, and the long half-year of 1842 commenced. For some weeks in the middle portion of it my father was far from well; an eruption broke out on the right side of his face, but I never heard that this was in any way connected with the malady that struck him down. Whatever was amiss, he seemed to have completely recovered from it for some weeks before the end of the half-year. His sermons to the school were—at least seemed so to me, perhaps because I was old enough to understand them better than before—more direct, earnest, and affectionate than they had ever been. Especially was I impressed by the last sermon but two that he ever preached, that entitled "Waiting for God in Christ."<sup>1</sup>

The shock of the 12th June, and the very general sorrow with which the tidings of my father's death was received all over England, have been sufficiently dwelt upon in Arthur Stanley's "Life."

From the autumn of 1842 to the end of 1846, my time, and my brother's also, was chiefly spent at Oxford. He was cultivating his poetic gift carefully, but his exuberant versatile nature claimed other satisfactions; his keen bantering talk made him something

<sup>1</sup> Arnold's "Sermons," vol. v.

of a social lion among Oxford men; he even began to dress fashionably. Goethe displaced Byron in his poetical allegiance; the transcendental spells of Emerson wove themselves around him; the charm of an exquisite style made him, and long kept him, a votary of George Sand. The perfect handling of words, joined to the delicate presentation of ideas, attracted him powerfully to John Henry Newman, whose afternoon Sunday sermons at St. Mary's he for a long time regularly attended. But, so far as I know, Newman *teaching* never made an impression upon him. After a while he became private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, through whose influence he was appointed in 1849 an inspector of schools, and continued to be engaged in various forms of educational work till nearly the end of his life.

When I went up to University in the October of 1842, it was my good fortune to have rooms on the second floor of the new building opposite to those of the dear Arthur Stanley. Nothing could exceed his kindness; it was like that of a father. In the course of my Oxford time he introduced me to several persons of note who came to call on him, *e.g.* Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, and Charles Buller. I heard the sermon at Christ Church for which Pusey was "six-doctored," and tramped up and down in the mud of Broad Street on that day of pouring rain on which Ward was degraded. In 1845 I took my degree, after being placed in the first class in *Literæ Humaniores*. In 1846 I read law for three months in London in the

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chambers of Coulson the celebrated conveyancer ; but being by this time much interested in the Colonies, I accepted a clerkship in the preçis-writing department of the Colonial Office at the beginning of 1847, and retained it till I emigrated to New Zealand at the end of that year.

In the years 1842-47 I was in close intimacy with Arthur Hugh Clough, and by the kind permission of the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* I quote from an article contributed to the number for January 1898 some passages bearing on this period :—

“After I came up to University in October [1842], Clough, Theodore Walrond, my brother and I formed a little interior company, and saw a great deal of one another. We used often to go skiffing up the Cherwell, or else in the network of river channels that meander through the broad meadows facing Iffley and Sandford. After a time it was arranged that we four should always breakfast at Clough’s rooms [at Oriel] on Sunday morning. Those were times of great enjoyment. Sir Robert Peel was in power ; he was breaking loose more and more from the trammels of mere party connection, and the shrewd Rentoul [the Radical] who then edited the *Spectator*, welcomed in the Conservative chief the only true statesman that England had seen since the days of Canning. The *Spectator* of the day before used to arrive at breakfast time, and the leading articles were eagerly read and discussed. Ireland especially—Rentoul seemed to hold—conciliated by the Maynooth Bill, the Colleges Act, and

other healing measures, bade fair to pose no longer as England's difficulty. With this estimate of Peel Clough seemed on the whole to be in cordial agreement.

"Between 1843 and 1845 there was a small society in existence at Oxford called the Decade. Among its members were Jowett, Arthur Stanley, Coleridge, my brother, Chichester Fortescue, John Campbell Shairp, the present writer, and several others. Shairp has described<sup>1</sup> two speeches made by Clough at meetings of the Decade. The impressions of the future Professor of Poetry seem to have been in unison with my own, that no member of the society spoke in so rich, penetrating, original, and convincing a strain as Clough. He was not rapid, yet neither was he slow or hesitating; he seemed just to take time enough to find the right word or phrase. My recollections have grown sadly dim, but I remember one debate when he spoke to a resolution that I had proposed in favour of Lord Ashley's Ten Hours' Bill. In supporting the resolution he combated the doctrines of *laissez-faire* and the omnipotence and sufficiency of the action of Supply and Demand, then hardly disputed in England, with an insight marvellous in one who had so little experience of the industrial life, and at the same time with a strict and conscientious moderation. This must have been in 1844 or 1845.

"In August 1845 a party of Oxford men, who

<sup>1</sup> Clough's "Poems," i. 25; Macmillan.

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had planned a walking tour in the Highlands, met at Calder Park, near Glasgow, the home of Theodore Walrond, one of the party. The others were Clough, Shairp, my brother Edward, and myself. During the few days that we spent at Calder Park before setting out, Clough talked very brilliantly, being much drawn out and stimulated by the lively sallies of Miss Walrond. Agnes Walrond was then, though not exactly beautiful, a very charming, handsome, and graceful woman. She afterwards married Mr. Henley, son of the well-known member for Oxfordshire, and still, I hope, remembers the pleasant days which her parents' hospitality secured for us southrons at that far-distant date.

"When we returned, 'dirty, dusty, and bankrupt,' as Clough says, to Calder Park, we found Scott's grandchildren, Walter and Charlotte Lockhart, staying there. The grandson, then a lively young officer in the 16th Lancers, was much like military men everywhere. I could not trace in him the likeness to Sir Walter which people talked of. But in the sister it was evident enough. The set and expression of the eyes, the height of the somewhat narrow forehead, reminded one strongly of the pictures of her grandfather. She sang old Scotch songs with an exquisite and simple grace. Both Clough and Shairp speak of the visit to Milton Lockhart [the house of William Lockhart, then a county member for Lanarkshire], where we saw the famous editor of the *Quarterly* walking on the terrace. Shairp brought up Clough

and introduced him, and Lockhart, though evidently out of health, conversed with him frankly and cordially. . . . Lockhart was a tall, thin, dark-eyed man; his face, though it wore a severe, not to say harsh expression, was singularly handsome.

“In the long vacation of 1847 Clough took a reading party to the Highlands. For several weeks he was established at a large farmhouse—since turned into an inn—called Drumnadrochit, on the north shore of Loch Ness, and not far from the Fall of Foyers. The party numbered, so far as I recollect, six or seven men; among them were Warde Hunt, afterwards a well-known figure in the House of Commons, and Charles Lloyd, son of a former Bishop of Oxford. It was this reading party that gave occasion to the ‘Long Vacation Pastoral,’ which Clough published under the name of ‘The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich.’ The origin of the name was this: Several Oxford friends—Shairp, the present Archdeacon Scott of Dublin, with a younger brother, Theodore Walrond, and myself—arranged to beat up the quarters of the Drumnadrochit party while making a walking tour, which we were minded to extend to Skye. On the way north, at Loch Rannoch, Shairp and I parted from the rest, in order to explore the western shore of the long and lonely sheet of water known as Loch Ericht. We were to rejoin the others at Dalwhinnie the next day. The path along the lake was winding and rough; and at nightfall we had only walked as

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far as the forester's hut, about one-third of the distance. All this side of Loch Ericht was said at that time to be Lord Abercorn's deer-forest; and there was no other human dwelling on that shore but this hut of the forester, which was named on the maps 'Toper-na-fuosich.' The forester and his wife were hospitable enough; such fare and lodging as they had were kindly tendered, and Shairp and I passed the night tolerably well. When we reached Drumnadrochit, Shairp, in his cheery genial way, made the most of the incident of the 'Bothie' at which we had slept, and Clough chose to give the name of the hut to the home of Elspie, his heroine (though that was far enough from Loch Ericht), and to find in the same name a title for his poem. Accordingly the first edition, published at Oxford, bore the title, 'Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich.' Later on it was discovered that the maps were wrong, and that the true name of the hut was 'Tober-na-Vuolich,' to which it has been altered in all later editions.

"The 'Bothie' found me in New Zealand before the end of 1848. The force and variety of this extraordinary poem, the melody of great portions of it, its penetrating dialectic, its portrayal of passionate tenderness, the nearness to Nature in its descriptions and in its whole texture, filled me with wonder and delight. There was one man then in New Zealand, and perhaps only one, who was capable of valuing this treasure aright, and with him I hastened to share it. Alfred Domett, the poet, journalist, and politician—of whom more

will be said further on—was then Colonial Secretary for the Wellington province. A Cambridge man, he welcomed with generous fervour this strange product of the Oxford mind.

"The tempest of the Paris Revolution in February 1848 was heard of in New Zealand soon after I landed in the colony. What a time of boundless excitement for the young and unsteady was that year 1848! Battles in the streets of great cities, constitutions torn to rags, insurrection everywhere, resignations of crowns, Chartist meetings, wars changing the frontiers of states, Italy rising against Austria, Hungary striking for independence, Russia sending her legions across the Carpathians, Rome turned into a republic—this was the sort of 'foreign intelligence' that my friends at home expected to find, and usually did find, in their morning papers. Even I, at the distance of half the globe, having steeped myself in French revolutionary literature before leaving England, watched for the tidings of those mighty events, and seemed to feel the reverberation of those shocks. My brother, to whom literature then and always meant more than politics, wrote two admirable sonnets on the Revolution in France. Yet, with banter irrepressible, in the thick of the wild hubbub, he addressed to Clough a letter with the superscription, 'Citizen Clough, Oriel Lyceum, Oxford.'"

Restlessness of mind, with which the theories and criticisms of Strauss's *Leben Jesu* had much to do,

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beset me from the time of taking my degree. I was elected in 1846 by the college to a foundation scholarship at University, which in no long time would have led, without competition, to a fellowship; and common prudence dictated that this opening to a life career should not be cast aside. However it was not so to be. Discontent with the social institutions of the country seized upon me, and the science of English political economists, engaged with the sole problem of increasing the national wealth, and, to that end, emancipating its industry, seemed to me inadequate to the solution of the formidable questions which threatened to set capital and labour fatally at variance. English socialism, which in those days was represented by Robert Owen and the Chartists, was unattractive, because it lacked culture. French Communism appeared to me to have a far more plausible claim to contain the secret of the future. Some kind of Pantisocracy, with beautiful details and imaginary local establishments such as Coleridge never troubled himself to formulate, seemed to my groping mind to be the thing that was wanted. I suppose, too, that I was a rover by nature. Even before my father's death the colonization of New Zealand, in which he was so interested as to purchase two land sections<sup>1</sup> from the New Zealand Company, caused me to read everything about New Zealand that I came across. The descriptions of virgin forests, snowclad moun-

<sup>1</sup> Each section consisted of 100 acres of country land, and one town acre.

tains, rivers not yet tracked to their sources, and lakes imperfectly known, fascinated me as they have fascinated many since. And joining the two lines of thought together, my speculative fancy suggested that in a perfect *locale* such as New Zealand it might be destined that the true fraternity of the future—could founders and constitution-builders of the necessary genius and virtue be discovered—might be securely built up.

All this is crude and boyish enough; nevertheless such was really the staple of my meditations during several years; and if I have gone into the matter at all, it is only to explain in some degree the practical outcome of November 1847, in which month I took a cabin passage by the ship *John Wickliffe* to Wellington, the settlement where my father's land lay.

A long sea voyage can never be other than tedious, and I do not intend to weary the reader with the petty incidents of mine. Wind-bound for four days at the Downs—encouraged by a transient Nor'wester to escape and face down Channel; driven again to take refuge at the Mother-bank opposite Ryde, and detained there for a week; then making sail again, but met by a terrible gale in the chops of the Channel, which almost cast her on the Scilly Islands, the good ship struggled at last into better weather. As I lay in my berth one morning, exhausted by the *mal de mer*, I could see that things were improving; instead of the short waves of the Channel, the ship

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was riding on long ocean billows, and the wintry gloom of a British December seemed to be suddenly replaced by bright sunshine. I struggled into my clothes and went up on deck, and here I will say a few words about the shipmates with whom for the next three months I was brought into close association.

The *John Wickliffe*, though she took passengers and cargo for Wellington also, was in fact the first and principal ship of the Scotch colony, which it had been determined to found at Otago Harbour in the south island of New Zealand. The scheme of colonisation was a special one, and an improvement in several respects on the original Wellington scheme. Captain Cargill, who had served with the Connaught Rangers in the Peninsular War, and claimed to belong to the well-known covenanting family of that name, had been appointed Company's Agent for the Otago settlement, and was now going out in the first ship, with his wife, two sons, and two daughters. The eldest son, John, was a manly quick-witted good-natured fellow; he had been for some time at sea, and was clever with his hands; he took a principal part in building up the colony, and is, I hope, still living. The old captain himself was, I should have thought, a case to which the rule of superannuation was justly applicable; yet I can well believe, that with the help of his capable son, he might succeed for some time in getting through the work that fell upon him fairly well.

His glass of toddy sometimes elevated him considerably, and on such occasions he would walk about the cuddy, trolling out with flushed features the burden of some old Scottish song. At other times he would hold forth interminably on the distinction between Church and State—a distinction which, he used to say, an Englishman could never comprehend.

A minister of the Free Kirk—the Rev. John Nicholson—his wife, whom he called “Alison,”—and a friend no longer young, Miss Alexander, also went in our ship. Nicholson was an excellent man, and, I believe, a good preacher, but more prudent and canny than in those days of the disruption and upbuilding of churches one was prepared to find in men so situated. His wife, Alison, was a sweet child of nature; her pale delicate nervous face breathed pure and innocent feeling; she spoke the beautiful Doric of her native land with a charming accent that made ordinary speech sound commonplace. One felt, too, that she would have gone cheerfully to the stake for the faith that was in her. The good John, being of robuster make and more prudential turn of mind, sometimes gave utterance to sentiments that her loftier nature disapproved; whereat she would fix her eyes upon him, and just say “Nicholson!” in a tone of shame and disappointed feeling, the pointed significance of which no words can describe. At the same time the singular contrast between their two characters—and all the time they were deeply attached to one another—struck one so forcibly that it was difficult to

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avoid laughing. I saw much of them later on at Nelson. Whether they, or either of them, be now living I do not know. If they live, may God bless them, wherever they are.

A family named Garrick, the head of which was a solicitor going out to establish himself at Motueka, near Nelson; an excellent young Londoner, named Cutten, who meant to go into business as an auctioneer at Otago; an indigo-planter from India, whose liver seemed to have suffered from the climate; and two young men named Smith, one of whom was going to rejoin his regiment in New Zealand, nearly completed the roll of cabin passengers.

When I appeared on deck the ship, being then somewhere in the mouth of the Bay of Biscay, was plunging up and down huge rollers of bright purple sea, on the tops of which were little wavelets sparkling and breaking in the sun, while between them was deep shadow. Young Cargill came forward, and seeing that I was still far from well, recommended a glass of Bass. The composing and invigorating effect of this was wonderful; I lost all feeling of sea-sickness, and have seldom been troubled by it ever since.

After some days, the weather continually changing for the better, one morning land was in sight to port. It was the island of Palma, the westernmost of the Canaries, a mountain rising out of the sea. All day we sailed along it at a distance of about three miles, admiring its great beauty, and ready to envy the lot of

its inhabitants. Snow rested on its top; then apparently came a tract of rocky ground; forest succeeded, and below the forest the broad flanks of the island were clad with a vesture of scattered trees, green grass, and cultivation, amidst which white houses with red-tiled roofs were everywhere visible. Clearly, when colonies were first served out to the nations, Spain had the pick of them! New Zealand might be as beautiful, but it was on the other side of the globe; here were islands forming an earthly Paradise, not a thousand miles from Cadiz. In the evening we saw distinctly a great part of the outline of the Peak of Teneriffe, though it was not less than a hundred miles distant.

The fine north-west wind that had wafted us along for many days at last merged in the north-east trade. Then for weeks we held on, almost without touching a brace or hauling on a sheet, with stunsails set aloft and aloft, delighting in that swift yet steady motion, for the manifestation and full enjoyment of which the planet seems too small. For who would be tired of sailing for a whole month before the north-east trade-wind? But in fact, and as things are, it must be a slow sailer that would not run them down in a fortnight. Flying-fish in their curious droves began to start up from the sea, and Spanish men-of-war cruised over the blue waves, and albatrosses, careering to and fro, haunted the stern, and whales spouted in the distance. But the friendly trade-wind gradually faded away, the sky became more and more overcast, and we entered

the Variables—a region of calms, tornados, and water-spouts. Light airs rose, now from one quarter now from another, and grew sometimes into smart breezes ; to which our vigilant captain carefully trimmed his sails. For two or three days a large barque, the green copper on whose huge hull glistened as she rolled, had been sailing near us on the port side. One morning chance threw her into our near neighbourhood, within half a mile certainly, and the captain of the stranger put out a boat and paid our skipper a visit. He was an intelligent, agreeable little man—Dutch, but spoke English well—bound to Batavia for a cargo of coffee. Several of us cabin passengers accompanied Captain Daly on the return visit that same afternoon. The beautiful neatness and comeliness of everything on board the barque surprised us. After we had been regaled with schnapps and biscuits in the cabin, the captain took us down to the main deck to see the quarters of the crew. Each man had his comfortable curtained berth, with bed-clothes spotlessly clean, two or three little pictures hanging beside it, and plenty of light admitted through large port-holes. One could not but think of that dog-hole—the fore-castle of the *John Wickliffe*—with its hammocks, griminess, and gloom, which was the sleeping and living quarter of our poor fellows.

After slanting across the south-east trade, and entering the zone of variable winds to the south of it, the captain, who was convinced that, by adhering to the principle of “great-circle sailing,” it was in his

power to shorten the voyage considerably, steered boldly towards the South Pole. About 50° S. latitude, and 1500 miles east of the Cape, the weather grew chilly, and the evening of the 25th February closed in dark and lowering. The sea was generally calm, but now and then a great wave would gather and break without any apparent reason. Suddenly we heard a distant roaring, and, straining our eyes in the pitchy darkness, we could see white shifting objects ahead, moving their place and apparent size continually. "Breakers ahead!" "Breakers on the port-beam!" was shouted. The captain gave instant orders to put the helm to port, so as to head the ship off the danger. We kept on the same course all night, but the wind was very light, and the ship made little progress.

When the morning broke, the peril of the previous night was apparent. We had gone blunderingly on towards the cliffs that line the southern coast of Desolation Island, but by great good fortune had been warned of our danger before striking on any reef, or shoal, or sunken rock. Seven or eight miles north of where we lay the whole, or nearly the whole, northern horizon was occupied by steep land, apparently about 800 feet high, descending in cliffs or screes to the sea-level, and seamed with gullies, down some of which water poured in thin white cataracts. The summits of the land could not be seen, being shrouded by a horizontal band of heavy grey cloud. But as the sun rose in the sky, a marvellous transformation took place. The cloud-band parted, lifted, melted away;

just in front of us appeared a grand mountain mass, apparently about 8000 feet high,<sup>1</sup> the upper part of which rose in a peak somewhat like that of the Matterhorn, with huge vertical ribs of black rock, alternating with falls of glittering ice. Below the peak the mountain flattened out considerably, and became the receptacle of an enormous glacier, descending unbrokenly to the sea. To the east of the mountain the coast range did not seem to be more than a few hundred feet higher than it had appeared when we first saw it, but it was covered by a heavy robe of snow, which overlay all the country behind, so far as we could see it. Between us and the foot of the mountain, and extending to the left of it, there appeared to be a large bay or harbour.

Desolation Island, (better known as Kerguelen's Land, from the French captain who first discovered it in 1772) was often visited by Captain Cook for the sake of the excellent remedy against scurvy—the Kerguelen cabbage—which grows abundantly about Christmas Harbour, on the north side of the island. But Cook does not appear to have ever visited the southern shore, and therefore could not have seen the mountain off which we lay becalmed. Sir James Ross, who was at Kerguelen's Land with the *Erebus* and *Terror* in 1840, but was kept a prisoner in Christmas Harbour by stress of

<sup>1</sup> That was the judgment of the officers of the *John Wickliffe*; but in the narrative portion of the report of the *Challenger* (vol. i. Part I. p. 332) the height of Mount Ross, which is evidently identical with the mountain seen by us, is stated at 6120 feet only. It does not appear on what data this estimate was based, nor when and by whom the name Mount Ross was given.

weather for forty-five out of the sixty-eight days of his stay, appears never to have seen the mountain which was to be named after him. The *Challenger's* visit was not made till 1874, so that the account which the writer sent to *Fraser's Magazine* for August 1861 of the visit of the *John Wickliffe* was perhaps the first notice of Mount Ross that ever appeared in print.

The day remained fine, but in the afternoon it turned very cold. This was soon explained by the appearance of icebergs, one of which, of minute size for an iceberg, was visibly and audibly breaking up within half a mile of the ship. Away to the westward was a berg which had the appearance of a long white cliff. From this date the voyage was without incident till we approached New Zealand. The captain kept to the south of Stewart's Island, the mountains of which we saw through mist; farther south were the Auckland Islands, with their famous harbour, called by the whalers "Sarah's Bosom."

"Coasting along the middle island, we came up on the night of the 20th March with the latitude of Otago. In the morning we were becalmed off the land, near enough to see the surf breaking on the white beach, and to distinguish the individual trees of the virgin forests that clothed the hills. A wind sprang up in the afternoon, but it was from the wrong quarter. We were beating to windward all that afternoon and all through the night. By sunrise we had weathered Cape Saunders, and were close in to land. The captain was scanning anxiously

every point that we ran past, trying to make out the heads of the harbour. At last a tiny sail shot out from behind a steep bluff that bore on our port bow, and revealed the passage that we sought. The whale-boat, for such she was, was alongside of the ship in twenty minutes."<sup>1</sup> In her were Mr. Kettle, the company's chief surveyor for the Otago settlement, two whalers, and a Maori. The steep bluff aforesaid was Tairoa Head, one of the heads of the Otago harbour; and as soon as we came up with it, the ship was anchored under its lee, because a strong south-easter was at the time blowing down the harbour right in our teeth. Some of us went on shore and climbed to the top of the head, on which was a small Maori settlement, housed in low mean *warès*, and dependent on its potato patches and on fishing. Among the bones of huge whales ran about dirty pigs and children. The scene was cheerless, and the human element in the picture discouraging. Next day the wind changed, and the ship was brought up to Port Chalmers, the anchorage to what is now Port Otago. The length of the inlet is about thirteen miles, and on the right, or land side, half-way up, was Port Chalmers. There is plenty of water here, and good holding ground; but the violence of the gusts and squalls that came off the land was astonishing. The month was now March; it was the autumn of the Southern Hemisphere;

<sup>1</sup> From an article entitled "Reminiscences of New Zealand," contributed by the author to *Fraser's Magazine*, August 1861.

and equinoctial gales were therefore *en règle*. These furious squalls are called by the whalers "willi-waughts"; they could be seen coming from some distance, turning into foam the waters of the bay, and when they reached the ship, they forced her down to leeward, sometimes almost on her beam ends. Once the stern of one of the heavy cutters that hung at the davits on either side of the poop was lifted by the force of the wind off the hook which upbore it, and the boat's stern fell into the sea, the side of the boat being stove in. After that the hooks were "moused." In such weather, as the shores of the inlet were tame and uninteresting, New Zealand scenery was not seen to advantage.

The baggage and personal effects, and other property of the Otago colonists, had to be transferred to the head of the bay, where the town—the future Dunedin—had been laid out; and this was by no means an easy or expeditious business. Everything had to be moved by boat seven miles, and landed at the head of the bay, where there were no wharfs, no sheds, no roads, no piers. An attempt was made, under the initiative of John Cargill, to construct a pier, on which a derrick would have been placed, for lifting heavy cases and crates out of the boats. Trestles were made of the unseasoned wood which the neighbouring bush supplied, and several of these were put in position, but they proved to be neither strong nor stiff enough, and the attempt was given up. Every package, cask, and box that was sent up

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in the boats was heaved on shore by the sheer main strength of the sailors. Meantime the two Smiths, Cutten, and I lived on shore in a tent which, made of sailcloth during the voyage owing to the shrewd foresight of John Cargill, was now pitched beside a clear stream that ran through a grassy, lightly-timbered glade into the bay, a little to the left of the landing-place. Thus we lived *al fresco*; at the present day the stream must have become a sewer, and learned to content itself with the honour of draining the business quarter of the city of Dunedin.

One day, desirous of knowing what sort of country was at the back of the coast ranges, I climbed the high ground to the south-west, and walking some distance over a flat covered with rough yellowish grass, came to its edge, and looked down over a wide and singular plain. Far to the left front for many miles, in a south-south-westerly direction, stretched away from the foot of the hills on which I stood a vast swampy plain, bare of trees, except that in the middle of it there was a small wood of dark pines which might be guessed to cover about 400 acres. A low coast range parted the plain from the sea, and through a gap in this range the Taieri River (which gives name to the plain) makes its obstructed and difficult way to the ocean. This one knew from maps, for the river was not visible from where I stood. Higher ranges bounded the plain on the north-west, from the ravines in which, and especially from two or three mountain

valleys to my right, the issuing waters all lost themselves in the plain. Similar swampy flats succeed each other for a distance of 120 miles along the coast; they are valueless now, but, as was the case with the fen districts of England, the time will come when it will pay to drain and reclaim them, and they will be converted into fine agricultural land.

While we were at Dunedin, assisting in the landing of our friends' *impedimenta*, the *Philip Laing*, the second ship despatched under the Otago scheme, arrived at Port Chalmers. She carried many more emigrants in her steerage than the *John Wickliffe*, but had fewer cabin passengers; among those few was the Rev. Mr. Burns, whom the Free Kirk had appointed minister to the colony. He was a nephew of the poet, and already a grey-haired man; a pair of large, dark eyes, without fire, gave him a certain resemblance to his great kinsman, but his mild bearing showed that *he* had never been

"Mialed by fancy's gilded ray,  
By passion driven."

After a detention of nearly two months, we sailed from Port Chalmers on the 18th May. On the 19th we could steer our course; it was a glorious day; the mountains bounding the Canterbury plains on the west were in full view; ahead, the mountains of Banks' Peninsula had all the appearance of an island, for nothing could be seen of the low land joining

them to the plains around Christchurch. At nightfall there was a sudden change; the wind veered round to the north-west and rose to a gale, which continued for two days and three nights. But the good ship, which sailed very well on a wind, battled sturdily through it, and by dusk in the evening of the 23rd May, the wind having again changed, we were within three miles of Wellington heads, with the wind and sea setting us right on shore. The captain, who was unacquainted with the coast, began to show signs of anxiety; but after we had been firing guns and burning blue lights for some time, a hearty seaman's hail was heard, and a minute later Calder the pilot was on board and the ship in his charge.

At Wellington I was most kindly and hospitably entertained by the Rev. Mr. Cole, the Anglican clergyman. Captain Collinson of the Engineers, one of those

*"animæ quales neque candidiores  
Terra tulit neque quis me sit devinctior alter,"*

became my friend at once, by a sort of elective affinity. With Alfred Domett, then Colonial Secretary of the Province of New Munster, Godfrey Thomas, step-brother to Governor Grey, Frederic Weld, and several others, besides the officers of the 65th Regiment, then quartered at Wellington, I soon became acquainted.

Mr. Cole had a horse at grass at Otaki, a native settlement fifty miles up the coast, and he proposed that in the interval, before making up my mind as to

what I should turn to, I might walk to Otaki with a note to Mr. Williams, the Anglican missionary there, and ride the horse back to Wellington. I was glad to accept this offer. On the 5th June I left Wellington by the Porirua road, with Captain Collinson,—who had to visit Pawhatanui (the pah out of which Ranghihaeta, Rauperaha's fighting man, had been lately driven by the troops) on some professional errand,—for a companion. It was almost midwinter, but the air was mild, and during the few days that this little excursion lasted there was little rain. A good road had been made for fourteen miles as far as Jackson's Ferry, on the shore of Porirua harbour; about midway, where the watershed between the streams running to Port Nicholson and those going to the harbour was crossed, there was a large clearing, on which stood a poor hamlet, like Chaucer's "Bob-up-and-down," occupied by small settlers. Following thence a rather narrow ravine, from the sides of which rose tall tree-ferns, fifty and sixty feet high, we arrived at Jackson's Ferry, where, at that time, the road stopped. Collinson here left me, turning to the right to reach Pawhatanui. My way led to the left, for I had been advised to cross the harbour near its mouth. I passed the night at a miserable cabin, a few miles beyond Jackson's Ferry, and as the weather next morning (June 6) was detestable, I proceeded no farther that day. On the 7th, walking to the shore of the narrow inlet which admits the waters of Cook's Straits into the harbour, I crossed at the ferry, eyeing

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and eyed by an officer from the Paramatta barracks close by, where was stationed at that time a detachment of the 65th Regiment. On the other side of the inlet the path entered the Pukerua bush, and brought me to the village of Hurui. I had been recommended to the fisherman there; when I knocked, the door of his cabin was opened by an old man. "What! Jenkins; is that you?" "Why it's Mr. Arnold, I do declare!" The speaker was a steerage passenger on board the *John Wickliffe*; the fisherman was his son; and the old man had found him out, and had been made heartily welcome. I stayed at the house that night, and was greatly pleased and touched by the talk of the old man, who was overflowing with contentment at the improvement in his lot since he had come to the colony; no dinning for rent, no calls from the tax-collector, no yellow fogs, and no cold weather.

Next morning (June 8), after gaining the sands, I had a firm straight track for twenty or thirty miles before me. Coming to the Waikanae River I was put over it in a boat by a policeman. After walking for many miles along the beach I knew that I must be near Otaki, and finding at last the place where, as I had been warned, the track to the settlement turned off on the right into the bush, I followed it. A merry group of about twenty Maoris, male and female, habited in mats and white and red blankets, among whom was a very beautiful dark-eyed girl, passed me soon after I entered the bush. The last man of the party turned

and followed me. He poured forth a flood of words as he walked beside me, of which I understood very few. Presently the path descended, and there appeared a broad stream flowing strong and clear over a pebbly bottom. The Maori came and stood in front of me, presented his broad brown back, held up two fingers, and said, "Two hering." This was the meaning of all his eloquence by the way. I assented, climbed on his back, and was carried dry across the river. After payment of the two shillings I walked on, but to my surprise the native still followed me. A hundred yards through the bush,—and then appeared what was evidently another branch of the Otaki river, as broad as the first. The cunning Maori wished to bargain with me as before, but angry at his tricks I exclaimed, "Kahori, kahori," (No, no), and after taking off shoes and stockings marched in. The current was strong, but the water in the deepest part barely reached my middle.

"Safe on the farther side, I stopped to look around me. The country was a Paradise. For miles to the north and east the land was nearly level, richly grassed and thinly timbered; gentle wooded rises succeeded; and behind these rose a chain of mountains of noble outline and delicious colouring, pierced by the deep gorge through which descended soundingly the beautiful river."<sup>1</sup>

I soon came to the settlement, found out the mission house, and was kindly received by Mr. Williams. He promised to send for the horse, which

<sup>1</sup> "Reminiscences," *Fraser's Magazine*.

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was running out in the bush, and that it should be ready for me the next morning. Meantime he took me to see the mission church, which was approaching completion.

The design and the builders were Maori, and a more singular, and, in a sense, beautiful building I never saw. The walls of the church, which were about 120 feet long, were composed of the trunks of immense straight totara-trees, about 100 feet high; these were skilfully split in half, and the halves were then set up vertically next each other in the line of the walls, the flat sides being of course turned inwards and reduced by adze and plane to a sufficiently smooth and regular surface. These surfaces were then painted crimson and white, in broad bands, with very striking effect.

Next morning (June 9) I set out on my return to Wellington. I was advised to follow the new road, which turned up from the beach somewhere opposite to the end of Kapiti Island, to the head of the Horokiwi valley, and followed that valley down to Pawhatanui. The height reached was considerable, not less than 700 feet probably, and at this point there was a magnificent view. Below lay the islands of Kapiti and Mane, gemming the blue waters of the Strait; to the south, in the direction of Wellington, forest-clad ranges seemed to be huddled one upon the other; while to the west, across the Strait, appeared capes and bold headlands, showing or concealing the entrances to many well-known sounds and bays (Queen

Charlotte's Sound, Pelorus Sound, Admiralty Bay, Wairau Bay, &c.), and behind all these, and beyond them to the eastward rose the sharp summits of the Kaikoras, 10,000 feet high, of which the eternal snows glittered in the afternoon sun.

I had ridden thus far from Otaki on an unshod horse; while the way lay along the beach this might be safely done; indeed, there was no choice about it, for there was then no farrier at Otaki. But now that the remainder of the journey was to be chiefly over metalled roads, the case was different, and having heard that there was a blacksmith's forge at the bottom of the Horokiwi valley, I turned up thither on arriving opposite to it. While I was waiting outside the forge, an officer came up and entered into conversation. After a while he introduced himself as Captain Russell, in command of the detachment of the 58th Regiment at Pawhatanui, and invited me to dine and sleep at the pah. This I was of course glad to do, although dependent only on the contents of a knapsack for any improvement that might be requisite in my personal appearance.

Captain Russell, Lieutenant Garstin, another subaltern whose name I forget, and Surgeon Montgomery, were the officers of the 58th then quartered in Pawhatanui. The wives of those named were with them; all three were young, and possessed, each in her own way, considerable, and more than considerable, personal charms. All too had those easy, straightforward, and agreeable manners which are so

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characteristic of good military society. Under such circumstances the time, for me, could not but pass pleasantly. But I noticed with regret that within this pah (in the defence of which blood had been shed the year before, and where civilized life had only just been made possible by the erection of neat weather-boarded huts, painted slate colour, with guard-room, mess-room, and all complete), the demon of *ennui* was plaguing terribly all the officers except the commandant. There was no hunting, no shooting, only poor fishing; and for exploring the country leave would not at that time have been readily granted, besides that it would have been scarcely safe. Still one would have liked to see them more inclined to take advantage of the ample leisure at their disposal by pursuing some one of the studies, historical, scientific, or technical, which belong to their profession, and which, since a new Maori war might break out any day, became for them largely practical. To kill time, they were in the habit of rowing down every day to Paramatta at the mouth of the harbour, to visit the 65th detachment.

Next day (June 10) I bade farewell to my kind hosts, and returned *via* Jackson's Ferry without further incident to Wellington.

I now lost no time in ascertaining the situation of my father's country land. The two sections, each of 100 acres, were in the Makara valley, about eight miles due west from Wellington, in the peninsula which separates Port Nicholson from the main channel of Cook's Strait. For about half the distance there was a good

road; for the rest of the way only a bridle path which had been recently cut through the bush across the steep ridge which bounded the Makara valley on the east. The sections were near one another, but on opposite sides of the valley; about half of each was pretty level; the rest lay on the slopes of the bounding ridges. If I remember right, not an acre of land on the Makara had as yet been cleared; a dark bush, consisting mostly of red pine, everywhere obstructed the sight. I fell in with a wood-cutter, who helped me to find the boundaries of the sections. He said that "the sawyers" had been all over the valley, and "picked out the best trees." Returning to Wellington, I explained to Colonel Wakefield, the company's agent, how matters stood. He was very kind, and said that the company had still several sections in its own hands, one of which adjoined the Porirua road, about ten miles north of Wellington, and was as good land as either of the Makara sections, besides having the advantage of lying on a good and much-travelled road. This section, he added, I could have at once in exchange for one of the Makara sections; what should be done with the other section might remain for the present undetermined. I told him, of course, that my father's property was in the hands of trustees; but as it was merely an exchange, and one manifestly for the advantage of the estate, he did not think any legal difficulty would be raised at home. I wrote without delay to one of the trustees, explaining the arrangement proposed, and urging its acceptance.

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With my friend Collinson I walked out the ten or eleven miles along the Porirua road, and had no difficulty in finding the section on which Colonel Wakefield offered to place me. Certainly the allotment was not undesirable. The frontage of the section on the road was twenty chains, and it ran back into the bush sixty chains; this equals an area of 120 acres; but in this liberal fashion most of the 100-acre sections about Wellington were surveyed. Between seven and eight miles from Wellington there was a hamlet—already mentioned—in the occupation of small settlers. Here, in the house of a Kentish peasant named Barrow, within three miles of the section, I found that I could obtain board and lodging; and I came to an agreement with him, or rather with his wife, accordingly. I had not the means of entering into large clearing operations, but I was resolved to clear at least a few acres, so as to let in the sunlight on a valley where only a narrow road pierced the gloom of the forest, build some sort of tenement where a man could live, and make a slight beginning of cultivation.

With Barrow and his two sons, of whom one was a grown man, the other a youth, I contracted for the felling and burning off of five acres, at what price per acre I now forget. A two-roomed hut was also to be put up by them, for which, of course, I was to buy the timber that was necessary. The streamlet whose course the Porirua road here followed ran close by; the hut was to stand a few feet beyond the stream; and the

clearing was to be at the back of the hut. Five acres are equal to 50 square chains; in other words, a piece of land was to be cleared 110 yards one way and 44 yards the other. The trees that grew upon it were not remarkable for height or size; but their variety probably indicated a fertile and available soil. The largest trees were the ratas, whose scarlet flowers and strange parasitical mode of growth are well known. The rimu (red pine) was abundant; also the kaikatea or white pine, the bukatea, and the tawa. The last-named tree bears a fruit about as large as a small damson, and is, I believe, the only native fruit-tree in New Zealand; but the berry has a strong and disagreeable flavour of turpentine. The most curious and beautiful tree on the section was discovered by an accident. I had agreed with a settler living a little farther down the road for the running of one of the side lines of my section to the depth of forty chains. There is little difficulty about this; the surveyor's post at the corner of the section is found if possible; a number of straight sticks of supplejacks are collected, and the upper portion of each peeled; a second point in the boundary line is then found—I forget in what manner—and its direction thus ascertained. The bushman then begins to clear the boundary line, making a path about two feet wide for the purpose. As he proceeds, he fixes the supplejacks in the line that he has cleared from a dozen to twenty yards apart, and brings the peeled tops of at least the last three that he has fixed into the same line before proceeding

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farther, thus removing, or at any rate minimising, the risk of deviation. Having a chain with him, he can at any time assure himself as to the distance that he has come from the corner-post. As far as possible, unless a real timber tree should be standing in the very boundary, he cuts down everything in the path that he makes level with the ground, so that the line of supplejacks may not be interfered with. This long introduction is only for the purpose of explaining why a certain rare tree which we came across while we were marking the side line was not spared. When we had worked back about thirty chains, we came upon a tall and graceful nikau palm, growing on the very boundary line. If we had left it there, much trouble and time would have been spent in taking the necessary precautions against deviation; and I therefore reluctantly allowed the bushman to cut it down. In its head was a large lump, as big as a child's head, of the edible nutty substance for which the tree is noted.

The site of the hut was so determined as to leave a thin fringe of trees, among which, if I remember right, a fine rata was included, between it and the clearing. It measured about 20 feet by 12, and contained two rooms, in one of which was the entrance door. The walls were made of pretty thick upright slabs or posts, the interstices between them being filled with what colonists call "dab." I settled with Barrow the amount and kind of "sawn-stuff" that would be required for wallplates, door, rafters, ridgepiece, and

roof; this last was to be both weather-boarded and shingled. Nothing gave us so much trouble as the chimney, from the difficulty of finding stones of a respectable size anywhere in the neighbourhood. But this difficulty was surmounted, *tant bien que mal*; the felling of the trees on the five acres was finished, the burning-off being deferred to the summer months; and the little clearing enterprise on the Porirua road was so far completed.

I fancy that I can hear readers of a practical turn exclaim, "What folly and absurdity! What could he expect to make out of five acres? What were his ulterior objects, if he had any?" I confess that ulterior objects were but mistily conceived; but, to the best of my remembrance, I thought that I might raise some tons of potatoes and a little wheat, besides garden vegetables, on the land cleared, and gradually become the possessor of a cow, a horse or two, and a few sheep. To this extent I might fairly expect, and should doubtless have received, had things gone differently, assistance from home; for certainly neither the trustees nor any one else could quarrel with the way in which I had expended much the greater part of the small sum of money which I had brought out to New Zealand. That is to say, it could not be said to have been wasted, having been mostly spent in paying wages; it is the utility of the expenditure that will be questioned. As to this I offer no defence; but that I was very earnestly bent on carrying out my clearing project is proved to myself, and may appear probable

to others, from a circumstance which happened about this time.

Governor Grey had come to Wellington, and was actively informing himself as to the state of the country and the temper of the Maoris. One day as, in bush attire of straw hat and blue serge shirt, I was walking into Wellington from the section, I was overtaken, on the short cut which, avoiding the tedious curves of the Porirua road, descended steeply into the Hutt road, by three horsemen, two of whom were unknown to me, while the third was my friend Godfrey Thomas. Of the two others the elder and taller was a middle-aged man of striking and intelligent countenance; the other was an aide-de-camp. Thomas introduced me to the elder man, naming him as "His Excellency Governor Grey." The Governor, who had heard about me from Archbishop Whately, a distant relation, dismounted, giving his horse to the orderly, and walked with me down the hill. He said that he had called at the section on his way into Wellington, but not finding me there, and hearing that I had gone on myself in that direction, had come after me. After a little conversation, he made me the offer of his private secretaryship, which I respectfully asked for time to consider, but eventually declined. "More folly!" it will be said, and perhaps it was. But for a special reason, I cared little at that time about "getting on"; to throw up my work on the land would have troubled me exceedingly; lastly, the radical idea influenced me that men of independent character ought not to have

anything to do with the Colonial Government so long as it was carried on by means of nominee, not representative assemblies.

The outlook on the Porirua road had up to this time been cheerful, if not bright; but now there came, "a frost, a killing frost." I have mentioned that at the time of accepting from Colonel Wakefield the section on the Porirua road in exchange for one of those in the Makara valley, I had written to one of my father's trustees, asking their consent to the arrangement.

Now, towards the end of September 1848, the answer came. The trustee, who was my uncle, wrote that they could not legally give their consent to any arrangement of the kind, and that any steps that might have been taken in pursuance of it must be cancelled. So the acres had been cleared, and the hut (which I had actually intended to call "Fox How" after the house built by my father in Westmoreland) had been built for another! The disappointment was bitter; and though I could not quite say "*Barbarus has segetes!*" the soreness and distress of the beloved poet at seeing his friends turned out of their Mantuan farms were in some degree my portion. However, I did not allow myself to despond; but after calling on Colonel Wakefield, and informing him of the refusal of the trustees to allow the exchange, took counsel with my friends Domett and Collinson with regard to my future movements. Some will say, "Why did he

not take up the Makara sections and recommence clearing there?" But against this there were several reasons: in the first place, I had spent nearly all my money; and after such an excellent reason, perhaps I need give no other. But it was also true that the Makara valley was out of the way, and hard to come at; also, from what I had seen of the two sections, I was pretty certain that the land at the Makara was much inferior to the land on the Porirua road. If I had been brought up to farming, I suppose I should have stuck to the land, having still the opportunity of doing so, in spite of the temporary discouragement; but as this was not the case, I paused and considered. Domett showed himself a very true and kind friend. Being one of the original Nelson settlers, he was well acquainted with their scheme, which included the foundation of a college or superior grammar-school as soon as the colony was sufficiently developed. The appointment to the headship of this college he thought he could obtain for me; but meantime, as his Nelson friends were continually writing that their boys were growing up without any proper education, he proposed that I should go to Nelson at once and open a school there, the prospect being that such school would merge in the college when the fit time for founding this last arrived.

To comply with this proposal seemed to me the best thing that I could do; and having, I hope, duly expressed my gratitude to Domett for his

kindness, I began to look out for an opportunity of crossing to Nelson. In those days there was no regular communication between the two places, and very little trade. Frederic Weld being at Wellington, and hearing of this difficulty, proposed to me to take passage with him in his cutter to his sheep-station at Flaxbourne, near Cape Campbell, whither he was returning in a day or two. At Flaxbourne I should be on the right side of the straits, and the best way of proceeding thence by land to Nelson could be found out on arriving there; but he hoped I should not hurry away from the station. This kind proposal I gladly accepted.

## CHAPTER IV

Flaxbourne—Frederic Weld—The earthquake—Port Underwood—The Wairau—Journey to Nelson—The Dillon Bells—The country round Nelson—School there—Nelson settlers—Major Richmond, Mr. Stafford, and others—Alfred Domett—His career—His "Ranolf and Amohia"—Bishop Selwyn—Letter from Sir William Denison—Return to Wellington—The Shan van Vocht—Wellington weather—Death of Colonel Wakefield—Epuni—British and Greek civilization—Left New Zealand—Sydney—Melbourne.

FREDERIC ALOYSIUS WELD was the son of Mr. Humphrey Weld of Chidiock, in Dorsetshire, and the nephew of Mr. Joseph Weld of Lulworth, owner of the famous racing yacht, the *Arrow*. The family was Catholic, and had always been so; but ever since the Reformation they had lived in much retirement and obscurity, contentedly accepting their exclusion from the public life of England, and devoting themselves to the management of a large estate and the care of numerous dependants of the same faith. If I was rightly informed by a priest of great intelligence and large experience—Father Bond—whom I met in Tasmania and afterwards in England, the Welds, owing to the obscure life which they led, did not mix much until recent years with the Catholic gentry and aristocracy—the Petres, Cliffords, Stourtons, Jerninghams, &c. — and hence, living simpler lives, remained sounder and stronger in

physique than they. Latterly, Father Bond said, (in a conversation held nearly twenty years ago), the Welds had intermarried with all these families, and brought to them fresh blood and a kind of constitutional renewal. However this may be, Frederic Weld, with his clear blue eyes, curly light-brown hair, lithe well-knit figure, and honest resolute expression of face, was, when I knew him, a fine sample of the best type of Catholic aristocrat. He had, I think, no taste for controversy, though I remember hearing of an earnest argument on religion one evening between him and another friend, in which, according to Domett, Weld did not come off the worst. Also, if the conversation ever touched on the sufferings and disabilities of Catholics in time past, he was wont, seriously but without heat, to give his opinion on the injustice of the persecuting laws. Not long after I left Flaxbourne he bent his mind vigorously to the exploration of the province; discovered the pass at the head of the Wairau valley leading to the Canterbury district—Lake Tennyson and other lakes—and thus became known to the colonial and also to the home government. He was a sturdy Liberal, and would not accept from Governor Grey a seat in the nominee council of 1848; but when representative institutions came, he was elected by the people of his own district, and sat in the assembly for some years. In 1864, being raised to the premiership under Sir George Grey, he took the bold resolution, as is mentioned

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at a later page, of dispensing with the aid of British troops in the conflict with the Maoris; and his policy met with complete success. His merit was now recognised; he was nominated governor of Western Australia in 1869, and afterwards promoted to the charge of Tasmania: posts of no great difficulty, indeed, but highly honourable for one whose family had emerged, not so long before, from the dark shade of the penal laws. He was created a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, and the last public appointment which he held was that of the Straits Settlements, from 1880 to 1887. So long a stay in an unhealthy tropical climate must have been harmful to a constitution already severely tried; and Frederic Weld was taken from us in July 1891, leaving a name that in New Zealand at any rate, which he served so well, will surely never be forgotten.

On the 4th October 1848, leaving Port Nicholson, and launching out in the little cutter, the *Petrel*, which was navigated by two of Weld's men and himself, on the turbulent waters outside, we had a grand view of the snowy Kaikoras facing us across the straits. We steered for Cape Campbell, the headland of the north-east point of the south island, and then coasted along to Flaxbourne Cove, about eight miles to the southward. The station, a wooden building in two wings, with a kind of veranda connecting them, painted white, with stables, sheep-yards, &c., stood about a quarter of a mile from the beach. The surrounding country, which was well

grassed and almost bare of trees, showed everywhere a white rock, much resembling chalk. At that time there were about 12,000 sheep on the run, which was the joint property of Weld and his cousins, Clifford and Vavasour, who were just then in England. In two small rushy lakes near the house there were teal; on the hills the small quail of the country (exactly like the quail of Europe, Weld said, only smaller) were fairly abundant, and in the swamps and lagoons near the sea were Paradise ducks of brilliant plumage, grey ducks, which resemble the English wild duck, spoon-bill ducks, and "earthquake birds."<sup>1</sup> These last three were difficult to shoot, being shy; but Weld, and I to some small extent, replenished the larder fairly well with teal and quail. And, indeed, the larder needed replenishing: the fare consisted of mutton chops and damper for breakfast; ditto for dinner, and ditto for supper. There was no milk or butter, but plenty of tea and claret, and abundance of sauces and pickles. The teal, therefore, which were superior in flavour, I think, to the English teal, were always acceptable.

The 16th October was a memorable day. The account of it given in the "Reminiscences" already quoted may here be extracted:—

"On the night (or rather 'morning') of the 16th October, between one and two A.M., the whole household was roused from sleep by the shock of an earthquake.

<sup>1</sup> Weld so named a bird like a grey plover, which he had never seen on the run before the earthquake.

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It seemed to me in my dreams that a storm of wind was blowing—that it blew harder and harder—that it shook the very house—under which impression I awoke, and found myself being rocked violently from side to side in bed, like an infant in the cradle; not, however, by the powers of the air, but by the mysterious forces pent up within the breast of the earth. The bottles on a loft above our heads kept up an insane dance and clatter; every timber in the house creaked, groaned, and trembled; the dogs barked; and the shepherds (who slept in one wing of the house, Weld and I occupying the other), imagining the end of the world was come, rushed out of the house, and did not venture to return till daylight. Weld and I remained in the house, but could sleep little for the remainder of the night, owing to constant quiverings and slight movements of the earth. The sensation produced was singular and awful, its chief element being the feeling of utter insecurity, when that which we familiarly think of as the firm and solid earth was thus heaving and rolling beneath us. When it was light, we found that little or no damage had been done to the house; but outside, particularly near the banks of streams and in other low situations, there were long and deep cracks. It was not till some days afterwards that we learned how destructive the earthquake had been at Wellington. Two persons had been killed, and every house of stone or brick was thrown down. The shakings did not at once subside. On Sunday, six days after the earthquake, we walked to the top of

the Hummock, a hill about 1000 feet high. Seated on the narrow conical summit we gazed on the sublime appearance of the lesser Kaikora entirely covered with snow. While we were thus intent there came a shock of earthquake, and we distinctly saw the top of the hill on which we sat heave to and fro."

My stay at Flaxbourne had now extended to three weeks, and although this visit to Nelson was only preliminary, and serious approaches were to be made later on, I felt that Domett might be surprised if week after week should pass without his hearing of my arrival, besides that inconvenience might possibly be caused to Weld. Hitherto the intercourse between us had been of a most friendly nature; we exchanged ideas and experiences on university subjects—we talked about yachting—we lent each other books. One of his text-books which he had brought with him from Fribourg was a history of philosophy by the Jesuit professor Freudenfelt. This book seemed to me to be more genially and lucidly written than any similar work that had been put into my hands at Oxford. However, the time was come when we must part. For me, the object was to be put on the Nelson track, and to follow it up to Nelson. Weld wished to help me in this, and at the same time to do some business of his own—what its nature was I forget, if I ever knew—with an old whaler of the name of Doherty living at Port Underwood. We embarked in the little *Petrel* on the 26th October, and after a fine-weather run of six hours and a half, entered Port Underwood. This

is a well-sheltered harbour, and the town of Blenheim now stands there; but it is hemmed in by steep and barren hills, and there is no good land nearer than Waitohi or the Wairau Plain. Captain and Mrs. Doherty received us very hospitably, and we slept at their house. Next day we were taken to "Captain Cutter's Bay," where all the signs and tokens of a bad whaling season were apparent. On the 28th, resuming the direction of the Wairau, we crossed Port Underwood to Oyster Bay. Here Weld sent the *Petrel* round into Queen Charlotte's Sound through Tory Channel; he and I climbed the mountain facing us, and all the loveliness of the Sound came at once into view. Descending upon Moturangi we rejoined the *Petrel*, and coasted along "through bewitching fairy-like scenes" <sup>1</sup> to Waitohi, or Picton.

Waitohi is at the extreme end of Queen Charlotte's Sound, the hills of which are everywhere abrupt, and the gullies everywhere V-shaped; here alone at Waitohi there is a piece of level land of about 600 acres, sufficient for the site of a small town. There was a Maori pah here, and the natives duly honoured us with their company; scarcely any houses of white people had yet been erected. On the morning of the 29th it was almost a dead calm. Weld and I, who both wished to visit the scene of the Wairau massacre, walked by the Tua Marina pass—steep hills bordered by deep swamp—into the Wairau valley. When nearly through the pass we were guided by the Maoris

<sup>1</sup> Diary for that day.

to the spot. It was merely the top of a green hill to the left of the path ; no trace of conflict was visible. Here Captain Arthur Wakefield, the agent for the Nelson settlement, and Mr. Thompson, a magistrate, while endeavouring, supported by seventy Nelson settlers, to arrest the chiefs Rauperaha and Ranghi-haiata for interrupting the surveyors, encountered resistance ; shots were fired, most of the settlers ran away, and the lives of the gallant Wakefield, Mr. Thompson, and some twenty others were sacrificed. This was in 1843. From Massacre Hill we struggled through the deep swamps of the Wairau plain to the pah. Captain Doherty had come up the river from Port Underwood in his whale-boat, in which, next day, he rowed us some miles up the river to the "Big Bush," where there was a wretched waré. I think Weld's intention must have been to save me some walking. On the next day (31st October) Captain Doherty, as it was rainy, advised me to defer my start, but my friend could stay with me no longer ; probably he had important business with Doherty at Port Underwood.

On the next day (1st November), being put on my way by a Maori called Enoch, I left the Big Bush, and gaining the higher and drier ground, strode with elastic step along the track. The sun shone brightly, my knapsack was on my back, and the great beauty of the valley cheered and excited my spirits. The river, which was about as large as the Rhone at Visp, and rushed, a violent torrent, along its stony bed, was in one respect

more beautiful than the Rhone, in that it was bright and clear, not sullied by glacier mud. For several miles from the Big Bush the valley remained from three to four miles wide, afterwards gradually contracting. The mountains on each side, apparently of metamorphic rock and between two and four thousand feet high, were of noble and varied outline, and through the winding valleys which rent them large streams flowed down into the main river. The track sometimes passed through woods, in which the routing and grunting of the wild pigs were audible, but I did not see any. Proceeding thus for about twelve miles, I came to Dillon's<sup>1</sup> sheep station. The shepherd gave me tea, and I met in the house a Mr. Sweet, a Nelson settler, with whom I entered into conversation. He had just driven 1200 sheep from Nelson through the Black Bush, and established them on his run, twenty-seven miles higher up the valley. Presently he said that he was himself going back to Nelson the next day but one, and that if I would go with him he would be glad to show me the way, adding that he could lend me a horse. This friendly offer I was glad to accept.

On the next day (2nd November) we rode twenty-seven miles to Mr. Sweet's run. But he desired to search in the neighbouring gullies for timber, to use in the building of his new house, and from this and other causes we did not make a start till 6th November.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Dillon—a relation of Lord Dillon of Ditchley—one of the most popular of the Nelson settlers, was at this time in England.

After passing a deserted station of George Duppa's (thirty-nine miles) we came (forty-one miles) to the Branch River, and forded it, and at forty-seven miles reached the Wairau, and forded that also. Eight miles more brought us to Morse's upper waré (fifty-five miles), where we slept. Here the valley came down more from the eastward, and as this was not in the direction of Nelson, and the river besides emerged some miles higher up from a tangle of rough mountains, it was necessary to leave it and to strike off to the right. From Morse's upper waré, therefore, we plunged into the Black Bush, a wood consisting only of black birches, a dismal tree with small olive-green leaves, and black or dark-grey bark. The surface of this region was not hilly, but undulating, traversed by numerous small streams, each of which, there being no bridges or culverts, was converted by the traffic and the rain that had lately fallen into a deep bog or slough, which the horses disliked entering, and from which they sometimes dragged out their legs with great difficulty. After ten miles or more of this work the wood ceased, and we came out into the open valley of the Motupika, a tributary of the Motueka; which crossing, we entered a strip of bush, much less obnoxious than the former, and bringing us in about three miles to the Motueka valley. This, where the track crosses it, is open and grassy, but two miles higher up the mountains close in on either hand; their sides are clothed with a dark, continuous forest, and the river seems to lose itself in the tremendous

depths of the "Blue Glen." If, as is likely, a good highway road or railway now runs through the Black Bush, the present Nelson settler will think I have been telling him a "traveller's tale"; but I can assure him that I have adhered strictly to facts.<sup>1</sup> After passing through the villages of Fox Hill and Wakefield, the second of which is in the Waimea valley, we descended that valley, where most of the Nelson settlers at that time had their country lands, to Blind Bay, at the head of which stands Nelson; and I was hospitably received at Mr. Sweet's house. This was on November 8, 1848.

The Nelson people welcomed me among them with a heartiness and warmth which I could not have expected. Those who knew nothing about me seemed willing to help me to the best of their power, no less than those whose acquaintance I had already made. Among these last I have to include Mr. and Mrs. Dillon Bell. Francis Dillon Bell, who was at that time agent for the New Zealand Company at Nelson, was a man of charming and delightful manners, for which, I suppose, he was a good deal indebted to a French education. His position was difficult; for the Nelson settlement had been planted on a site which did not contain nearly enough good land to fulfil the company's pledges. This made some of the settlers restive and full of complaints; and all the excuses and promises which the agent's ready tongue

<sup>1</sup> Since writing as above, I have read Mrs. Rowan's book on Queensland and New Zealand, which shows that the road from the Wairau to Nelson now follows a shorter and easier line, by Havelock and the Pelorus valley.

and ingratiating ways could invent were required to pacify them. A measure of relief *ad interim*, by which the company gave up its own sections and other reserves, was carried out while I was at Nelson, and at Bell's request I assisted him in the manipulation of it. Ultimately, I believe, when possession could be had of the Wairau valley, all land claims upon the company, so far as Nelson was concerned, were fully satisfied. To the adroitness and untiring patience of Dillon Bell this happy result was largely attributable. His wife, Margaret Hort, whose father was the Rabbi at Wellington, performed, for an amateur, remarkably well on the piano, and had a voice of great richness and sweetness. I was much at their house when business or pleasure brought me to Wellington. She was not less intelligent than she was amiable, and to talk to her was a real pleasure. Margaret made an excellent wife to Dillon Bell; she followed him to Victoria and London; and preceded him to the grave about two years ago.

The country round Nelson is of singular loveliness. Like Athens, the town slopes towards the sea and the midday sun. "Blind Bay," though our coarse British perceptions have invested it with that ugly, even *calumnious* name, is hardly less beautiful than the Saronic Gulf.<sup>1</sup> Standing on the Fort Hill in the middle of the town, and looking westward, one saw a range of mountains stretching for twenty miles or

<sup>1</sup> The name "Blind Bay" ought to be superseded by that of "Tasman's Bay," given by D'Urville.

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more from south to north, apparently about 2000 feet high, and forming the western boundary of the bay. Through gaps in this range could be seen higher peaks beyond, usually capped with snow. Another such high peak appeared to the south-west; but the southern horizon was mostly filled with the ferny spurs and terraces which blocked seaward the greater part of the opening of the Waimea valley. East and south-east were seen the streets of the little town, and beyond them, generally glowing in sunlight, the turfy sides of the dome-shaped Dun mountain, 3000 feet high, with a few trees on its top, and patches of fern brightening its flanks. Farther south there was a gap, marking the valley of the Maitai, the mountain stream which ran through Nelson into the harbour, and affording, it was said, access to Pelorus Sound, though I never met with any one who had explored it. North of the gap rose two mountains close to each other, of rounded form, like two immense bee-hives, covered from bottom to top with dark forest, the height of which could not have been much less than that of the Dun mountain. The rest of the north-east horizon was filled with rocky and ferny ranges, ending in the cliffs of D'Urville's Island; due north stretched the blue waters of the bay. I have seen panoramas more beautiful, strictly speaking, than this—for instance the Lake and shores of Como from above Menaggio—but never one more humanly delightful and enchanting, when the softness and delicacy of the air, the availableness of much of

the land in view for human needs, and the vastness of the area of vision, are all taken into consideration.

On the top of the Fort Hill there was a large wooden building, which had been used, I think, for a barrack; here it was decided that I should keep school. Hither the sons of the principal residents—the Swans, Elliotts, Martins, &c.—came to me; and I did the best I could for them. As may be supposed, none of them wanted Greek. For myself I lived in a small wooden three-roomed cottage, with an elderly woman, a Mrs. Currin, to keep house for me. But this refers to my later and longer visit. In November and December 1848, I was looking about me and making friends before settling at Nelson finally, which I could not do before returning to arrange various matters at Wellington.

Nearly all my Nelson acquaintances have passed away; but there are some of them for whom I still retain a very warm feeling. If in noticing them it were proper to attend to distinctions of social position, the first to be named should be Major Richmond, the resident magistrate—a benevolent and much respected gentleman. His son, Andrew, was a lad of about seventeen. Edward Stafford, a keen and able politician, one of the original Nelson settlers, living at a good house near the Port, was married to the daughter of Colonel Wakefield. She was shy and silent, but the sweet grave expression of her face, and the delicate hue of her complexion, accorded well with her innate refinement of nature. Stafford afterwards played a

distinguished part in the political history of the colony; was Prime Minister for many years under Governor Grey; on resignation was created a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George; and now, if I mistake not, lives in London.

Dr. Monro, a person of much weight in the colony, was one of the original Nelson settlers. He was the uncle of the present Provost of Oriel. He was a man of much ability, and an effective public speaker; at the same time he was, I think, governed by that absorption in his own life—his own success—which is so common a trait in Scotchmen. Dr. and Mrs. Renwick, both about the same age as myself, were always friendly. The Redwoods were a Catholic family, belonging, I think, to Lincolnshire. The old man's fine countenance and massive frame gave him a look of distinction; but still more the beautiful Anne Redwood drew the stranger's eye. Consumption, alas! had marked her for its victim. Her brother, if I mistake not, is the present Catholic Archbishop of Wellington.

William Cautley, a Cambridge man, had a sheep-farm in the Waimea, eight or nine miles from Nelson. I stayed there with him once during the shearing time, and learned much concerning the less pleasant mysteries of sheep-farming. His black horse, which he called "Blackbird"—an animal steady-going but rather slow—was known everywhere. He mounted me, of course, and I remember one ride into the low moist plain bordering the Waimea River, where I first understood

the magnificent possibilities of growth which are enclosed in the flax plant, *Phormium tenax*. Each clump of the plant had several tall flower-stalks, bearing reddish-purple flowers; and these, as well as many of the leaves, waved high above our heads as we sat on horseback. I never saw anything like the same exuberance of growth anywhere else.

Richard Newcome, a good-hearted rough soldier who had left the army and taken up land somewhere near Nelson, was a prime favourite with us all.

George Duppa, a handsome dark-eyed man, with a face like a Spaniard—descended from the Bishop Duppa of Charles II.'s time—one of the original settlers, had taken up land for sheep-farming in the Upper Motueka valley, and was said to have managed it with great ability and success.

I have already mentioned Domett's name more than once, nor did I ever meet him while I was at Nelson; but as one of the founders of this colony, and a man in many ways remarkable, he has titles to remembrance which must not be overlooked. He was born at Camberwell in 1811, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he became the friend of Robert Browning. He was of a passionate, fiery nature; full of suppressed energy, as proud as Lucifer, yet as loyal and affectionate a friend as ever breathed. He seems to have tried his hand at poetry during several years after leaving Cambridge,<sup>1</sup> but not much came of it. Mortified at this—too proud

<sup>1</sup> See "Dict. Nat. Biogr."

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to complain—resolved that “they *shall* hear of me”—he bought land in New Zealand in 1842, and silently withdrew himself from amongst his friends to the new land beyond the sea. This silent flitting is what Browning refers to in the well-known lines :—

“What’s become of Waring  
Since he gave us all the slip,  
Chose land-travel or seafaring,  
Boots and chest, or staff and scrip,  
Rather than pace up and down  
Any longer London town?”

Again in “Time’s Revenges” the poet speaks of the missing “friend over the sea” :—

“I’ve a friend over the sea,  
I like him, but he loves me.  
It all grew out of the books I write;  
They find such favour in his sight  
That he slaughters you with savage looks  
Because you don’t admire my books.”

And yet again, when writing the beautiful stanzas on Guercino’s picture of “The Guardian Angel” at Fano, he thought of “Alfred” far away :—

“Where are you, dear old friend?  
How rolls the Wairoa at your world’s far end?  
This is Ancona, yonder is the sea.”

Like Clough, Domett had unhappily lost his early faith, but unlike Clough, he was no dreamer, no waverer, but a fiery resolute man of action, capable of making his weight felt and his will prevail. Had the emergency of some desperate peril arisen

in the colony's affairs, Domett would have been the man to grapple with it and to master it. But what emergency could arise? France, though she had been treated with little friendliness at the time of Captain Hobson's proclamation of British sovereignty, yet, with a population not increasing, and considering the distance of Auckland from Marseilles, had little interest in pressing the claims which her great discoverers and surveyors would have entitled her to raise. Germany was not yet in the field; Russia and America were occupied elsewhere. The Maoris were brave; they even won victories over the troops; but the colonial vices were ever corrupting and weakening them more and more, and no man of sense could doubt how the contest would end. The military men blundered, but they must have succeeded in exterminating the Maoris at last. Fortunately that was not necessary; Frederic Weld became Premier of the colony in 1864, and took on his firm shoulders the responsibility of pacifying and dispersing the Maoris without extermination. He asked for no British troops, but opposed to the natives small bodies of picked bushmen, and in this way gradually wore them out. Domett looked upon the Maoris rather with Roman than with Christian eyes; and as the emergency, from what is called the Imperial point of view, was not really great, it was well that the settlement of it should fall into milder, but equally resolute hands.

After having held various offices in the Colonial



faded, and the brightness of his face had passed away.

Not long after his visit the *Fly* corvette, Captain Oliver, looked in. The captain, whom I had known at Wellington, called at my cottage. With him was a young man in plain clothes, with fine regular features and a look of power, whom he introduced as Lieutenant Clarke. Clarke was an Engineer officer, who had lately come, if I remember right, from Tasmania, and was about to return there as aide-de-camp to the Governor, Sir William Denison. Charles Stanley was then at Hobart Town, in the capacity of Sir William's private secretary. Much talk naturally passed between me and Clarke about Charles and his brothers. The *Fly* went on her way, and I thought no more about the matter; but that visit was to change the whole course of my life.

Towards the end of October 1848 I received a letter from Sir William Denison, offering me the post of Inspector of Schools in the Colony of Tasmania. This was doubtless owing to the good offices of Charles Stanley and Andrew Clarke. I had little hesitation in accepting it, for though I was greatly attached to Nelson on account of its beauty, the prospect of the establishment of a high school was still remote, and my present emoluments were but scanty. Along with that from the Governor came an affectionate letter from the dear Charles Stanley, expressing the pleasure with which he looked forward to our soon meeting again. It would have

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been an overstrained refinement to refuse Sir William's offer, because Tasmania—or Van Diemen's Land as it was then called—had no representative government. A community which owed its very existence to the necessity under which the home government lay of transporting great numbers of criminals every year to some distant shore, was not at that time considered by the most fervid stickler for human rights fit to enjoy the blessings of freedom and representative government. There was a political opposition in the colony of course, as there always will be in every British colony, but it did not as yet demand the abolition of transportation and the concession of self-government. I think even Weld would have allowed that a man might serve under Sir William Denison with a politically easy conscience.

My Nelson friends showed me the greatest kindness, and seemed sorry to lose me. They gave me a farewell dinner at the "Wakatu," the principal inn in the place. I desire here to record their names, for few probably are now alive.<sup>1</sup>

Some of those mentioned were not at the dinner, and again of some of those who were at the dinner I have forgotten the names.

<sup>1</sup> Among them were Major Richmond, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Jollie and his brother of Thackwood, Rev. Mr. Nicholson, Sir William Congreve, Captain Thomas, Mr. Torlesse, William Cautley, George Duppa, E. W. Stafford (now Sir Edward William Stafford), Mr. Poynter, Mr. Shepherd, Rev. Mr. Butt, the brothers Kelling, Francis Dillon Bell (the late Sir Francis Dillon Bell, Agent-General for Victoria), George Wither, a descendant of the poet and Major-General, Mr. Stephens, Dr. Monro, Mr. Moore, old Mr. White, Dr. Greenwood, Mr. Carkeek, and Mr. Brunner, a surveyor.

Embarking at Nelson on the 20th October, in a small coasting vessel, I had a long and stormy passage to Wellington. The skipper, known as French Jack, had been a whaler, and there were probably few things of which he was not capable. A gale came on in the Straits, and he decided to go for shelter into the Wairau. A vessel so small could run up the river and lie at the pah, until the skipper should pronounce that it was safe to put to sea again. A wretched Englishman named W—— then lived at the pah; he was a man of education, but a confirmed drunkard, and had a female companion who was called his Maori wife. One day, during the detention of the vessel, a disturbance arose somewhere among the warés, and going towards it, I saw a fight proceeding between W—— and French Jack; but as the former was drunk and the latter sober, it soon ended in W——'s being knocked down and put *hors de combat*. A great *korero* or talk arose between the friends of the two men, partly in Maori partly in English, the drift of which seemed to be that W—— had found out that French Jack had been paying attentions to the Maori wife and had resented it, with the infelicitous result described. To be under the sailing orders of such a skipper was not pleasant, but it had to be endured, for another chance of getting to Wellington might not have offered for weeks. At last, on the 25th October, I reached Port Nicholson.

As this was to be my last stay at Wellington, I will set down here, without regarding the strict order

of time, two or three incidents which occurred there, and add my valedictory remarks of fifty years back.

A gentleman named Gisborne, of whom I do not now remember anything, gave a large party on the 20th June, soon after I landed at Wellington. Most of the officers of the 65th were there. The bowl circulated freely, and at a late period of the evening, after other songs had been given, I was called upon for a song. I sang the "Shan van Vocht." It would not be easy to describe the enthusiasm of the meeting, particularly the young Irish officers of the 65th. A subaltern named M—— stood up on his chair, and clapped and cheered till he was hoarse. The senior officers present did not look so well pleased, and I heard afterwards that a gray-haired veteran had said to his neighbour, "Twenty-five years ago that young man would have got himself into trouble by singing that song." But, after all, the cheering meant nothing; it was merely the unexpected recall in a strange land to thoughts of home and country which set the young fellows off their balance; besides which, the conviviality of the party had reached an advanced stage.

At the end of June 1848 I stayed for a week with the Swainsons<sup>1</sup> in the Hutt valley, before going to live with my Kentish friends on the Porirua road. It was the dead of winter. So few trees are deciduous in New Zealand that this made little difference in the outward aspect of nature, but the *excessive* character of the climate revealed itself. During five days out of the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Swainson was a naturalist of some eminence.

seven of my stay it rained literally every day from morning to night. At the house, which stood in the midst of the thick bush beside the Hutt road, the wind was not very much felt; but it was not that it did not blow. An alternation of gales from the north-west and south-east constituted the ordinary Wellington weather in the winter and early spring. An accident which happened while I was there could scarcely have happened anywhere else. A heavy boat was lying on its side on the beach, and a poor man took shelter under its lee during a south-easterly gale. A blast more than commonly furious blew the boat over the poor fellow and killed him. On the other hand, the constant agitation of the air must produce a fresh and healthy atmosphere. No lingering miasma, no pestilent vapours, can grow to a head where there is never calm. I always noticed that the children born at Wellington were remarkably clear of eye and vigorous of aspect.

Colonel Wakefield, of whom I have already spoken, was a brother of the famous Gibbon Wakefield, and seconded him ably in all his plans for inducing the home government to extend British sovereignty over New Zealand. I have seen it stated that he made treaties with various chiefs for the purchase of 20,000 square miles, for which the consideration paid was, in money or goods, about £9000. This seems rather startling at first sight, but it admits of more justification than would at first appear. Colonel Wakefield knew perfectly well that the right of

property of the loudest and angriest brawler among the chiefs with whom he bartered was of a very questionable character. It often, for instance, depended on this, that the tribe with which he was negotiating had lately attacked and dispossessed of its territory some other tribe, and pretended now to dispose of the same in full ownership, while all the time the dispossessed tribe had never renounced its claims, and was ever on the watch for an opportunity of recovering what it had lost. Yet for a time, say for a few years, the purchase which the Colonel was making might stand good; the emigrants who had come or were coming might be placed upon land; and as to future disturbance in title, the Colonel trusted partly to the natural tenacity of the Briton, partly to the necessity which he foresaw would fall on all governing persons in New Zealand to compromise in some way or other disputed claims between Maoris and settlers. Under such circumstances, how absurd would it have been for the Colonel to pay anything like such a price for the land that he bought as it would have fetched in a settled and law-abiding society! What he might be fairly expected to do was what he did—put into the hands of the negotiating chiefs such a relatively large sum of money as would satisfy them for the time, and induce them to go through with certain formalities which they were told were necessary in order to effect the transfer of the lands. If they afterwards found or thought that they had made a bad bargain, some way

of satisfying them; without too much friction and without bloodshed, would doubtless, he hoped, be found. Regarded in this light, the purchasing proceedings of Colonel Wakefield, if the complicated circumstances of the time are considered, appear to me to be fairly capable of justification.

In September 1848 the Colonel's time was come, and he was struck down on the 15th of the month by a fit of apoplexy. This was "after a hot bath at the Baron's. He was taken into one of the bathrooms and bled copiously; but the fit returned at intervals, and he lay speechless and nearly insensible. Slight improvement towards night."<sup>1</sup> On the 19th Colonel Wakefield died. The genuine sorrow of many of the Maoris at his loss could not be mistaken. Domett and I, walking that afternoon on the beach, met the old chief Epuni, a fine tattooed warrior of the ancestral Maori type, robed in mats, carrying his spear and his *meri*; but instead of the mirthfulness and good humour which he usually exhibited, his face now bore the traces not of emotion only but of tears. For some time we stood beside each other and nothing was said; but when Domett made some light remark which would have called forth a smile the week before, Epuni raised his arm and his face skyward, a look of inexpressible grief passed over his features,

<sup>1</sup> Diary.—The Baron von Alzdorf, a tall, handsome Austrian Freiherr, who had been driven by poverty, and perhaps by political complications, to emigrate, was at this time keeping an inn at Wellington. He was fatally injured in an earthquake a year or two later through returning into his falling house to rescue his wife.

and he simply said, "Wideawake! Wideawake!"<sup>1</sup> in a tone of heartfelt sorrow, and passed on.

The Governor sent a message to the Otaki natives requesting them to attend the funeral. They came in great numbers, the women having branches on their heads; a procession was formed, and in a sorrowing crowd of Maoris and Pakehas the good Colonel was borne to his grave.

I left New Zealand without seeing any of the vague hopes of the rise of a regenerated society within its borders fulfilled. Domett, the Wakefields, Frederic Weld, Dillon Bell, Duppa, and a few others of finer mould than the generality of mankind, had each turned to his special line of work, and no association on poetic or ideal lines was dreamed of. But emigration went on more briskly than ever, and in 1875 there were nearly fifteen times as many white colonists in the islands as there were in 1849. Trade had increased enormously; wealth had come, or was at hand; and Mr. Vogel, the Colonial Secretary, published an "Official Handbook" containing the contributions of various writers, and gloating over the picture of "prosperity" which they displayed.

This "prosperity" was not what I particularly cared about, either for myself or for the colony. The ardent poets, the gallant soldiers, the organisers of institutions, the scholars, the explorers of deserts and mountains—classes of English society of which more than a sample had come out to New Zealand

<sup>1</sup> "Wideawake" was Maori for "Wakefield."

under the auspices of the company—were fast dispersing different ways; and the pursuers of the ideal sought those shores no more. Trade, engineering, the exploiting of land, politics, and many other practical activities engrossed the energies of the thousands who soon flowed into New Zealand from the mother country, and still, though in diminishing streams, continue to flow. Ambition, of course, is not lacking as a motive there any more than in England, but its highest effort is to imitate the—sometimes questionable—imperialism of the mother country; and we have heard of New Zealand proposing to extend her protectorate over the island of Samoa!

In respect of natural beauty, and the general excellence of the climate, New Zealand may be compared with Lycia in Asia Minor. The engraving in Fellowes' "Asia Minor" of the wooded mountains round the city of Xanthus might pass for the beautiful heights behind Otaki, or some of the hills round Nelson. But how different the civilization of the two places! Science thrives in New Zealand; art flourished in Lycia. Two centuries hence, should English civilization and power be overthrown, a few ruined embankments, bridges, fragments of locomotives and dynamos, and ugly buildings of all sorts, would alone testify that here the English empire had been planted. But two thousand years ago Xanthus, with its Boulé and its Gerusia, presided over the Lycian cities, and her citizens had such a passion for the beautiful, and

such a reverence for her divinities, that the immortal sculptures in which their feelings were expressed have defied the lapse of time, and the Briton from the distant isle, "which the imperial Roman shivered when he named,"<sup>1</sup> can present his capital city with no more precious gift than the exquisite tombs and bas-reliefs of Xanthus—if not for imitation, at least for wondering love.<sup>2</sup>

I made no fortune in New Zealand, but as I had not dreamed of making any I was not disappointed. Nor did I in the end regret the time that had been spent. For New Zealand led on to Tasmania, and in Tasmania I was to find the answer to the questions which had never ceased to harass me since I grew to manhood—what, namely, is the ideal of human life, and what the discipline by which that life should be controlled.

It was the 2nd December 1849 before I found an opportunity of leaving Wellington for Australia. A schooner of about ninety tons, the *William Alfred*, a most uncomfortable vessel—with a propensity to bury her figure-head in the waves rather than rise over them, so that she was always wet forward—conveyed me in ten or twelve days to Sydney. After some trouble in getting through the Straits, we were abreast of Mount Egmont or Taranaki on the 6th and 7th December. The weather was fine, and that magnificent cone, 8000 feet high, seeming to rise almost from the shore, was

<sup>1</sup> Bulwer.

<sup>2</sup> The reference of course is to the Xanthian marbles in the British Museum.

a sight of unspeakable grandeur. The rest of the voyage was of no interest. The entrance through the Heads is striking, and the white city covering the banks of Sydney Cove was almost beautiful. It was, however, the hottest season of the year; wherever one turned one's eyes, yellow horizontally stratified sandstone cliffs lined all the indentations of the harbour, and the vegetation had a brown and burnt-up look. I was obliged to remain a fortnight at Sydney—at Petty's hotel—waiting for a steamer to sail for Melbourne. The heat was very great, and one or two "brickfielders" which occurred during the fortnight made it almost unbearable. One day, when I went in a little steamer two-thirds of the way to Paramatta to visit the Beit family, whom I had known at Nelson, I found the windows and persiennes of the house carefully closed; excluding the sun was the only way by which the inmates could gain a comparative sense of coolness. On or about the 2nd January 1850, the steamer sailed for Melbourne, and after putting in at Twofold Bay to take in hides, reached it in three days. Melbourne was then an insignificant town of four or five thousand inhabitants; the goldfields of California and Sydney, which were to lead to the discovery of the famous blue clay of Ballarat, had not yet been heard of. The place is associated in my mind with a very disagreeable "dust storm." I have often wondered whether the Victorians have been plagued with such visitations in later years. I had left the Yarra behind me one fine afternoon, and walked some way into the

bush of thinly growing gum-trees on the north-west of the town. Suddenly the day grew overcast, and thinking that a heavy shower was approaching from the north-west, I began to retrace my steps. The dense cloud soon overtook me, borne on by a fierce wind; but instead of rain, it brought only dust from the interminable plains of the interior. Before I reached the hotel, I was in such a condition that I had to change every single article of clothing that I wore.

## CHAPTER V

Arrival in Tasmania—School inspection—The Educational Commission—Illness—Commencement of duties—Marriage—Sir William Denison—Route across the island—Epping Forest—Entally—Orphan school—Tasmanian native children—Extinction of the native race—Efficient schools—Lord Robert Cecil—Road to Richmond—John Frost—Ride to Bream Creek—To Circular Head—Snakes—Dry's Bluff—Bushrangers.

LEAVING Melbourne as soon as there was a steamer announced for the Tamar or the Derwent, I landed at Launceston on the 10th or 11th January. There is nothing very remarkable about the long estuary of the Tamar. Launceston is like a small English town in a western county. What astonished and pleased me was the excellence and the masterly engineering of the coach-road, 120 miles long, which led from Launceston to Hobart Town. To this subject I shall have to return; at present I need only say that, taking an outside place on the four-horse mail-coach which left Mr. Clyne's hotel on the day after my arrival at Launceston, I was duly brought to my hotel in Elizabeth Street, Hobart Town, at about eight o'clock the same evening.

I had heard before I left Wellington the sad news of Charles Stanley's death. The interview with his pale widow, who soon afterwards sailed for England, was one of the most painful meetings

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I can remember in my life. The Governor showed me great kindness, and so did Andrew Clarke. My work was waiting for me; for my predecessor, Mr. Bradbury, had died rather suddenly, and I was installed without delay in the Education Office, in the south-eastern corner of the Government buildings in Murray Street.

For six years and a half I carried on the work of school inspection. The population of the whole colony in 1850, scattered through the eastern half of the island, did not exceed 70,000. The education grant was in the form of proportionate assistance to the various denominations, but this meant, practically, an advantage to the Church of England, whose chaplains were established and liberally paid by Government in each of the settled districts. The system was popularly called the "penny-a-day" system, returns of school attendance being made by the teachers, and signed by the clerical managers, on the basis of one penny per child per day being allowed as school grant by the Government. To this way of administering state aid there were evidently many objections; while in large—or at least relatively large—town schools the daily government penny furnished a moderate provision, in thinly peopled districts (a definition which then included nearly the whole colony) the grant was a mere starvation pittance. In the latter case, if the parents did not pay school fees liberally—which they scarcely ever did—a heavy tax usually fell on the clergyman, if

he did not wish the school to drop. Moreover, as there was no local management (except that of the clergy), there was little local interest; a clergyman of an arbitrary temper could lead his teacher the life of a dog, while a weak clergyman would overlook the teacher's sending in doubtful returns to the Government. The Governor, the best among the clergy, and my unworthy self, were all agreed that the penny-a-day system was full of evils, and in 1853 we changed it; an ordinance being passed establishing a Board of Education, and granting fixed salaries to the teachers. At the same time a Commission was appointed by the Governor to visit and report on all the Government schools. Of its proceedings I shall say something presently. The change to fixed salaries was of course much appreciated by the teachers, most of whom—since I was known to have worked hard at the details of the measure—signed a memorial when I left the colony, addressing me in those too kind and complimentary terms into which such documents generally betray their composers.

Except to those specially concerned, nothing is more dull and wearisome than the details of school work and school management; and I have no intention of describing those—dating besides from almost fifty years back—of which my hands were full in Tasmania. But I shall say a few words about the Commission just mentioned, because its members were rather remarkable men. Archdeacon Davies,

whose parish was at Longford, a pretty village on the South Esk, about twelve miles from Launceston, was a genial, ready-witted, kind-hearted Irishman, one of a class that is becoming much more rare than formerly, since the era of disestablishment. The Scotch Presbyterians were represented by Dr. Lillie, the chief minister of that denomination in the colony. He was a preacher of perfervid eloquence, and a man of decided ability; and although generally credited with a large share of the *odium theologicum*, he seemed perfectly reasonable, and willing to live and let live, when charged with a joint duty such as had fallen to our Commission. The third member was Father Hall, the Vicar-General, who represented Bishop Willson and Catholic interests. He had a mortified countenance and spoke little. The fourth member was myself. In a waggonette and pair, the Archdeacon driving, the Commission passed from school to school; examined the children, questioned the managers and teachers, and did whatever else is customary on such occasions. The result was a unanimous report—the condemnation of the penny-a-day system—and, ultimately, the creation of a Board of Education composed of select members of the Tasmanian Parliament and such educational experts as could be found.

But I have been anticipating events, and will now return to the first year of my life at Hobart Town. The sea voyage from Sydney and the unwonted heat had disagreed with me, and a few days after my arrival

I was prostrated by a severe attack of jaundice. My cousin, the Rev. M. Buckland of the Hutchins school, visited me with kind assiduity, and in a fortnight I was in my usual health again. Then the inspection had to be taken up. It goes without saying that a horse had to be bought at once, for there were many schools that could only be reached on horseback, though there were also many which, in spite of their being off the main road, were approachable by a gig. My first horse, Harry, a good strong bay, carried me many hundred miles, but after much travel in the gig his value as a saddle horse was of course impaired. About seventy schools had to be visited, and this duty occupied me for a considerable part of each year.

One evening in March 1850, I was at a small party at a Mrs. Poynter's in Davey Street. On a sofa sat a beautiful girl in a black silk dress, with a white lace *berthe* and red bows in the skirt of the dress. My friend Clarke presently introduced me to her. I remember that as we talked a strange feeling came over me of having met her before—of having always known her—as if neither the tone nor the drift of her words were unexpected. We often met after this; but it were idle now to dwell on a courtship dating from almost ten lustres ago. She was the grand-daughter of a former governor of the colony, Colonel Sorell; her father was Registrar of Deeds. I was married to Julia Sorell on the 13th June 1850.

Sir W. Denison was a man of great ability; he had, so far as I could judge, a penetrating intellect;

and certainly he had a strong, not to say imperious will. But I think when his father made a soldier of him he made a mistake. Had his life fallen on war-like times it might have answered well enough, but while the *Kramer-geist* of the English middle class dominates all our public acts there will be no war with any great power, and therefore none in which a man of Sir William's mark could gain real distinction. Had Bismarck been a professional soldier he might have equalled or excelled the fame of Prince Frederic Charles or Manteuffel, but he would not have founded a second German empire. The wide combinations and daring projects of the patriotic diplomatist were open to Bismarck because he was *not* a soldier; and perhaps, within limits, the same might have been open to Denison. A man of such a powerful *trempe*, who was also humane, would never have allowed, if he had been engaged in Indian diplomacy for the last fifteen years before his death, the affairs of the north-western frontier to become so hopelessly confused, nor the character for clemency and fairness which once attached to the English name to be so recklessly forfeited, as it has been by the use of "dum-dum" bullets, the destruction of villages, the burning of standing crops, the inhumanity practised towards women and children, and the ruthless plunder of food-stores in the Afridi war. That he made no effort to obtain employment in the Crimean war was probably owing to the consciousness of a precarious state of health. But as there was supposed to be a possibility that a Russian

frigate from Petro-Paulovski or Vladivostock might appear some fine morning in the Derwent, with intent to levy a contribution on the town, Sir William planned and armed a battery of two heavy guns, pointing down the river, so that the citizens might feel more secure.

In 1854 he was appointed to the Government of New South Wales, Sir Henry Young succeeding him in Tasmania.

After a time I was accompanied in some of my inspecting journeys to the Launceston side by my wife. The vehicle was a gig at first, afterwards a phaeton, when the eldest child (now Mrs. Humphry Ward) was added to the party. The travelling was through beautiful country, and generally favoured by weather. From our cottage at Newtown (a suburb about a mile and a half outside of Hobart Town) the road lay for ten miles under the wooded flanks of Mount Wellington, the great table-topped mountain, 4000 feet high, which terminates in basaltic precipices overlooking the city. At Bridgewater the road crosses the Derwent,—which comes down on the left from New Norfolk and Lake St. Clair,—and rises to the Bagdad Plains. Here was Sayes Court, the house of Captain Chalmers, who had formerly commanded the *Calcutta*, in which my wife and her sisters had made the voyage to England and back. The garden was irrigated, and wonderfully productive of every kind of fruit; the cherries in particular were of extraordinary size and flavour. From Bagdad the long ascent of Constitution Hill led to a pass in the hills whence the road de-

scended to the village of Green Ponds. Near this was Mr. Kemp's country house of Mount Vernon. The old man, born about 1775, had visited America in his youth, and conversed with Washington. Later on, when serving in the 101st Regiment or New South Wales corps at Sydney, he was said to have actively aided in the measures which resulted in the expulsion of Governor Bligh in 1808. At a still later period he settled in Tasmania; glorified himself on account of his democratic experiences; came to be called the "father of the colony"; and, as a member of the colonial opposition, was a thorn in the side of several governors. Here, on the score of relationship, my wife and I were of course welcome.

About midway between Hobart Town and Launceston, but rather nearer the former—lying on the watershed of the country—was the village of Oatlands. Leaving this, the road threaded the long descent of St. Peter's Pass, and emerged from the bush into the bare or thinly-wooded Salt Pan Plains. These dry and parched plains extended many miles, and after wearily crossing them and admiring, or perhaps lunching and baiting at, Mr. Kermode's fine mansion of Mona Vale, we used to arrive at Ross. Not far from Ross was Syndal, the property of a hospitable friend, Mr. Philip Smyth. He was a man of education and ability, and a flockmaster on a large scale; nor could his remarkable power of speech have failed to obtain for him a wide influence, but for a certain acrid and repellent humour which made him

more generally feared than loved. A plateau, gradually rising towards the north, brought the road to Campbelltown, about two-thirds of the distance from Hobart Town to Launceston. Beyond Campbelltown the ground broke down on the left, and the eye ranged over the sunny and well-settled valley of the Macquarie far below, and beyond it to the central mountain chain of the island, from which jutted out the bold craggy masses of Miller's Bluff and Dry's Bluff, each over 5000 feet in height. Still more grandly towered up on the right, whence came down the stream of the South Esk from Avoca and Fingal, the dark precipices of Ben Lomond, contrasting with the graceful outlines of St. Paul's Dome. Between Campbelltown and Perth the way was through Epping Forest, a sandy and ill-watered region. At one place the road ran perfectly straight for three miles and a half, measured by the milestones. Not that the whole intervening portion of road could be seen from one end to the other; the irregularities of surface prevented that; but, when entering on the straight piece of road, one saw the track, far ahead, rising over a hill, which hill when reached proved to be three miles and a half from the place where it was first seen. The heat and monotony of this part of the road usually made me enter upon it with a certain repugnance. But one day, as the horse was creeping along the straight hot road, dragging the phaeton and "Cæsar's fortunes" after it, I strayed into the bush for three minutes and fell into a delightful reverie.

**PASSAGES IN A WANDERING LIFE**  
e everywhere, except for the soft hum of count-  
nsects; the shade of the peppermint trees veiled  
unlight, and their dead leaves covered the ground  
a soft fragrant carpet. From that time the  
on of the straight road, and the dream of the  
odland silence, never ceased to haunt and charm  
y memory.

Perth, which stood on one of the bends of the  
outh Esk, was but eleven miles from Launceston.  
from Launceston, or rather from the top of the last  
hill on the main road, a good road branched off to  
the westward, leading to Hadspen, Westbury, and  
Deloraine, where, thirty miles from Launceston, it  
ended. Near Hadspen, among woods and fields, was  
the beautiful Entally, a white-walled villa, screened  
from the sun by ample verandas, with French win-  
dows opening to the ground. Here we found as  
kind and true friends as ever lived, the Rev. T.  
Reibey, afterwards Archdeacon Reibey, and his ad-  
mirable wife, now no more. Reibey was an excellent  
tandem-driver, having learnt the art at Oxford. In  
a dog-cart, thoroughly appointed, he often drove me  
to visit the schools at Carrick, Longford, Westbury,  
and even Deloraine, visiting Quamby, the wide-stretch-  
ing estate of Richard Dry, on the way, and his own  
brother James at Moreton.

Although my own particular taste and constitution  
were always better suited by a climate damper than  
that of Tasmania, I never found that many persons  
of British blood and rearing shared this feeling. The

far greater amount of sunshine enjoyed during the year more than made up to most for the rare rainfall and the comparatively frequent drought.

At Newtown, the before-mentioned suburb of Hobart Town, there was an orphan school, capable of holding three hundred inmates. While I was in the colony the number of children under instruction was about two hundred. Nearly all of them were the children of convicts, and as healthy-looking as, considering their early upbringing, could have been expected. Amongst them were three children—all girls, if I remember right—whom one could not look upon without a melancholy interest. They were as black as negroes, but the cast of features was not Ethiopian, but Australian. These were among the fast perishing relics of the race which, fifty years before, had roamed in full ownership over the island. They are believed to have never been more than five thousand in number,<sup>1</sup> and to have represented an overflow from the tribes on the Australian continent, which had gradually made its way across Bass's Straits from island to island, until they reached the desirable and final resting-place of Tasmania. The colonial records show that they were most cruelly treated, being for a long time shot down without scruple by the convict shepherds, on the ground that they stole and killed sheep. Of course there was retaliation on the side of the blacks, and murders of white men were committed, which were made the excuse for further

<sup>1</sup> Chambers's "Cyclopædia."

enormities by way of repression. The natives therefore disappeared fast, and at the time when I made these poor little victims read and write for me, (which they did fairly well), some thirty-seven aborigines, male and female, who were quartered at Oyster Bay, below Hobart Town, were all that was left of the race. When it was too late to save them, the conscience of the governing class both at home and in the colony was awakened, and everything that humanity could suggest was done to ameliorate the condition and retard the doom of the survivors. The Colonial Government took them under its special protection; comfortable quarters were allotted to them at Oyster Bay; they could employ themselves in whatever manner they chose; and daily rations were sent to them at government expense. But they dwindled away. For several years one old woman was their only representative; and she died in 1876.

There were two thoroughly efficient schools in Tasmania during my term of office, to commemorate which with due praise is still a satisfaction to me. One was the "Central School" in Liverpool Street, Hobart Town, conducted by Mr. Canaway according to the regulations of the British and Foreign School Society. Mr. Canaway's pale face, his quick movements, his organising gift, and power of attaching his scholars, are all vividly present to me as I write. But, unless he was appointed soon to some less laborious post, I fear he must have long ere this succumbed to the constant toil which he imposed on his somewhat

frail physique. The other school was that for girls conducted by the nuns at Hobart Town, under the direction of the Bishop and Vicar-General.

One day in 1855, as I was engaged in examining a class at the Orphan School, the Governor suddenly entered the class-room, having in his company a tall, handsome man, young, but of a stately presence, to whom he introduced me. This was Lord Robert Cecil, the present Lord Salisbury. Lord Robert was making the tour of the colonies; about the wisest thing that a man of his ability, his great position, and the wide possibilities even then opening before him, could think of doing.

Much of the work had to be done on horseback, as I have already intimated. I remember a long ride to Bream Creek, a remote settlement on the east coast opposite Maria Island, about forty miles from Hobart Town. The road to Richmond crosses the Derwent at the Risdon ferry, ascends the wooded pass of Grass Tree Hill, then traverses the beautiful Illawarra estate, where the thin gravelly soil produces the *epacris* in a rich variety of many-hued flowers, then enters upon the torrid plains of the Coal River, and so comes to the township of Richmond. Here the government school was conducted by Frost the Chartist, who had been exiled to Tasmania on account of his share in the Newport riots in 1839. The old man did his work conscientiously, and wrapped himself in a kind of dignified reserve, behind which there lay the impenetrable obstinacy of a Welsh reformer. It is needless to say

that I treated him with entire respect. The next day I started early, and soon entering the bush, rode on for several hours through the gloom of the forest till I came to a long rise, at the eastern edge of which the ground broke away, the bush was replaced by a large clearing, and a scene of great beauty presented itself to my delighted eyes. The blue, boundless ocean was before me, stirred here and there into white horses glittering in the sun by a fresh breeze; near the shore was Maria Island, with its jagged hills and bold headlands, while to the south-east appeared a portion of the dark forests of Tasman's Peninsula. Finding out the farm-house to which I had been recommended, the owner of which had written to the office and asked for a visit of the inspector with a view to the establishment of a school, I made arrangements for a meeting of the chief settlers the same afternoon. They were all, I think, freeholders, farming their own land, and seemed to be an honest, hard-working, intelligent set of people. My hostess entertained me on home-baked bread and home-made butter, each excellent of its kind; and to quench my thirst, nothing fermented being forthcoming in this Utopia, she brought out the most delicious *mead*; which, after the long hot ride, seemed the very perfection of beverages. The meeting was held, and there was great unanimity; the good people seemed willing even to subscribe to build a school-house. I rode back to Richmond the same evening, arriving after dark. Some hitch, however, must have occurred, for in the interval before my leaving the

colony, the proposals from Bream Creek were not renewed ; but I do not doubt that they have a school there now.

A longer school ride was that to Circular Head in December 1852, where was the chief establishment of the Van Diemen's Land Company. This company had obtained a large grant of land many years before, and had selected it with great judgment in the fertile plains near the north-west corner of the island, Circular Head being their port. This is a round table-topped basaltic promontory, joined to the land, but in the main surrounded by the sea, with sides 300 feet high and nearly precipitous, and about 500 yards across. The agent for the company in 1852 was Mr. James Gibson, a gentleman of much ability, connected with the Knoxes and Lawrences of the north of Ireland. The broad strip of Tasmania which faces the northern sun is watered by several rivers which run down from the central mountain mass of the island, and is of great fertility and beauty. These rivers are, besides the Tamar, the Forth, the Leven, and the Mersey. The stringy-bark forest of the Leven contains trees of magnificent height and girth ; almost everywhere the quality of the grazing land is unsurpassable. At that time none of the rivers were bridged, but there were good fords, which one crossed without much difficulty. The ford of the Leven I remember distinctly. The river is only fordable over the bar at its mouth, and then only when the tide is low enough ; the bar curves round from one shore to the other in a long semi-

circular bend, the shallow water being indicated by breakers. About the centre of the bend the main stream of the river issues into the sea, but the ford there is scarcely deeper than at any other part of it, and the footing all the way is over firm sand. The direction is, to keep to the line of breakers, and as long as one does so one is safe; but it is nervous work to push one's horse into the breakers and follow a course for a hundred and fifty yards leading almost straight seawards, before the curve allows one to take a direction bending towards the opposite shore. The bar, if I remember right, is about a quarter of a mile in length.

Returning a different way from Circular Head, I was, one hot morning, approaching Mr. Charles H——'s house at Kelso, and leading my tired horse, when I heard a rustling in the low fern on the left of the track. Searching for the cause, I found a snake and killed it. It was a copper snake of considerable size. Reaching the house I mentioned the circumstance to Mr. H——, who was much excited, saying that his children were always playing about round the house, and that he was thankful none of them had been bitten by the venomous creature. He marched out to the spot and carried back the snake in triumph.

Although there are many dangerous snakes in Tasmania, and of many kinds, they are not often met with. Once I had a startling encounter with a black snake; it was on this same Circular Head ride. Resting on a knoll near Port Sorell, with my horse's bridle

in my hand, I became aware of something that was moving swiftly towards me up the hill among the dead leaves and twigs beside the bush track. An instant after a large black snake darted past me, its coils all in rapid gliding motion, and replacing one another with a celerity which accounted for its swift movement over the ground. It was a beautiful lesson in serpentine movement ; the creature did not advance in a straight line, nor by zig-zags, but by *coils*, the suppleness of which, and the grace of their gradual change, and the play of light on their scales, produced an impression of great beauty. The body of the snake seemed about as thick as the arm of a boy of ten ; its length, I should say, was about seven feet. It passed me at the distance of a yard or a yard and a half to the right ; the horse was on my left, but appeared to take little notice of it.

Much of Tasmania was unexplored at the time of my stay there, and I used to form projects for excursions, but they came to little or nothing. From the road between New Norfolk and Hamilton, the eye ranged over twenty miles of the uninhabited valley of the Styx, which, coming down from the unknown and unsettled country at the back of Mount Wellington, and bathed in the glorious sunlight of a Tasmanian afternoon, had a specially inviting appearance. But to win one's way there, an adjustment of many impediments would have been necessary, which it was difficult for me to undertake. I did, however, in the company of my friend Reibey, make the ascent of Dry's Bluff. At the breakfast-table at Entally this great affair was dis-

cussed for several days ; the expedition was to take its time ; from the Bluff and the Great Lake we would press on westward to Lake St. Clair, in which the Derwent rises, and return to civilization either down the Derwent valley or through the lake district to Bothwell. The ladies—Mrs. Reibey and my wife—laughed at our exploring zeal, and predicted a quick return. On a brilliant morning we started from Entally, accompanied by the gardener and another servant, and a sumpter-mule (or was it a donkey ?) to carry provisions, &c. The ascent was a long stiff pull up the eastern face of the Bluff ; as we mounted, the views over all the country to the eastward—Ben Lomond with its stern black crags, St. Paul's Dome, and other mountains of that group—were increasingly grand. For several hundred feet before we reached the top the path was a kind of staircase, winding up the almost precipitous face of the Bluff. It was so nearly dark when we were at the summit that we resolved to camp, and choosing out the most sheltered spot that was to be found, we supped, smoked, and turned in for the night. But in spite of wraps, the bivouac was a cold experience, and before dawn it began to rain. Day brought with it a cheerless prospect ; not a rag of blue sky, a mizzling rain that promised continuance, and, about a mile off, across a rolling plain of yellowish grass falling towards the west, a corner of the Great Lake. After making the best breakfast we could, we went down to the shore of the lake. Still no improvement in the weather, and

no shelter from the rain anywhere visible. So we decided—very pusillanimously, I admit—to give up our fine plans and return down the mountain. When we reached Entally, the weather having by that time cleared up, it may be imagined with what a quizzing and ironical welcome we were received by those from whom we had parted with a flourish of trumpets the day before.

Bushranging prevailed to a rather alarming extent during part of my stay in Tasmania. In 1855, a man who called himself Dido performed many audacious acts of brigandage—stopping persons on the high-road, frightening them into giving up their arms if they had any, and then plundering them. But he was a humane conqueror, and I never heard that he shed the blood of any of those who came under his power. That could not be said of the ferocious Whelan, who, after the disappearance of Dido, established a sort of reign of terror in the colony. Many years afterwards, the priest to whom he confessed (but not under the sacramental seal) some of his many crimes—Father Bond by name—having at the time charge of the Mission in Walham Road, related to me the principal outlines of the story, in which I was the more interested, as I had some personal acquaintance with three of Whelan's victims. My own recollections assist me to fill up the blanks in Father Bond's narrative.

In the first months of 1856 the disappearance of several persons in succession, at no long intervals of time, spread everywhere, but chiefly in the neighbour-

hood of Hobart Town, feelings of perplexity and dismay. First, it was a poor man named Grace, who had not long before called at my office in Hobart Town and asked for employment as an elementary teacher. He seemed to be a weak, helpless sort of man, and he could produce but few, and those lukewarm testimonials, so that I was unable to give him much encouragement. He then seems to have gone to the north of the island, for he had been last heard of near Launceston, and his disappearance was noticed in the Launceston papers.

Two or three weeks later a young man named Dunn, a storekeeper at Brown's River, whom I had seen and spoken to while staying at the house of the police magistrate—Mr. A. B. Jones, a connection of my wife—on the Brown's River road, was strangely missing. He was known to have set out from Brown's River for the Huon, intending to join the Huon track from Hobart Town; but he never arrived at his destination. All kinds of theories and surmises were put forward to account for his disappearance, but among these I do not remember that there was any that suggested foul play. He was a fine, handsome young fellow, and very intelligent; naturally, therefore, the inquiry and wonderment in his case were greater, and lasted longer than in the case of the poor schoolmaster.

However, even in regard to Dunn, his loss to his familiar haunts had begun to be less noticed, when a third disappearance occurred, inexplicable like the

others, and produced in the colonial society a feeling of consternation. An elderly gentleman named Axtell, a miller, well off, the father of the beautiful Mrs. Edward B—— of Lovely Banks, after leaving his daughter's house, which lay at the foot of the long ascent known as "Constitution Hill," sent on his conveyance before him up the hill, saying that he would walk to the top of it. From that time nothing more was seen of him. A feeling of something like alarm now became general, for Mr. Axtell was well known as an active man of business. I myself had a slight personal acquaintance with him. A strict magisterial inquiry was instituted, but no information of any importance came to light. Mr. Axtell was seen, I think, by one or two persons walking up the road, which ran through the bush at this part, but no one had seen him at the top of the pass or beyond it. The bush was searched but nothing was found.

There was, I think, a fourth disappearance; but its circumstances have faded from my memory.

About a month after the disappearance of Mr. Axtell, a case of bushranging came on for trial in the Hobart Town police-court. Two doubly-convicted men, named Whelan and Conolly, having stopped and robbed a settler living in the neighbourhood of Brown's River, (who gave instant information to the police), were hunted down and arrested. Robbery under arms was at that time a hanging offence; the settler swore distinctly to both prisoners, and they were committed for

trial. The sessions soon coming on, they were tried and condemned to death.

Conolly was an Irishman, and a Roman Catholic; Whelan, who was a London Irishman, had caused himself at the time of his transportation to be registered as a Protestant. Conolly was, of course, visited at once by Father Bond, who was then the Catholic prison chaplain; and, listening eagerly to his instructions, became truly penitent, and ceased to dread the death that awaited him. Whelan came in some way to the knowledge of Conolly's changed temper; a kind of jealousy took hold of him, and in order that he too might come under Father Bond's ministrations, he applied for leave to change his registration from Catholic to Protestant. Leave was granted, and Father Bond began to visit him. But what was the chaplain's horror, when Whelan began to charge himself with the mysterious crimes lately perpetrated in the colony! Father Bond told him that he could not receive such avowals under the seal of confession; but this seemed to make no difference to Whelan, who only wanted to rid his own bosom of the "perilous stuff" that weighed upon it, and meet with some one who would deal with him, in spite of his crimes, as a human being.

He said that he had killed Grace, Dunn, and Mr. Axtell, and all much in the same way. He told each of them, being made amenable by the fear of death, to sit down on the ground and take off his boots; and while his victim was so employed, he passed behind

him and discharged a bullet into the back of his head. He told Father Bond that he was furiously exasperated by finding only half-a-crown on the person of Grace ; and that he then resolved on killing every one who came into his power, provided that he might expect to make a good booty by doing so. For Dunn, such a "fine young fellow," he declared that he felt pity. He met him at the bottom of the deepest gully on the Huon track—I have passed it myself more than once—and despatched him in the manner above described. As for Axtell, Whelan said that he made him leave the road and go some distance with him into the bush ; then he obliged him to sit down, and completed the murder in his accustomed way.

The confession of the murderer was made, and Father Bond hastened to make it known to the chief of the police. But was it credible ? Might it not be the disordered dream of a man of cruel and reckless nature, whom the chance of conversing freely with the priest induced to charge himself with acts which he may have contemplated indeed, but had never really committed ? This doubt was soon set at rest. Whelan was induced—indeed he appeared desirous—to give the most exact and minute information concerning the localities in which the different murders were committed. The day for the execution of the two criminals was now at hand. The chief of the police, accompanied by Father Bond and several constables, set out at nightfall for Constitution Hill. The next morning, guided by the precise indications which Whelan had

furnished, they entered the bush to the right of the road, and after a short search found the remains of Mr. Axtell, the state of which confirmed in every particular the murderer's story. Later on the body of poor Dunn was found among some bushes at the bottom of the gully on the Huon track. The remains of Grace were also discovered. The execution of the bushrangers was carried out on the appointed day. Whether after his confession Whelan showed before his death any signs of compunction for what he had done, I am unable to say; if Father Bond told me I have forgotten what he said.

## CHAPTER VI

Religious perplexities—Maurice, Carlyle, and Milton—Pyrrhonism—  
Conversion—Leave of absence—Arrival in England—William  
E. Forster.

ALTHOUGH the causes of my leaving Tasmania are a matter of no general interest, still, having entered upon this *précis* of the vicissitudes of my early life, I can scarcely refrain from explanations, without which they would be unintelligible.

For nearly ten years my mind had been in a welter of uncertainty on the subject of religious truth. In my own college the fellows were curiously ill-assorted. Shadforth, an excellent and lovable man, was so extreme in the Tractarian direction as to prefer Brande Morris's "Nature a Parable" to the "Paradise Lost," as being "much more orthodox." Claughton, who was afterwards Anglican Bishop of Colombo, was a moderate High Churchman; that is to say, he was as hopelessly narrow and uninteresting as the majority of those so designated are. On the other hand Arthur Stanley was always interesting, because he was real and genial; but the *via media* which he laboured to construct was too comprehensive to be accepted by many. He argued and pleaded for toleration all round: for Ward and

Pusey in 1844, for Colenso in 1863; later on, even for Voysey. It was delightful to listen to him; but the interior justifying theory of all this reciprocal indulgence was never clearly stated. Or if stated—and so far as stated—it turned out to be some form of Erastianism, natural enough to one whose mind brimmed over with historic imaginations and delighted in court pageants, but not persuasive to the average intellect. Of Newman, in my undergraduate time, I had seen scarcely anything. I went certainly once—perhaps twice—to hear one of his afternoon sermons at St. Mary's, but the delicacy and refinement of his style were less cognisable by me than by my brother, and the multiplied quotations from Scripture, introduced by "And again"—"And again," the intention of which I only half divined, confused and bewildered me. In 1844 I heard Manning, then Archdeacon of Chichester, preach a University sermon. St. Mary's was crowded, but the discourse could not be said to be a powerful one. There was a large Wesleyan chapel in those days in Great Queen Street, the preachers at which had a reputation for touching and converting souls. One Sunday I went there. A young unknown minister was in the pulpit; his accent was not vulgar nor were his ideas commonplace; the sentiment which he aroused was decidedly in his favour. A fortnight afterwards I went again. In the pulpit was a large elderly man, who ranted and raved in a manner painful to listen to; yet he was regarded as a shining light in the Wesleyan body.

About the same time, *i.e.* in 1846, I went to hear F. D. Maurice preach once or twice in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn. He made upon me the impression as of a man who was immersed in a thick metaphysico-theological fog, and I felt quite unable to look to him as to one capable of helping other people to find their way into sunshine. But this was a mere personal impression; others, well capable of judging, thought very differently.

All the time Strauss's view of the presence of myths in the New Testament continued to plague me, nor did I feel sure that Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, especially the second part, the beauty and calm power of which deeply impressed me, might not contain the true medicine for the world's maladies. The notion of an organised society closely linked with the past, directed by a "Bond" of wise and good men—thinkers, educators, rulers, artists—seemed wonderfully attractive. But when I asked myself, was it practicable? could it ever oust and replace what exists? I saw at once that, like Knox's proposal to preserve church revenues, it was only a "devout imagination," and possessed no inherent strength even to resist, much less to prevail. Of Carlyle I need say the less, because his weighty realistic thoughts—his rejection of shams and hypocrisies—were by that time leavening all the earnest natures in the three kingdoms; and although he kept warning us that whatever truth was unacceptable to his own mind was expressed in an "obsolete dialect," we were not bound

to agree with him, or at any rate the inquiry whether it were so might be postponed. Emerson's *Essays*, again, could never be forgotten by one into whose mind they had passed; but, after all, pantheism is not religion, and he who eloquently bade us "advance and advance on chaos and the dark," could not distinctly separate for us light from darkness, nor order from confusion.

At Nelson I had found a copy of Milton's prose works in the little public library, and had read them nearly through. Marvellous is the spell of genius! strange too is the hold which the Christian doctrine maintains over those who have been once imbued with it! In spite of Strauss and Hegel, the cardinal assumptions of Milton did not repel me; and I almost came to think that his passionate tirades against episcopacy, and preference for a system of church government, "not tied to nation, diocese, or parish," might be capable of salutary application to the modern condition of England. But this phase of thought did not last long.

Bossuet says of Grotius, that when he was dissatisfied with the religion in which he was born, "*Il frappait, pour ainsi dire, a toutes les portes, pour trouver un refuge a sa religion chancelante.*" How many in the two centuries since Grotius have followed his example, and with what various results!

A state of mind which in philosophy goes by the name of Pyrrhonism had possessed me for some time. There seemed to be nothing which was not matter of

opinion, nothing which rested on a firm objective basis. To no teacher or authority could I subscribe, for besides the feebleness of my own intellect, I could never be sure that I rightly understood him whom I desired to follow. A sceptic could not be certain that he understood the thoughts of Pyrrho, and therefore he could not call himself a Pyrrhonist.<sup>1</sup> But apart from logomachies and verbal puzzles, a spontaneous general reaction set in within me against the conclusions, whether in politics, metaphysics, or religion, which not long before had seemed most certain. Nor was there anything necessarily conservative in the new feeling. If negation were held to be doubtful or premature, it did not follow that affirmation *in pari materia* was reasonable.

A crisis, however, was approaching which was to set me on a plane of thought different from any that I had hitherto known. On a Sunday in October 1854, it happened that a passage from the First Epistle of Peter, having as it seemed a remarkable relevance to my own mental condition at the time, came suddenly to my mind. Whether reasonably or unreasonably, the words of Peter sounded to me rather as a command than as a theme for discussion, and made a direct appeal to the practical reason and the will. But who was this Peter? What was his general teaching? Who were his helpers and successors? I remembered that the earliest "Tracts for the Times" dealt with the beginnings of Christianity—the first documents;

<sup>1</sup> Diog. Laert., *Pyrrho*.

these Tracts I succeeded in obtaining. The account by an eyewitness of the valiant deaths of the martyrs at Lyons in 177; the story of the death of Polycarp, also by an eyewitness; the epistles of Ignatius, so Pauline in spirit, yet betraying that natural development of the Christian organisation in the direction of a rigid episcopacy, of which only the germs appear in the Pauline epistles—the epistle to Diognetus and the Muratorian fragment—all these bore, I thought, consenting testimony to the essential and necessary oneness of the Christian revelation. The unity of the Christian system from the first, and the care with which that unity was preserved, seemed to me undeniable.

Other circumstances occurred which tended to dispel the deep ignorance of the Middle Ages in which I had grown up. At a country inn where I had to pass the night, I found a number of books; among these was a copy of Butler's "Lives of the Saints," in many volumes. Never having heard of the book before, I took out a volume at random, and opening it, happened to fall upon the Life of St. Brigit of Sweden. This saint, who was aunt or cousin to the reigning king of Sweden, was married, and had eight children; nevertheless she lived a most holy and self-denying life, adhering to and obeying the Catholic Church as strictly as St. Ignatius or St. Irenæus, and revering the popes of her day, whom, under very difficult circumstances, she aided to the utmost of her power. In this firm adherence to the pope as the successor of St. Peter she resembled St.

Wilfred, with whose story I was already acquainted, and also, of course, was in close agreement with the saints of later times.

The impression which this life made upon me was indelible. Looking more closely into the matter, I found that the festival of St. Brigit, whose life I had thus happened to read, as it seemed, by mere accident, fell on the same day in October on which a decisive change in my mind had been produced through my suddenly remembering words in the first Epistle of St. Peter.

The final result was that I was received into the Roman communion (by Bishop Willson) at Hobart Town in January 1856.

Bishop Willson, who had been the Catholic priest of Nottingham for many years, was a man whom it was impossible to know and not to love. Old age, if it had "abated" somewhat his "natural force," had not dimmed the look of central peace which reigned in his benevolent countenance, nor quenched the flame of holy zeal with which he burned for the conversion of wanderers. In his austere vicar-general, whose severity was chiefly directed against himself, he had a true helper. Neither of them wished me to resign my post, or thought that my change ought to have that result. But in regard to this it seemed to me that they did not fully estimate the difficulties of the case. Sir Henry Young, it is true, whose personal kindness to me was unfailing, gave me no reason to think that he considered my act incompatible with the

retention of the inspectorship. But many persons of influence were much incensed. The feeling of the colonial clergy generally, both Episcopalian and Presbyterian, according to such intimations of it as reached my ears, was hostile. The Conservative organ, the *Hobart Town Courier*, attacked me in a bitter and contemptuous leading article, said to be from the pen of the clergyman of Campbelltown. The Colonial Secretary too, Mr. Champ, influenced solely by the consideration of what was for the good of the service, thought that I could no longer be of much use in the post which I held, and was willing to obtain for me the grant of leave of absence. Thus it was arranged that I should have eighteen months' leave, so that I could go home; and although nothing was said on the subject, it was understood that it was most unlikely that I should return to resume the office.

The house which we had occupied for several years prior to 1856 was called the "Normal School," Sir William's intention in building it having been to establish in it a training school for elementary teachers. A gentleman had been brought out from England, a Mr. Leach, under whose management the school was to be placed. But the lower house of the Tasmanian legislature considered, and perhaps they were right, that for some time to come trained teachers, so far as they were wanted, could be brought out from England at less expense than if they were made in the colony, and they declined to vote the sum necessary for carrying the plan into effect. Sir William then was kind

enough to let me have the house rent-free ; and with a little alteration it was fairly adapted to the purposes of a dwelling-house. For some months before our departure, which was fixed for the middle of 1856, convenience required a removal to lodgings in Hobart Town. Mrs. Reibey, between whom and my wife a warm attachment had sprung up, insisted with a kindness never to be forgotten that during all this time of preparation we should send our eldest daughter to be under her care at Entally ; and this was accordingly done.

We sailed from the Franklin Wharf, Hobart Town (July 12, 1856), in a small barque of some 400 tons burden, the *William Brown*. As we were the only cabin passengers, our party including, besides our own three children, four Indian children, cousins of my wife, who were being sent home to school under our care, the accommodation on board was fairly comfortable. It was an uneventful voyage, land being never once sighted until we reached the Devonshire coast. Captain Bateman gave Cape Horn a very wide berth indeed, so that this part of the run was perhaps colder and more dismal than it need have been. The monotony of the voyage was partly relieved by the rapacity and boldness of our fellow-passengers, the rats. Nothing according to their taste edible was safe unless it was carefully stowed away. One night they gnawed off the ends of my wash-leather braces. Another time, as I lay asleep on a couch in the outside cabin, a large rat woke me by jumping down

from a beam on to my legs and then scuttling away. Not long before the end of the voyage, the mate opened a cask of hams, and found that the raiders had been there, and left only a collection of ham bones. Nor was it much comfort to our vindictive feelings to be told that on arrival in the docks the ship would be "smoked," and the rats all smothered.

Coming up to the Devonshire coast with a fair wind from the southward on the morning of the 16th October, we gradually discerned through the sunny haze the mountainous outlines of Prawle Point, and then of Bolt Head; and having a fine run up that channel which had borne such a different face for me nine years before, we passed Beachy Head and rounded the Forelands, and were in the Thames by next morning.

Arrived in St. Catherine's Dock on the 17th October, in rainy weather, we found quarters at first in a small inn in Thames Street. But the next day, William Edward Forster, who had married my eldest sister in 1850, arrived on the scene, and with an affectionate kindness, which I have no words to describe, took us all into his charge, made us remove at once to the "Four Swans" in Bishopsgate Street, that finest of old hostelries, and expedited all the proceedings necessary to get our luggage landed and cleared through the Custom House. The children looked upon him as a kind of guardian angel. A day or two afterwards we travelled down to Westmoreland.

## CHAPTER VII

Newman in Dublin—The Catholic University—He retires to Edgbaston—St. Patrick's Day—Glendalough—Removal to Birmingham—Newman at the Birmingham Oratory—The Church—The Refectory—Rednall—Life in Vicarage Road—Illnesses—Clifton—*Home and Foreign Review*.

It needs not to speak of the joy of reunion with my dear mother and brothers and sisters, after nine years' absence. One only of the nine—William, soldiering in India—was away from England. These reminiscences might here be closed, had they not to chronicle near relations arising at this time with that extraordinary man, the disintegrating effect of whose thoughts on the religious life of England was apparent then, and is perhaps still more apparent now. Newman, who had commenced work as Rector of the Catholic University instituted at the Synod of Thurles some years before, invited me to come to Dublin, with the prospect of employment as Professor of English Literature, to which tuition might probably be added. I was to go at once, so as to take up the work of the winter term. Leaving my wife and children therefore at Fox How, with the understanding that I should return to fetch them after Christmas, I went to Dublin. Newman was then living in a large house in Harcourt Street (No. 6), and received me most

kindly. The air of deep abstraction with which he used to glide along the streets of Oxford was now in a great measure exchanged for the look of preoccupation and anxiety about temporal affairs, which the features of a man to whom business was neither habitual nor congenial would naturally assume under the new circumstances; but otherwise he seemed to be quite as vigorous and little older than when I had last seen him at Oxford.

He was busy about the completion of the decoration of the University church in Stephen's Green, in which he was assisted by Mr. Pollen and Mr. Barth. Pollen executed the cartoons round the walls, which are, I suppose, of considerable merit, though the sameness of the female faces has been noticed. The casings of Irish marbles with which the walls are enriched, and the striking design of the pulpit, have been much admired. In this church, and from this pulpit, Newman preached, in the years 1856-1857, several remarkable sermons. One especially remains imprinted on my memory. I can never forget the low and penetrating tones in which he gave an abstract of the narrative by one of his biographers of Napoleon's final estimate of the life and work of Christ:—

“In the solitude of his imprisonment, and in the view of death, he is said to have expressed himself to the following effect—

““I have been accustomed to put before me the examples of Alexander and Cæsar, with the hope of rivalling their exploits and living in the minds of men

for ever. Yet, after all, in what sense does Cæsar, in what sense does Alexander live? Who knows or cares anything about them? Even their names do but flit up and down the world like ghosts, mentioned only on particular occasions or from accidental associations. Their chief home is the schoolroom; they have a foremost place in boys' grammars and exercise books; they are splendid examples for themes; they form writing copies. So low is heroic Alexander fallen, so low is imperial Cæsar—"ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias."

"'But, on the contrary' (he is reported to have continued), 'there is just one name in the whole world that lives; it is the name of one who passed His years in obscurity, and who died a malefactor's death. Eighteen hundred years have gone since that time, but still it has its hold upon the human mind. It has possessed the world, and it maintains possession. . . . Here, then, is one who is not a mere name; He is no empty fiction; He is a substance. He is dead and gone, but still He lives—as the living, energetic thought of successive generations, and as the awful motive power of a thousand great events. He has done, without effort, what others with lifelong heroic struggles have not done. Can He be less than divine? . . .'"<sup>1</sup>

Last year (1898) a book was privately printed which is full of precious material for the just and full delineation of the story of these years, during which Newman was battling with the adverse influences which

<sup>1</sup> Newman's "Occasional Sermons," p. 43.

opposed the foundation of a Catholic University. It is to be hoped both that this material may before long be made *publici juris*, and also that the letters of his Catholic period (1845-1890) which have been so long anxiously awaited both in England and Ireland, may soon be given to the world. It will then be possible—but not till then—to present an accurate statement of Newman's exact relation to that thorny University question which is occupying so many minds at the present time. Meantime, it is possible to sum up roughly the chief services which he rendered to the cause during his term of office.

1. He built the University church.
2. He aided to the utmost of his power in the organisation and equipment of the Catholic Medical School in Cecilia Street, Dublin.
3. He carried on for some years the Catholic *University Gazette*, which contained papers by various authors of great interest and educational value.
4. He appointed Eugene O'Curry to the Professorship of Irish Literature, and thus enabled him later on to publish his Lectures on the "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," a standard work on the subject.
5. He delivered a course of lectures in the University church, dealing popularly, but in that inimitable style for which he was unrivalled, with the fortunes, the achievements, and the animating spirit of several great universities,

ancient and modern. These lectures were published, and form the small volume, "On the Office and Work of Universities."

6. Lastly, he composed and published his "Discourse on the Idea of a University," in which he treated the subject philosophically, adding at the end a number of miscellaneous pieces in illustration of the main theme.

Those who have mastered the central harmonising purpose which ran through all these services—some practical, some intellectual—whereby Newman sought to promote the cause of the higher education in Ireland, are aware that he could not possibly accept Mr. Fawcett's plan—that of a university based on Protestantism, but throwing open its appointments and distinctions to all comers; nor Lord Beaconsfield's plan, that of a non-religious examining university. He demanded a university such as the Irish bishops and people still demand, one in which the prevailing atmosphere should be in conformity with the religion of the country, and which, as was suggested by Pius IX. to the Synod of Thurles, should be organised in faculties—the only organisation by which the intellectual needs both of teachers and learners can be adequately met.

Time passed, and there seemed to be no prospect of the Government's granting a charter to the University which would enable it to confer degrees. Difficulties also were interposed, which I have not the means of explaining, in the way of New-

man's elevation to a higher and more dignified ecclesiastical position; and without such elevation he seems to have held that he would after a time be too much hampered to discharge his rectorial duties effectively. The period also—seven years—for which in his own mind he had accepted the office from the bishops, had expired. Moved by these, and probably other considerations of which I know nothing, Newman resigned the rectorship in November 1858, and retired to what he regarded as his home, the Oratory at Birmingham.

During my stay in Ireland, which extended from 1856 to the beginning of 1862, we lived chiefly at Rathmines, but moved in 1861 to Kingstown. My daughter Lucy was born at a house in Leinster Square, Rathmines, and my son Francis at a house in Kenilworth Square. My chief occupation, besides lecturing to the small classes which came to the University house in Stephen's Green, was the gradual composition of a text-book on English literature.

St. Patrick is honoured in different ways in Ireland. In the ball-room at the Castle the Lord-Lieutenant dispenses annually on the saint's feast-day the hospitalities of Great Britain, in the form of the great dancing function known as St. Patrick's ball. My wife and I were at this ball in 1857, and the exertions of the good-natured Lord Carlisle, as with red and glowing face—the George round his neck and the Garter binding his knee—he laboured through the crowded country-dance, "hands across, down the

middle," &c., &c., were exceedingly praiseworthy, and also slightly comic. As he passed us he said, with a laugh, "Hot work, Mrs. Arnold! was it as bad as this in Tasmania?"<sup>1</sup> However, it was not only by gatherings of time-serving worldly people, solely bent on amusing themselves, that the memory of the apostle of Ireland was kept alive on St. Patrick's day. One year—I think it was 1859—the famous Russian missionary, Father Petcherine, appeared in the University pulpit, and preached the panegyric of the saint in a truly wonderful address. This foreigner, with a command of English which the most practised native orators might have envied, not only analysed the character and motives of St. Patrick, and described his career with extraordinary and spirit-stirring power, but also evinced a pathetic sympathy—the interest of the heart—with the woeful history of the people whose cause for religion's sake he had made his own, which moved not a few of those present to tears.

While Mr. Cardwell was Chief Secretary, in the summer of 1860, Goldwin Smith came to stay with him at the Lodge in the Phoenix Park. During the visit it was arranged that he and I and my wife should take advantage of the first fine day to charter a car for Glendalough. We did so, and saw the valley, the lakes, the Seven Churches, and the Round Tower to much advantage. The lovely colouring of the upper slopes of the mountains struck us as unique,

<sup>1</sup> Miss Martineau had given me a note of introduction to Lord Carlisle, who was better known in those days as the "Lord Morpeth" of the Reform agitation.

and unmatchable by our Cumberland mountains, which, on the other hand, so far as beauty of form goes, are superior. We stood long in front of the Round Tower, admiring the fineness and solidity of the masonry, and speculating on the singularity of its structure, the only door being at a height of some twelve feet above the ground. Both Goldwin and I adopted finally, and without hesitation, the view of those who hold that the Round Towers must have been built as places of refuge, whither, in anticipation of an attack from pirates or other enemies, the whole population of the place might retire and be in safety. The chambers provided by the different stories of the tower would accommodate hundreds of persons and any amount of provisions; with sufficient warning of the Danes' approach, all the inhabitants (by means of a short ladder which would afterwards be drawn up) could take refuge through the high door in the interior of the tower, and after that they were safe. Fire could do no harm to the massive stonework below the door; missiles were useless when no one was exposed; and mining would be a perilous adventure when the defenders could keep up a rain of stones and arrows on the miners from the upper stories.

In 1861 Newman wrote asking me to come to Birmingham and take the post of first classical master at the Oratory school. I accepted the offer; not that I had lost faith in the University, or would not gladly have returned to it if a charter were ever granted and matters placed on a more regular footing. Meantime

my circumstances would be improved by accepting the appointment at Birmingham. Accordingly I proceeded there, with the two elder boys, in January 1862, and was soon followed by my wife and the other children. We rented a house in Vicarage Road, Edgbaston.

The climate of Edgbaston was very trying. Dr. E——, who was at that time the chief authority on all pulmonary complaints in the Midland counties, used to say that Edgbaston almost enjoyed (?) the benefit of mountain air, being built at an elevation of nearly 500 feet above the sea. The worst wind was that from the north-west, which blew perseveringly for a great part of spring and early summer, and not only was exceedingly cold, but brought smoke and abominable vapours from the neighbouring "Black Country" over the unhappy suburb. Be it understood, however, that I am only speaking relatively. To natives of the high plateau about the sources of the Avon and the Tame the Birmingham climate may be only bracing and salubrious; but for one born in the Thames Valley there is a harsh feeling in the air to which he cannot easily reconcile himself. Such at least was my impression at the time; but I am aware that it may have been quite unfounded.

The Oratory school contained from sixty to seventy boys, many of whom were of the best Catholic blood in the country. Dear Dick Towneley! I shall never forget him, or his eager face, or the charm of his large bright eyes. He was the nephew and heir of Colonel

Towneley of Towneley ; and if he had come into the hands of a good Balliol tutor, or if he could have found the distractions of the Bullingdon Club less fascinating when he went up to Christ Church, I have often thought that the bright winning nature which promised so well at Edgbaston might have developed much more happily than it did. He could not stand by himself like Weld ; but with firm and careful tutelage he might perhaps have been carried safely through the various dangers which beset the path of those who are simultaneously rich, feather-brained, and young.

Newman appeared now, as Superior of the Birmingham Oratory, to have found ease and contentment in a degree not realisable at Dublin. The church of the community, though not beautiful or in any way striking, was spacious enough to hold a large and increasing congregation. He used to preach during the high mass on Sunday mornings ; on Saturday evenings he attended in the confessional. He lived among his old friends and faithful followers, among whom Father Ambrose St. John enjoyed in a pre-eminent degree his confidence and affection. He had time for reading and also for writing, and the prescriptions of St. Philip's rule were carried out in all things. Those who knew the power and depth of that extraordinary mind could not be surprised that, under circumstances so favourable to tranquil literary production, he should have written the "Apologia," the answer to Pusey's "Eirenicon," and the "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk" ; the only

subject for regret and wonder was, that even more use should not have been made of this peaceful period.

Any stranger who, without considering the difference in the circumstances, should have entered the Oratory church on hearing that Newman was to preach, with the expectation of hearing a sermon of the order of those which he used to deliver as vicar of St. Mary's, would usually have been disappointed. He adapted his Edgbaston sermons to the intelligence of what was, with a few exceptions, an uninstructed middle-class audience. Taking the Gospel of the Sunday, and preaching without book, he used to interpret the parable or miracle, or whatever it might be, for about twenty minutes, seldom with much fluency or felicity of language, but never in any danger of breaking down, in a plain simple style which probably met the spiritual needs of most of those whom he addressed better than one more ornate would have done. Grant Duff, (he had not then been made a baronet), with one or two other London men, came to the sermon on one of these Sundays. As it happened, the sermon on this occasion, though I have no reason to suppose that Newman knew anything about the intended irruption, might be described as a considerable intellectual effort, and Grant Duff went away much impressed.

To dine in the refectory ("freitour," as our forefathers called it) of a monastery is not now a rare experience, still there may be those who would like to hear in detail how the thing went on in Newman's

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time. Five was the usual dining hour. Tables were ranged round three sides of the dining-hall; on the fourth side there were large windows. The Superior took his seat at the middle table, facing the windows. One father mounted into a small pulpit, which stood at the end of the third table, to the left of the Superior; another placed himself opposite the joint of meat, which was at that moment brought up from the kitchen and set upon a separate table. Grace having been said, the father in the pulpit began to read (it was the life of a saint generally, but sometimes a passage from some history or book of travels), and the father who was doing duty as server began to carve, or to superintend the carving of the meat. During the meal, which was plain and substantial, no one spoke. When it was nearly over, the Superior made a sign, and the reader came down from the pulpit, went to his place, and commenced his dinner. The dishes were removed, and there was a pause, all sitting still in their places. Then one of the fathers started a theme for discussion, such as a case of conscience, an educational difficulty, or a point of scholastic divinity. He stated the arguments both ways, showing to which side he himself leant, and ended with the words, "I speak under correction." Other fathers followed, the number apparently depending on the magnitude, or the practical importance, of the question raised. These expressions of opinion were short, but very much to the purpose, terminating always with the declaration "under correction." The

Superior then took the subject in hand, referring to anything that might seem to him defective in the lines of argument that the previous speakers had followed, and stating the conclusion which appeared to him to have the stronger balance of probability in its favour. Seldom, if ever, may you hear an important moral question handled in a Parliamentary debate or at a public meeting with half the ability, the insight, and the charity which characterised informal monastic discussions such as I have described.

The debate being over, the Superior led the way to the recreation-room, where usually a bright fire was burning. Here restraint was laid aside; fathers and guests gathered round the fire, on the left side of which was Newman's chair, and conversation rose and fell just as in an Oxford common-room. Recreation time, if I remember right, lasted for three-quarters of an hour. Newman was always cheerful at these times, and, if not talkative, *abordable*, and ready to talk.

The Oratorians had a pretty little country house at Rednall, eight or nine miles from Birmingham, along the Hagley Road. The Leasowes, which is still (or was in 1862) in much the same state as when Shenstone lived there, may be visited on the way. Away to the left is the bold range of the Clent Hills, which rise out of a wild little-known district, in the midst of which is St. Kenelm's Well. Here the boy-prince Kenelm was murdered by his wicked sister Quendride in 820, and the spot was for ages after-

wards a place of pilgrimage. A rough couplet, little altered from the original Saxon, records the fact :—

“ In Clent cow-pasture, under a thorn,  
Of head bereft lieth Kenelm king born.”<sup>1</sup>

A strange juxtaposition truly ; there the gray lonely hills and the pilgrims’ well of *old* England ; here, within a few miles, the noisy bustling Birmingham of the *new* England and Mr. Chamberlain :

“ Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi !”

Among our Edgbaston friends or acquaintances were Mr. and Mrs. Kekewich, who lived not far from us on the Hagley Road, Sebastian Evans the poet, and Charles Matthews of the Alpine Club.

To Mr. and Mrs. Tyndall, who lived on the Harborne Road, and to their daughters, my wife and I were indebted during the whole of our stay at Edgbaston for unfailing and most valuable kindness.

The parish of Handsworth was held at that time by the Rev. G. D. Boyle. He was an Oxford man, extremely hospitable, with genuine literary interests, and an agreeable and genial talker. His “Reminiscences,” published in 1895, illustrate very ably and agreeably many chapters in the modern ecclesiastical and social life both of England and Scotland. He is now, as everybody knows, Dean of Salisbury ; and I count it as a real misfortune that, since he went south and I went west, we have never met again.

<sup>1</sup> Alban Butler, December 3.

In the summer of 1863 I was appointed an examiner in English at the Indian open competition; and now the harsh climate, aggravating the mischief of an ill-drained house, began to find me out. Not immediately, however. There were three happy holiday weeks at Solihull in August, when my boys played in the park and fished in the Blyth, and their father took long walks in the beautiful unspoilt country to the south. Solihull is a pretty town about ten miles from Birmingham. Its fine spire is a conspicuous object from the Great Western Railway. The squire, Mr. S——, was also the parson; and a public footpath (blissful fact!) crossed his park at a very short distance from his mansion. Whether this Utopian state of things still prevails I do not know. In September I find noted in my diary a visit to Sir John Acton (now Lord Acton) at Aldenham Park, near Bridgnorth. The library there, the books in which were nearly all of recent accumulation, was a great delight. But at the end of September I was laid low by a severe attack of lumbago; and I had scarcely recovered from that when, early in December, scarlet fever declared itself. My wife took absolute command of the household; the children were all sent to Fox How, that they might be out of the way of infection; one of the servants who showed signs of sickening for the fever was transferred to the hospital; the other servant, for some reason that I now forget, was absent from duty; and in that bitter winter my wife, who all the time was nursing me

most carefully, rose on several mornings before dawn, lighted the kitchen fire, and met all the household calls of the day. On the 20th December I had a sharp but transitory attack of acute rheumatism, the symptoms being exactly the same as those which appeared when I was seriously ill of the same disorder in 1853 at Hobart Town. My wife used to read the paper to me, which just then was full of stirring news from Germany. The army of the Bund (German Confederation), after many vain attempts had been made to induce Denmark to desist from the measures by which she was endeavouring to draw closer the union between Holstein and herself, at last, in pursuance of a decree of execution issued by the Diet, crossed the frontier at Altona amidst a scene of great enthusiasm, and advanced into Holstein. Thus began that series of operations which ended with the surrender of Paris and the fall of France. In this early stage the feeling in England was generally favourable to Germany; for although not one in ten thousand either professed to understand, or did understand, the endless perplexities of the Schleswig-Holstein question, Englishmen knew that Holstein had always been a state of the German Empire, and,—after the suppression of the Empire,—of the German Federation; nor could they complain, or feel surprised, if the Diet, as representative of the public conscience of the Fatherland, insisted on the old relation being maintained intact. But when Austria and Prussia came to the front, and Denmark was

invaded, and Schleswig, though in the main a Scandinavian land, was taken possession of; when—an appeal being made by Denmark to the English Government, and the words of Lord Palmerston being cited, that “if Denmark were attacked she would not stand alone”—it was found that either from fear of war, or from powerful influence at Court favouring the German side, the ministry meant to do nothing to render Lord Palmerston’s words a reality, and Denmark was despoiled while England looked on,—Englishmen who cared for the country’s honour received an impression of the degrading weakness of parliamentarism in relation to foreign affairs which later events have only tended to confirm.

The strength of the fever was broken, but it had left me very weak, and my recovery was slow. Some one advised resort to a milder air, and fortunately I followed the advice. On the 19th January 1864 we went from Birmingham to Clifton, lodgings having been taken for us near the Suspension Bridge. I could not have supposed it possible that an interval of only 120 miles of southing, and about 300 feet of diminished elevation above the sea, could cause such an extraordinary difference of climate. In a few days I felt like a new man, and was diving down narrow streets in Bristol in search of bits of mediæval architecture. Bristol, Norwich, and York, and in a less degree Chester, retain so much of their ancient architectural glories that the new and commonplace structures have not yet gained the upper

hand, and crowded the old buildings out of sight and consideration. The reason is, because these are the only large towns in England, besides London, which still have their old pre-Reformation churches. All other large English towns have become populous and prosperous since the Reformation; they have fallen, therefore, upon times when architecture and art were dead. The churches of London before the Reformation were very numerous and full of beauty, and even now remains of that beauty may be traced in some of them. But the fire of 1666 destroyed the greater part of them; and although we had still good architects, and could still put fine buildings in their place;—witness St. Paul's and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields;—the blighted condition of all the arts that co-operate with architecture, painting, sculpture, metal-working, wood-carving, &c.—a blight caused by Puritanism—left the restored churches dismal and bare as we now see them. While at Clifton I wrote an article which, under the heading "Bristol Churches," appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for March 1864.

My wife found kind friends in my cousin, Mrs. Lancaster, and her daughters,<sup>1</sup> who lived in a large handsome house on Prince's Terrace, almost facing the bridge. They were delighted with my wife, and she with them.

This year (1864) was one of constant change and movement. In May, after returning from Clifton, I

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Ward, wife of Professor Adolphus Ward of Owens College, and Mrs. Ellis.

was confined to the house for a week by an attack of measles, which was rife in the school. After some trouble I persuaded my landlord to take the ill-drained house in Vicarage Road off my hands, and we removed in July to a house in Wellington Road, Harborne, a breezy village lying about two miles to the south-west of Birmingham. In August I was for some days with my brother and his family at Llandudno, where we climbed about the Great Orme, and had some good walks among the green valleys of the Carnedd David. Then my wife and I visited our old friends, Archdeacon Marriott<sup>1</sup> and his wife at his living of Chaddesley, near Kidderminster. Next, also in August, came a visit to the Lancasters at Clifton; whence, or rather from Bristol, my eldest son, William,<sup>2</sup> and I sailed for Ireland in the *Juvena* to pay a visit to our old friends the Benisons, in the County Cavan.

But there were other movements—movements of the mind—in which I was to some extent concerned, or, at any rate, deeply interested. Sir John Acton, for whose Review, the *Home and Foreign*, I had written several articles (e.g. "The Colonisation of Northumbria," "The Formation of the English Counties," "Hayti," "Albania"), suspended the publication of the Review in March, his chief motive being, as he explained in a memorandum prefixed to the last number, his unwillingness to continue a controversy on papal in-

<sup>1</sup> He had been Archdeacon of New Norfolk all the time that I was in Tasmania.

<sup>2</sup> Born at the Normal School, Newtown, on the 18th September 1852.

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fallibility in which the position taken up by the Review was strongly disapproved at Rome. All through the spring and early summer Newman was bringing out, in parts, his famous "Apologia." After naming these giants of controversy, I am reluctant to refer to myself, and yet the scope of this work obliges me to give a brief explanation of the phases of thought which led in the following year to the severance of my connexion with the Oratory.

## CHAPTER VIII

"The Church and the Churches"—Liberalism in politics and Liberalism in religion—Bias of English Catholics towards Conservatism—Influence of women—Primrose Dames—Personal instability.

IN the course of 1864 the Oratorians began to think that I was drifting towards Liberalism, and gradually growing out of sympathy with them and their aims. How far they may have had other causes of dissatisfaction I cannot exactly tell, but this note of Liberalism was the chief objection, and a circumstance which occurred in connection with one of the school examinations about this time defines the matter in my memory. I gave as an extra prize to a boy in my highest form the translation of Dr. Döllinger's work, "The Church and the Churches." This was six years before the Vatican Council; the book had not been placed upon the Index; and I honestly believed that, although it might enter on more dangerous ground, it represented on the whole the same lines of thought as those which its author had developed in so masterly a way in his Church History. That the writer who had analysed with so much ability, and in a tone so favourable to the Papacy, the tangled history of the conflicting claims of Gregory XII., Benedict XIII. (the anti-

pope), and John XXIII., should ever have arrived at his later conclusions, is a difficulty which I cannot clear up even now. Probably Newman and Father Ambrose knew in what direction Döllinger's mind was moving better than I did; but however this may be, they would not allow the boy to receive the book.

It is worth while at this point to enter somewhat fully into the subject of Liberalism, and to consider in what sense of the term the Catholic clergy justly dread, repudiate, and condemn it, and in what sense it ought to be everywhere regarded, by the clergy no less than the laity, as a neutral term—a term no more implying any moral or religious reproach than the opposite term, Conservatism. Liberalism may be either political, or religious, or both. If it is merely political, and denotes a desire and intention on the part of the citizen to “free” himself from unjust or unwise restrictions trammelling his personal activity and that of his class, or from an inequality of treatment which places any class of citizens on a permanently higher political level than that on which he himself stands, or gives to any such class advantages in regard to education or the support of religion from which he and his friends are debarred—such a citizen cannot, unless for some special reason, be held to incur blame in respect of his Liberalism. On the other hand, a citizen who denies and opposes any of the political principles above enumerated, may fairly, unless for some special reason, be accounted open to

censure in respect of his Conservatism. If these two propositions be granted, it is evident that Liberalism in politics is not only equally justifiable, morally, with Conservatism, but, as a general rule, more justifiable; and this is just as true of English Catholics as of English Protestants.

These conclusions are, I think, demonstrably sound in regard to English and Irish Liberalism; with Continental Liberalism a different set of ideas is unfortunately associated. The Centre party in the German Reichstag are, in the English sense of the word, Liberals; but they do not so call themselves, because that would be to associate themselves with a party and a policy which they hold in especial abhorrence—namely, the Liberals and the Liberalism of France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Belgium. A French or Italian Liberal is commonly understood to be a Liberal chiefly in respect of religion, *i.e.* of Catholicism. But Liberalism in religion is quite a different thing from Liberalism in politics. In the case of non-Catholics, its moral and religious colour, as it cannot be verified or determined by the appeal to any generally accepted standard, can only be tested by an inquiry into the motives and character of individuals; and even then no certain judgment can be passed. Who can possibly decide between the Liberalism of Cromwell in putting down Anglican Episcopacy, and the Conservatism of Clarendon in restoring it to power? Or between the Liberalism of Wesley in ordaining Wesleyan bishops, and the Conservatism of

Horsley in resisting the innovation? Each leader believed himself in his conscience to be doing right, and whether he was obeying a false conscience or not, there exist no means of determining. All the time, the world of Catholic Christianity knew and judged both sides to be wrong in different ways, and—*securus judicat orbis terrarum*.

But with Catholics, if they be really such, the case is wholly different. What can they honestly desire to be "freed" from? Not from government in religious concerns by the hierarchy; for it is part of their religious belief that that hierarchy derives its jurisdiction by continuous transmission from the apostles, and that the apostles received it from Jesus Christ. Not from the creeds, or the general spirit of the *Ecclesia Docens*; for to desire or even dream of such freedom would be at once a lesion of conscience and a beginning of treason against God. Not from the ritual, and all the beauty and glory which that word implies, for they have but to look around them and note the miserable failures of all who, in this or any former age, have endeavoured to imitate or supplant it. Of course cases sometimes occur in which authority is overstrained or misused, and ritual is overlaid by ceremony; and in these cases laymen, so long as Christian humility is observed, may lawfully work for a change; but anything that could deserve the name of religious Liberalism must always be alien to the Catholic mind.

Before leaving this subject, a word or two may be

said upon the tendency of Catholics in England (not in Ireland) to label themselves as Conservatives. There was no such tendency seventy years ago, in the days of O'Connell and Emancipation. The English Catholic recognised, in the great Irish Liberal leader, his best friend, and would have deemed the attempt to enrol himself among the Tories as an act equally foolish and ungrateful. For let us try to ascertain what, in relation to English politics, the word Conservative, as used at the end of the nineteenth century, really means. It means, primarily and principally, the resolution to preserve the National Church; and secondarily, perhaps, the will to preserve intact the privileges of the House of Lords. As to other changes, the political history of the last five-and-thirty years shows that there is now no fundamental distinction between the two great parties. Disraeli brought in and passed a sweeping Reform Bill, and Lord Salisbury is dominated by the ideas of Cobden. But if it came to be a question of disestablishing the National Church, any so-called Conservative who should support such a scheme would find himself in a false position. Yet it is quite possible that before long some such measure will be brought into the House of Commons and seriously pressed. Catholic Conservatives, whether in or out of the House, will in that case have to consider what line they ought to take. If they are real Conservatives they should resist any such measure; but is it certain that their consciences as Catholics would always allow them to do so? I do

not forget Newman's dictum, that the Church of England, though not a *buttress* of Christianity, was a *breakwater* against evils worse than itself; and it is certain that he would never have taken any active step in favour of disestablishment. But events are changing rapidly, and it is conceivable that some<sup>1</sup> compromise might be proposed, by which the Church of England, while losing a great deal, would also save a great deal. In such a case, Catholics who had identified themselves with the Conservative name and cause would stand in a difficult and delicate position; whereas Catholic Liberals would be free to act according to their best judgment of what the true interests of religion demanded as to that particular measure.

But whatever force there may be in the above considerations, it were idle to suppose that the present torrent of Conservatism will be checked by reflection or prudent reasoning. In times of peace and prosperity the influence of women in society rises to a high point, and women, taken in the mass, are born Conservatives. Behind them are the peers and most of the country gentlemen,—classes to whom change would be injurious,—and a great body of the *nouveaux riches*, the “services,” the clergy, and the schoolboys. Queens in their respective neighbourhoods, the “primrose dames,” so finely nurtured, so gracious, so energetic, so benevolent—whose smile is a reward and their frown

<sup>1</sup> Corresponding to that, for instance, which Jeremy Taylor, in the “Liberty of Prophecy,” mentions as having been seriously proposed after Naseby, by which the Church of England would have remained established in part of the kingdom, and been disestablished in the rest.

an excommunication—are always preaching the gospel of Conservatism and contentment. What wonder if multitudes of men of weak intellectual calibre, seeing no great reason to resist them, yield to their spell and become Conservative too! And so things will go on, until the ship of state—as must happen some day—glides into rougher waters, and the shock of awakening comes.<sup>1</sup>

From what has been said it will be seen that I could never condemn Liberalism in *politics*; but its extension to religious questions, of which I did not in 1865 discern the mischief and the danger, I should now repudiate and reject. But I had been weakened by a succession of illnesses; for weeks together it had been impossible, or very difficult for me to approach a Catholic altar; the Protestant clamour about the Mortara case drew from me a certain amount of involuntary sympathy; and the misgiving which had long slumbered in my mind, that no clear certainty could be obtained as to anything outside the fields of science, again assailed me. Again the mists of Pyrrhonism, of which I spoke at a former page, closed round me. Nevertheless, I cannot doubt that this period of uncertainty would have passed away in due time if I had adopted the means proper for dealing with it. One of those means indeed—labour—I did not put from me, and this was my salvation in the end; but the weapon of prayer,—being attacked by a certain moroseness and disgust, and weariness of existence,—

<sup>1</sup> This was written early in September 1899.

I began unhappily to use less and less. I did not, like Milton, "still bear up and steer right onward," but wavered—doubted—and fell back. Only after a long time, and with much difficulty and pain—pain, alas! not mine alone—was I able to return to the firm ground of Catholic communion. Upon these matters, however, having made an avowal which, I need hardly say, it has cost me much to make, I shall no further enlarge. The instability and weakness of my proceedings I do not mean to palliate or underestimate. The only plea that I can urge is, that I acted in good faith, and that the taint of self-interest never attached to what I did. With folly, weakness, obstinacy, pliancy I may be charged, and more or less justly; but no one can say that any one of my changes was calculated with a view to worldly advantage. If it were not so, I should not feel that I had a right to hold up my head amongst honest men.

Feeling that my connection with the Oratory, in consequence of my growing Liberalism, was not likely to be much prolonged, I began to consult Arthur Stanley, who was at this time a Canon of Canterbury, and on whose affectionate kindness towards me and my children I knew I could depend, as to the probabilities of success at Oxford, should I remove thither and try to obtain private pupils.

Stanley's Life has been written by Mr. Prothero, who has also, if I remember right, edited his Letters separately. Taking this material in connection with his own works, the means of estimating the man

intellectually exist in abundance. But the charm and fascination of his society cannot thus be adequately understood. Spontaneity, genuineness, simplicity characterised all that he did and said,—nay, were distinctive of every movement and gesture. His letters written from school, and in his first year at Oxford, show what an influence my father had early obtained over his kindly and receptive mind; but when he came to know and hear Newman, and to understand something of his aims, and to see with what force and sincerity he was pursuing the work of partially de-Protestantizing the Church of England, a fresh influence wrought upon him, and, without displacing “the old love,” made him feel very tenderly towards the newer attraction. So it was, later on, with Ward of the “Ideal,” with Colenso, with Huxley, even with Voysey; Stanley sympathised with and thought well of them all up to a certain point; he condemned no one whom the Church of England, through its legally constituted courts of appeal, did not condemn. When, however, those courts had once decided that a particular doctrine could not legally be maintained by an Anglican clergyman, Stanley bowed to the decision. Thus, after subscribing to the fund for defending Mr. Voysey, he withdrew his countenance from him entirely when the Judicial Committee laid down that what Voysey taught went outside of what an Anglican clergyman might legitimately teach. That is, he made the Judicial Committee the regulator and guide of his conscience as a churchman. How a man of

Stanley's intellectual capacity could submit to a mental enthrallment like this it is difficult to conceive; and this seems to have been the reason why Pusey, as several passages in his Life show, regarded Stanley as a pure Erastian, and was more than doubtful whether he was a Christian at all. But I am convinced that Pusey judged Stanley too harshly. If the Dean would have turned neither Ward nor Colenso out of the Church of England, it was not that he adopted for himself the opinions of either. His notion was that a broad national church, only excluding those whom the law of the land excluded, offered the fairest prospect for England's religious future that modern circumstances permitted to be entertained. But I am persuaded that, notwithstanding the "wild and whirling" words that he sometimes used in the heat of Convocation debates, the simple Christian faith of his parents lived ever in his inmost heart, and sustained him in the hour of death.

None that ever knew him could forget his engaging and delightful personality. The eyes, of heaven's own blue; the short, dark hair curling over his head, till age straightened it somewhat and turned it gray; the quick, short steps; the beautiful, childlike mouth; the eager, animated talk—the total impression of energy, guilelessness, courage, and veracity—who, to the end of the longest life, could forget all this?

He came to stay at my house at Harborne when on a visit to Birmingham in October 1864, and took

the opportunity of calling upon Newman at the Oratory, and conversing with him on some of those questions of biblical criticism which at that time were urgently present to the minds of all theologians. In a letter to J. C. Shairp he gives an account of the interview,<sup>1</sup> which is doubtless perfectly fair, although one may question the value of the general impression which the conversation left on the writer. "It [the interview] left the impression, not of unhappiness or dissatisfaction, but of a totally wasted life, unable to read, glancing at questions which he could not handle," &c. This is strong language; but may perhaps be explained by calling to mind that Newman must have felt under some restraint in discussing the important matters which Stanley pressed on his consideration, whereas Stanley felt no restraint whatever. The Dean found "very great difficulty in bringing him [Newman] to acknowledge that the Gospels must stand or fall by their own merits"; that is, that according to the judgment of the critics, the Gospels were either to be accepted and believed or rejected and denied. Such a relegation of the Gospels to the category of *Adiaphora* could not possibly have pleased Newman, and yet he may have shrunk from going deeply into the subject. The points of view of the two men were hopelessly different. - In Stanley the idea of the Catholic Church and its authority was wanting; to Newman it was ever present, and surrounded the Gospels with an atmosphere of the providential and the *a priori*. Such

<sup>1</sup> "Life of Dean Stanley," Prothero, ii. 340.

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divergence in first principles prevented the possibility of any useful argument. As to being "unable to read," Newman's "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk" in 1875, to say nothing of the "Apologia pro Vita Sua" which he had just published, showed that Stanley was here entirely in error.

## CHAPTER IX

### LATER YEARS

Settlement at Oxford—1865 to 1888—Old endowments—Dr. Temple—Combined lectures—New schools—Faculty teaching—Has Oxford “given herself to the Philistines”?—Wellington in 1847—Peel—John Bright—Cobden—Monckton Milnes—Death of Cardinal Newman in 1890—The Irish University question.

HAVING received some encouragement to settle at Oxford, I went there in the course of the summer of 1865, and began to take pupils in the October term. In 1867 I built a house on the Banbury road, to which I gave the name of Laleham. The pupils who were sent to me were prepared for entering different colleges with fair success. Being appointed in 1882 a Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland, I divided my time for some years between Oxford and Dublin, having full employment at Dublin during the University terms in examining and lecturing, and returning to my family at Oxford for the rest of the year. After my wife's death in 1888, my residence at Oxford ceased.

When I re-established myself at Oxford in 1865, the old custom of long-vacation reading parties, though no longer in so much esteem as formerly, was still occasionally followed. I had a reading party at

Keswick in 1865; one of the men composing it was Lord Jersey, who has since administered the government of New South Wales with eminent success. In a street at Keswick I saw for the last time that strong, irascible man, James Whewell, whom I had met not infrequently in past years. I remembered his first wife, Cordelia Marshall, having stayed some days in 1845 at Hallsteads, the beautiful mansion of the head of the Marshall family on Ullswater Lake. After his first wife's death, Whewell married Lady Affleck, and the incorrigible undergraduates at Cambridge gave him a title accordingly. Lady Affleck had died not long before; and it moved one's pity to see the bereaved old man looking wistfully into the shop windows, his thoughts evidently being far away. His own death followed in February 1866.

In the summer of 1866 I was with a party, consisting almost entirely of Merton men, reading for the School of Modern History at Lynton, in North Devon. The present Bishop of London was one of their number; and he must excuse me if I say,—remembering the brilliant papers which he used to bring me on many important historical problems,—that the pupil had nothing to learn from the tutor on such questions, but that rather the reverse was the case.

In 1867 two pupils read with me for a month at Whitchurch on the Thames, one of whom, F. J. Jayne, had already distinguished himself in the classical school, and was in due time to be raised to a position of widely extended activity and influence as Bishop of Chester.

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During this long residence—from 1865 to 1888—I was witness to a gradual change in Oxford, operating partly for good and partly for evil. The close scholarships and fellowships, which in the old days brought the University into an intimate connection with many counties and towns in various parts of England, were nearly all swept away during those years. The clever persons who came in, and sucked the honey which was not designed for them, have always been industrious in pointing out how beneficial this change was. In some respects no doubt it was so. The personal benefit to the many individuals of moderate abilities and contracted views, whom the old system of local endowments brought up to Oxford, did not compensate for the general loss to the country caused by the concentration of the enormous advantages attendant on University life on persons incapable of making adequate use of them. Even dons who were, politically, strong Tories, and belonged in many respects to the old school, could see the utility of importing a keener, brighter intellectual element into the life of colleges than the system of local connection allowed. My brother used to tell a story of Dr. Jenkyns, Master of Balliol, who, as is well known, was the first to raise the character of Balliol education, by offering scholarships to be competed for by all comers. Dining one day in the hall, the Master had Ward on one side of him, and Lock, a Blundell fellow, on the other. He told some story about a former member of the college,

and concluded it thus. Turning towards Ward he said, "He was believed to have a decided tendency to Romanism"; then turning and looking at Lock, he added, "And he was a Blundell fellow." This double-shotted allusion caused great amusement. And yet even in this very case of the Blundell fellowships and Tiverton school, the reasonableness of the conduct of old benefactors did not go without justification. For among the fellows whom the Blundell foundation gave to Balliol was Frederick Temple, a man who, but for a "pious founder," would presumably have been lost to the University, and whose astonishing vigour in the lines of work, educational and administrative, to which Balliol was his first introduction, has for many years been the admiration of his countrymen.

The conduct of the Oxford authorities in this matter of throwing open old foundations for public competition shows that they have a high value for intellectual activity, and desire to see *la carrière ouverte aux talens*. But it does not show that the promotion of *learning* is very dear to them, or that, if it were, they recognised and chose the best method of promoting it. And here we have the great question posed for us—education *versus* learning. Ought a University to consider that its first duty is to cultivate and enlighten its students to the utmost, or should it deem its principal function to be the advancement of learning, and place the education of students in the second rank of its duties? Oxford men have been seriously

exhorted, in the years that have passed since 1854, to take this second view into their deliberate consideration.

Mark Pattison, the able Rector of Lincoln College, published in 1868 an important book, entitled "Suggestions on Academical Organisation," with especial reference to Oxford. About the middle of the book a scheme for the organisation of the Faculties is sketched in outline, which, could it have been carried out, must have been enormously beneficial to sound learning at Oxford. But the effect of the proposal, and of the arguments in its favour, must have been weakened by the circumstance, that the chief part of the volume is devoted to the consideration of the Oxford endowments—of their actual distribution, and possible redistribution. These are subjects in which so many disputable topics, and so much that touches personal feelings, are involved, that the controversy thence arising tended, doubtless quite against the writer's intention, to obscure the question of Faculty organisation.

Bonamy Price, in a pamphlet published in 1875, pointed out some of the evils of the existing system, by which success in "the schools" becomes the absorbing interest both of the teachers and of the taught, and eloquently advocated the revival of the ancient Faculty organisation. In a pamphlet published in 1872, I had myself adopted a similar line. But the youthfulness of college tutors generally, and the pleasantness of college life, have always stood in the

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way of a careful consideration of a change so radical as the revival of the Faculties would involve. Faculties exist at Oxford in name but not in power. What really exists is a tripartite system, in which "combined" lecturers, University examiners, and a variety of "schools," are the principal factors. The combined lectures are a feature of Oxford instruction, which began to appear about five-and-thirty years ago. Two or three colleges, feeling their inability to supply their undergraduate members, if each college were confined to its own list of fellows, with adequate teaching in all the subjects included in the University examinations, would confer together, and finding that the difficulty was much lessened if the range of choice was extended to the whole fellow-staff of the contracting colleges, arranged that the subjects on which lectures were necessary should be assigned to the most competent men in the combined staff, and that the undergraduates of the said colleges should, so far as those subjects were concerned, be thrown into one body.

The effect of this combined system has been unquestionably to raise the standard of teaching at Oxford. But there are many reasons why it falls short, and always must fall short, of the professorial and Faculty system which is in use abroad. These are—briefly—that the combined tutor does not teach under the same sense of responsibility as the professor; (2) that, his emoluments, and the dignity of his position, being manifestly less, he is himself less of a fixture. He is more likely to be attracted away by the

charms of literature or the gains of business; the serene grace of learning, pursued for her own sake, is far less likely to take possession of his mind.

It is unnecessary to say anything of the University examinations, which are conducted at the present day with no less efficiency and fairness than they have been distinguished by since the beginning of the century.

The establishment of new schools—the third factor of the tripartite system—may be described as the indirect homage which the Oxford authorities pay to the sovereign dignity of learning, and to the duty which rests upon a University of advancing it. They do not say: “Here is a group of subjects in which deep study and scientific teaching are required; do you, Professors Smith, Jones, Thomson, &c., take charge of it, work hard at it, and teach it warily.” But they say: “Here is a subject in which many of our young men are interested, and desire to distinguish themselves; we will institute periodical examinations in it, and arrange the names of those who pass these examinations in classes, just as we have long done in the case of classics and mathematics; and to the encouragement thence arising we will trust for greater concentration on the subject on the part of teachers, and for a wider diffusion of a certain degree of knowledge of it on the part of learners.” Thus the Schools of History, of Theology, and of English Literature, besides several others, have been established at Oxford.

Now it will not be disputed that this sort of procedure, which I have called an indirect homage

to learning, has been productive of excellent effects up to a certain point; the only questions are, whether it is not cumbrous, whether it does not lead to a waste of energy, whether the more direct homage of the Faculty system is not better. These questions I do not intend to argue here. The text "By their fruits ye shall know them," will eventually show which system is the more accordant with reason. The Oxford school of history has given us such writers as Freeman, J. R. Green, and Bishop Creighton, and for the services thus rendered all Oxford men are thankful. Yet are not these services after all limited, and have we not to confess that for the *great* works, both in ancient and modern history, we must still have recourse to German or French scholars?

So with the school of theology. Professor Driver and Canon Gore, though they cannot be regarded as the *product* of the school, are certainly its distinguished ornaments, though working on very different planes. But without more organisation, the immense amount of work which lies before theologians at the present day is not likely to be effectually undertaken.

With regard to English literature, the formation of the school is too recent to admit of speculation as to its working. The field is of vast extent, and has already been successfully entered by many foreigners. When one thinks of the treasures of the Bodleian, the Ashmolean, and the College libraries, one cannot give up the hope that, in this province of English literature, the time will come when Oxford men will

explore and handle them more effectually than has yet been done. But a school moves slowly and irregularly, and will not, it is to be feared, cause as much good work to be done in a hundred years as a Faculty of Philosophy and Letters would perform in twenty.

Whether Oxford has "given herself to the Philistines" in these last years, (to borrow a phrase from my brother's well-known invocation of our great Alma Mater<sup>1</sup>) is a question difficult to answer. She has parted with nearly all the restraints that had come down to her from the Middle Ages, and, so far as law and statute go, the unbeliever, the nonconformist, and the layman of free life may hold her offices and share in her privileges on equal terms with those who monopolised them fifty years ago. But the change is not really so great as superficial observers would believe. Although the law knows of no other qualifications for a fellowship than success in the intellectual field and reputable external conduct, in practice matters proceed somewhat differently. There is a fund of sound sense and incorrupt moral instinct in the existing body of fellows, which does not permit them, when a fellowship has to be filled up, to be guided merely by the comparative brilliancy of the answering of the candidates, or by the number of classes which they have taken. They rightly hold that the influence likely to be exercised by the successful candidate over the undergraduates of the

<sup>1</sup> "Essays in Criticism," Preface.

college should be an important element in their choice—an influence which cannot be measured solely by the number or quality of his intellectual successes. Yet such a discrimination will become increasingly difficult, as the old and clear distinctions founded on creed are more and more obliterated; and he would be a bold man who should venture to predict that at the end of fifty years Oxford will not be found to have “given herself to the Philistines” with a completeness of surrender unknown to her previous experience.

A few scattered recollections of some eminent men whom I have met or heard may bring this chapter to a conclusion.

In the four or five years before my leaving England at the end of 1847, I heard the Duke of Wellington speak several times in the House of Lords. He did it very badly, stumbling at every three or four words, but was always listened to with the utmost respect and attention. The last time that I saw him was in the summer of 1847. It was a fine evening, and I happened to be close to the door of the old House of Lords, when a horseman rode up, followed by a groom. It was the well-known figure; he was dressed in a blue frock-coat, tightly buttoned, and white trousers; the horse was a beautiful chestnut. I was so close to him that I remember noticing the chasing on the saddle. The groom was off his horse in a moment and at the charger's head; then the Duke flung himself heavily off, and staggered in at the half-open door.

Once, and only once, I heard Peel speak ; it must have been, I think, during the session of 1844. He was then Prime Minister ; it was not long after prayers ; and a rather important question, of which of course he had received notice, was put to him on some point of foreign policy. Peel rose, and amidst an absolute silence spoke to the question for about ten minutes, with an easy command of apt expressions, a perfectness of voice and intonation, and a mastery of the subject and all its issues, which made me think that if Demosthenes could have come down to earth, he would have owned in the Englishman a not unworthy successor.

In 1865 I heard John Bright make a great speech in the Town Hall at Birmingham in favour of the extension of the franchise. The eloquence with which he spoke was as undeniable as the enthusiastic sympathy of his audience, or as the bitter partizanship of the speaker. He contended, doubtless, for what he believed to be best for the country ; but he contended likewise for victory ; the aristocratic class was offensive to him, and he desired to see their arrogance humbled and their pride brought low. "Who is there," he said on the occasion referred to, "that will meet me on this platform, or who will stand on any platform, and will dare to say to an open meeting of his fellow-countrymen, that these millions, for whom I am now pleading, are too ignorant, or vicious, or destructive, to be trusted with the elective franchise ? I, at least, will never thus slander my country-

men." The argument is of the kind defined as *ad captandum*; like the Boers in the Transvaal, the possessors of the franchise in England in 1865 need not have regarded the multitudes to whom Bright wished to extend it as either ignorant, or vicious, or destructive, but they may have reasonably dreaded that their admission would lead to a disturbance of the balance of political power in the country, and eventually to a change in the constitution. In so dreading they may have been right or wrong; but they did not deserve to have been taxed with mere class-selfishness.

Cobden's firm, clear, and penetrating mind was of a higher order. I remember meeting him once at dinner at Mr. Forster's—I forget the year—when he talked admirably. Somehow the conversation fell upon commercial travellers, and my brother, who was present, spoke heedlessly of the insufferable character of "the British bagman." Cobden took up the matter with perfect coolness. "I was once a commercial traveller myself," he said, "and while so employed I must say that I met with many excellent and intelligent men, nor do I think that as a class they deserve to be severely spoken of." All present were struck by the philosophic calmness, yet firmness, with which this vindication was uttered.

Monckton Milnes I first met at Arthur Stanley's rooms at University; later I met him several times at the Cosmopolitan Club, whither I often accompanied William Forster, my brother-in-law, in the sixties, during or after a debate in the House of Commons.

But at this later period his fame as a teller of good stories had much evaporated. From Stanley I heard the following anecdote when it was quite fresh.

Monckton Milnes was strolling on the beach at Jaffa, when a boat arrived conveying some distinguished strangers. These were the new Evangelico-Anglican bishop Dr. Alexander, who had come to take possession of the See of Jerusalem, and the members of his family. The Greeks on the shore, whose language is the *lingua Franca* of debased Italian commonly spoken in Syria, watched the landing with the deepest interest. The shovel hat, correct Episcopal attire, and knee-breeches of the bishop, who was the first to land, impressed them greatly. "Vescovo! Vescovo!" they cried out in admiration. Mrs. Alexander followed. The Greeks were puzzled, but being informed by some one that this was the bishop's wife, they shouted, but in a lower key, "Vescova! Vescova!" Finally four or five children of various ages came up the beach after their mother. Ascertaining who these were also, the Greeks threw up their hands in unbounded astonishment, exclaiming, "Vescovini! Vescovini!"

I saw Newman for the last time in the spring of 1888. He had written to me in 1866, in answer to a letter full of Oxford news that he had received from me. An extract from his letter follows. The "caricature" will be remembered by many; it was one of a separate series of Oxford caricatures made by Sydney Hall of Pembroke College (now a well-known

artist), and issued in Oxford in photographic reproductions. It represented Lightfoot, then vice-chancellor of the University (which had just refused to allow the railway company to establish their carriage works at Oxford), as Jupiter confronting Vulcan, and hurling him down from heaven :—

“The caricature you sent me was capital. Though I have not seen Lightfoot for twenty or thirty years, I recognised the likeness; and Vulcan fell more naturally than I could have fancied he could have been drawn falling. However, in the event, he has not fallen upon the land, but into the water, if what the papers say of Crigley [Cripsey] Meadow (or whatever it is to be called) is true. It may be a right or wrong thing to bring the Great Western works to Oxford, but it has seemed most wonderful to me to place them near Port Meadow, so notorious for its floodings.”

After speaking of the “ambulatory examiners” whom Oxford was then beginning to send to the grammar-schools, he continued—

“What you said of Hawkins made me muse. I suspect he is just what he was. It is not defect of temper, unless he has altered with age, but a determination to reduce the tutor’s work to the mechanical carrying out of a paper system of his own, allowing no free judgment or action to those who have the real work; this it is which has ruined the prospects of the college, and that for more than thirty years.—  
Very sincerely yours,                    JOHN H. NEWMAN.”

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The following was, I think, the last note that I received from him :—

“THE ORATORY, *July 16, 1879.*

“MY DEAR ARNOLD,—Don't suppose I was neglectful of your kind letter of April 18 because I have left it so long unanswered. But, when it was written, I was between Paris and Turin, and I have been so busy, so ill, and so oppressed with arrears of work since, that I left many friendly letters unanswered, and yours in the number.

“It is a strange phenomenon which we heard at the Vatican, that the Pope had been deluged with letters from England by Protestants, stating their satisfaction at his having promoted me.—Ever yours affectly.,  
JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.”

In April 1888 I was in Birmingham, and called at the Oratory. The Cardinal's quarters were now on the ground floor. He received me with the greatest kindness, and we had a long conversation, chiefly on the Irish University question. I noticed then, and not for the first time, how much more distinguished his features had become, for regularity, dignity, and even beauty, since he had become a very old man. There was not the least sign in his talk of the infirmities of age. When I rose to go, I spoke of the pleasure it had given me to find him in such comparatively good health and strength.

He replied with a smile, "But you know, Arnold, I am so *very* old."

In 1890 I was at the funeral service celebrated for him in the old Oratory church at Brompton. Bishop Clifford preached; a large number of Protestants were present.

### THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

For many years, as was but natural, I have followed with lively interest the movement in Ireland to obtain for the majority of the population an institute of higher education—a university such as they could in honour and conscience accept;—and if what I have myself written on the subject has fallen mournfully flat, it is unfortunately true that the far weightier assaults which the ablest Irishmen have made from time to time on the citadel of British intolerance and racial aversion have not fared much better. To name only two of these assaults: the Archbishop of Dublin published in 1898 an excellent historical summary of the question, showing how often hopes of a satisfactory settlement had been held out by a British ministry only to be blasted in the end; and the Bishop of Limerick, at the beginning of 1899, gave to the world through the *Nineteenth Century* an eminently able and reasonable paper, defining the demands of the Irish Catholic people with regard to the higher education, and proving that the common English objection, that a university in Ireland for Catholics would be unduly

subject to ecclesiastical influence, was a mere bugbear. But so far all has been in vain. The Duke of Devonshire has since spoken. He has intimated that he has not thought upon the subject for several years ; in fact it does not interest him ; and he does not believe that it seriously interests the government. The Duke, as the head of the Liberal Unionist section of the government, speaks of course with considerable authority.

In short it comes to this : Irish Catholics desire to have a university of their own—one under the management of their trusted friends and representatives, and giving free expression to ideas which they hold precious. The British majority in the constituencies says, “No, you shall have nothing of the kind ; the only university to which we will consent for you must be of the type of Trinity College ; it must represent *our* ideas, not yours.” Here the matter stands at present. It has been often observed that, if the British majority perseveres in this attitude, one of the main grounds for the rejection of Home Rule by England and Scotland in 1886 ceases to exist. Those who then voted down Home Rule protested that Ireland could obtain as much from a parliament sitting in Westminster as from one sitting in Dublin. Now there is no doubt that one of the objects which the Irish majority have most at heart is the establishment of a university in which they can place confidence. It is also certain that a parliament sitting in Dublin would promptly give them such a university. If then

the parliament at Westminster refuses it, this is merely a proof that Ireland is governed by force, and against the deliberate wish and choice, in the case of a most important interest, of the great majority of her people. "But what then?" say the enemies of Ireland. "Ireland can *do* nothing against the enormous British superiority in voting power; and all that we need apprehend is another period of sterile agitation, parliamentary obstruction, and so forth." The reasoning is not very moral; but it is backed at present by immensely preponderant material force. It is for England to decide whether—considering the fact that she is certainly not loved anywhere in Europe (except in Italy, and there on purely selfish grounds), and that many dangerous questions are in the air, such treatment of a people on whom her military strength still largely depends, is prudent, or even safe.

An attempt has been recently made to suggest that there is no intrinsic strength in the Catholic demand for a university. Two articles have recently appeared, one in the *Contemporary Review* for May, under the signature "Voces Catholicæ," the other in the *Nineteenth Century* for the same month, by Mr. William Gibson. This last is an honest and genuine, but not very wise endeavour, on the part of one who has lately joined the Church, to point out faults of administration which, in the writer's judgment, interfere with the just freedom of thought and investigation necessary for Catholic professors. The other must be described

very differently. "Voces Catholicæ" are the voices of wolves in sheep's clothing ; their opinions and advice are those of enemies of Holy Church, not of friends. Is it to be supposed that a real Catholic would write, "The church would seem to have built tunnels from her hell-proof rock to all the kingdoms of the world once offered to Christ by Satan, and to be now undergoing some of the painful consequences" (p. 630). Or as at p. 645 : "Ultramontanism, which has been in vogue [that is, favoured by the Holy See] for the past thirty years, is to Catholicism what the mistletoe is to the oak. It thrives on the life-juices of religion, and dries up the strength-giving sap of scientific truth." "Voces" appear to be two writers, one who knows a great deal of the recent internal history of the Catholic university at Washington, and another who is in like manner acquainted with the disputes which have arisen in the revived Catholic university at Fribourg. The writers pronounce both these universities to be "failures"; ascribing their ill success chiefly to despotic and ill-judged interference from Rome ; and they draw the conclusion that while the central government of the Church is administered as it is, no Catholic university can possibly succeed. It is much to be wished that some writer or writers, possessed of a knowledge of the facts equal to that of the reviewers, should take the subject up and inform us, *not under the veil of the anonymous*, how much credit is to be given to their facts, how much trust reposed in their inferences. Meantime the circumstance that

they have not a word to say about the University of Louvain is surely curious. A university which has some sixty professors and seventeen hundred students on its rolls—since the mention of it would not serve their purpose, which is to defame Catholic universities as such,—is quietly passed over *sub silentio*.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Gibson's dread of the harm which the freedom of investigation and instruction in Catholic institutions sustains, or may sustain, from Jesuit influence is doubtless genuine. But members of the society have begun to remind him<sup>2</sup>—and other Catholic writers are sure to enforce the same thing—that while the Church will not allow Catholic professors to teach under her auspices, *as true*, propositions either in theology or in science which are not yet fully established, and the premature inculcation of which might be mischievous to the weak, she encourages them in absolute freedom

<sup>1</sup> Since the above was written I have received, through the kindness of Father David Fleming of St. Antonio, the great Franciscan college in Rome, the number of the *Civiltà Cattolica* for the 17th June last. It contains an article under the heading "L'Americanismo difeso da due detrattori della Santa Sede." These are the writers of the articles mentioned in the text. The defender of the Holy See chiefly devotes himself to the task of justifying the exercise of the pontifical authority in claiming to guide into safe, and warn from dangerous paths, those who enter upon difficult speculations, and desire to influence the higher teaching in universities, no less than those who communicate the lower grades of instruction in primary and secondary schools. This he does with ability and thoroughness, and in a way which should be entirely satisfactory to Catholics, although it will not please or convince those who in scientific and philosophical subjects claim to go their own way, and to put aside the guiding hand of religion. As to the special indictments brought in by the reviewers, this writer says nothing about the state of the Washington University, which is indeed, notoriously, on the whole, one of prosperity and advance; respecting Fribourg, he refers his readers to a pamphlet published there last year, *Die Universität Freiburg in der Schweiz und ihre Kritiker*.

<sup>2</sup> See *The Month* for June 1899; art. on "Scientific Research."

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of investigation, and in the statement, *as hypotheses*, of the conclusions at which they may arrive. Something like this was the language used by Cardinal Bellarmine in the case of Galileo.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *La Question de Galilée*, by M. E. Epinois, of which a summary is given in the article on Galileo in the "Catholic Dictionary."

## CHAPTER X

Journey to Sweden—The Göta Canal—The falls of Trollhättan—Lakes Wener and Wetter—Stockholm—Swedish sculptors—Swedish scenery—Wadstena and St. Brigit—Attitude of Swedish Lutherans towards Catholicism—Visit to Upsala—Its Cathedral—Its University.

THE latest wanderings of the writer have a certain flavour of pilgrimage, and, so regarded, may deserve a brief record.

He desired to visit the earthly home of St. Brigit of Sweden, and the place where her bones were laid. Sweden, which in the days of St. Brigit was a Catholic land, and loyally devoted to the Church, is now overspread with Lutheranism; it has for the basis of its state religion not the decrees of Trent, but the Confession of Augsburg. In the fourteenth century there were seven Swedish sees—Upsala, Linköping, Skara, Strängnäs, Åbo, Västerås, and Åbo. Under Gustavus Vasa the victorious heresy swept all these away, or rather captured them in the interest of its own sustentation and advancement. A few struggling congregations at Stockholm represent nearly all that is left of the religious network, which in the course of seven centuries the prayers of saints and the labours of prelates had drawn over the whole land. According to the "Statesman's Year Book" for 1899, in a country the

population of which exceeds five millions, the number of Swedish Catholics is but 1390.

On the afternoon of the 30th July 1898, the steamer *Ariosto*, of the Wilson Line to Göteborg, put to sea from Hull, under a settled summer sky and with a fair wind. The weather had been stormy for some days previously, and after we had cleared the Humber and were tossing on the restless waves of the North Sea, which was almost as blue as the Mediterranean, a few of the passengers succumbed, but the greater number felt no discomfort. I shared a cabin with a member of parliament, who intended to proceed straight to Stockholm, and thence to St. Petersburg, and hoped to travel a long way on the Trans-Siberian railway, and even, if possible, reach Vladivostok. An interesting book may be expected as the final result of this journey, but it has not, so far as I know, given any sign of life as yet.

My own aims were humbler and more limited. I wished to visit the tomb of St. Brigit of Sweden, and to make myself acquainted, so far as my opportunities would allow, with the scenes amidst which she moved during her early life in her native land. For a secondary object I wished to go over the ground about Röskilde in the Danish island of Zealand, where the best critics, German and Scandinavian, are agreed in locating the main adventure in the Anglo-Saxon poem of *Beowulf*. Whether the site of "Heorot" can be definitely fixed is still a moot point, and I wished to form an opinion for myself.

For the whole of Sunday, 31st July, the *Ariosto* ran on with a fair wind, the sunshine being tempered by light clouds. Many vessels, none of them very large, were sighted, most of them bearing west. About eight P.M. the Skaw light appeared on the starboard bow, a beautiful white quick-flashing luminant; it was abreast of us at 9.40. Captain Wilson (a Swedish friend of the captain) said that we should be at Göteborg by eight o'clock the next morning. Still the brisk south-wester held, and soon after five A.M., 1st August, land came in sight on both sides, and we entered the Göteborg fiord, a tract of sea thick-set with islands and jutting rocks, through which the ship channel was carefully marked and buoyed. Gradually the hills—not high, but rough, bare, and heathery, much like those between Kendal and Bowness—closed in on each side, and the fiord changed into the stream of the Göta-Elf river, which flows down from the great Wener Lake. By seven A.M. the *Ariosto* was made fast to the custom-house quay at Göteborg, having thus accomplished the passage of the North Sea in thirty-nine hours.

Of Göteborg—a large, straggling, rather handsome town, founded by the great Gustav Adolf, and said to be commercially prosperous—the most noteworthy recollection that I retain is of the bronze statue of the founder in the principal square. Gustavus stands erect, with head raised high; a noble magnanimous countenance; over his armour flows the “military vest” of Milton. Perhaps the vest was meant to signify, not

so much the military as the administrative triumphs of the great reforming king.

The Göta Canal, passing across southern Sweden from Göteborg to Stockholm, joining the North Sea to the Baltic, and piercing the great lakes of the interior, Wenern and Wetter, is a fine engineering achievement. It was designed, and in part constructed, so far back as the fifteenth century; but a Swedish noble, the Count Baltzar van Platen, who died in 1829, is justly credited with the principal share of the work. He died before its completion, but his countrymen have taken care that he shall not be forgotten. Near Mötna on Lake Wetter is a grove of alders and beeches, close to the canal; within it, or rather just backed by the trees, may be seen a vast block of unhewn stone, some sixteen feet high, roughly rounded at the top, and bearing upon it only the words, in large gold letters,

P L A T E N S  
G R A F

A more impressive and suitable monument could not be imagined.

Opposite Göteborg is the island of Hisingen, which lies between the two forks of the Göta-Elf, the parting of the streams being at Kongelf, a pretty town on the right bank, some twelve miles above Göteborg. Here, in an expansion of the river, are the island and old ruined castle of Bohuslan. For nearly forty miles the full stream of the Göta-Elf, flowing directly south-

ward, constitutes the canal, and is only in one place, I think—Lilla Edet—so rapid as not to be easily ascended by the steamer; here the difficulty is overcome by a lock of moderate height. The population on the banks is thin. As evening drew on the roaring of waterfalls ahead was heard, and, approaching the cataract of Trollhättan, the steamer ranged up to the right bank, and commenced the ascent of the thirteen locks by which the altitude of the falls (108 feet) is surmounted. The immense force and volume of water, the beauty of the snow-white quivering foamy *wreaths*, so to speak, which fill the whole bed of the struggling transfigured river, the impression of fury and inevitableness, the stunning clamorous din, make these falls extremely notable. By them the pent-up waters of the Wener Lake, and the great stretch of lowland draining into it from the north, are released, and let down to the sea-bordering plain.

At Wenerborg the canal enters the Wener Lake, passing through which for fifty miles in a northeasterly direction, the steamer again takes to the canal, the water of which is here very muddy, and rising by many locks attains the summit-level in the pretty Lake Wiken. On issuing from this lake one reaches the first lock of the descending series, and soon comes to the Wetter, the level of which above the sea is 145 feet above that of the Wener. For some time the boat is imprisoned in a narrow bay, and only after leaving this the main body of the lake, which extends eighty miles in a NNE. and SSW. direction, and is

vexed by continual gales, is entered. Its rolling angry waves remind one of the Lake of Garda and Virgil's well-known line,<sup>1</sup> but the rough water is confined to the middle waters of the lake, a strip of about ten miles wide, which being passed, those of the passengers who had been disconcerted by the sea-like pitching and rolling recovered their equanimity.

The beautiful Wadstena bay (Vadstenaviken) which the boat, arrived on the eastern shore, now enters, is classic ground to all Swedes on account of its association with the name and work of the national saint, St. Brigit. On this subject more will have to be said presently. After touching at Wadstena, the boat proceeds to Mötna, ten miles higher up the lake, and there it again enters the canal. Presently Lake Boren is traversed, on a promontory in which is the ancient manor-house of Ulfasa, formerly possessed by Ulf or Ulpho, the husband of St. Brigit. To Boren succeeds the beautiful Roxen Lake, about six miles long, set round with wooded hills of graceful outline. Away to the south is the lofty spire of Linköping Cathedral, the principal church of the diocese to which St. Brigit belonged after her marriage. Here we are in the heart of East Gotland, that is, of the old land of the Ostrogoths; the native name to this day is Östergötland, or Ostrogoths' land. Passing on my return through Linköping, I recognised the superior fertility and desirableness of all this tract of country, of which Baedeker says: "The fertile plain of Wadstena

<sup>1</sup> "Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino."

around Skeninge, Wadstena, and Linköping, contains the oldest towns in Sweden, many châteaux, and large factories."<sup>1</sup> From the Roxen Lake a broad but rather winding valley brings the canal, by a continual downward gradient, first to the pretty town of Söderköping, then to the port of Mem, where it loses itself in the waves of the Baltic. Mem is a great dépôt for timber.

Here for the first time I saw the Baltic—a sea nearly tideless, of which the water is brackish, not salt—but on this sunny day sparkling with a thousand little breaking waves, and very blue and clear. This was its aspect, not at first, for at Mem it is merely seen as a narrow fiord, but after the shores of this fiord had broken and withdrawn themselves, so as to form an archipelago of wooded islands, with the water continually displacing and gaining ground upon the land. These islands are generally covered with pine woods, and rise to a uniform height above the sea. Rocks usually girdle them round, but these rocks have nearly always a smooth, rounded, and somewhat tame appearance, owing, of course, to the long friction between them and the ice-robe which covered Sweden all through the glacial period, and (I suppose) to much later times.

About twenty miles from Mem we passed the harbour of Oxelösund, not far from the important town of Nyköping. This, the captain said, was one of the best harbours in south Sweden, being freed from ice in the spring sooner than the neighbouring

<sup>1</sup> "Norway and Sweden," p. 268 (1892).

havens. Ice, he added, did not begin to block up the Swedish harbours before January.

The run amongst the islands fringing the Baltic was enjoyable, and yet withal a little monotonous. The trees that clothed the shores were always pines; the land varied little in height; there were no mountains to be seen, not even considerable hills. The rocks everywhere—smoothened by their ice-discipline—had a disarmed and inoffensive aspect. However, the last portion of the run, through Lake Mälär, is said to be the most interesting; but this the gathering darkness did not allow us to see. It was within an hour of midnight when we reached the steamer pier at Stockholm. The last appearance of the canal was at Södertelge, where a lock raised the navigation from the level of the sea to that of the Mälär.

Although I did not remain long enough at Stockholm to see the place thoroughly, and had no particular motive for doing so, I cannot help saying that it produced on me the impression of a beautiful and prosperous capital, inhabited by an active and gifted race. Its situation is singular and striking. In the middle of the city, between King Oscar's Palace and the Hotel Rydberg, a turbulent but not turbid river, the Norr-ström, rushes from west to east beneath a bridge of four arches, carrying evermore the waters of the Lake Mälär to the Salt-sjö or Baltic. Bays and islands, some of which are beautifully wooded, meet the eye to the east and south-east. The street architecture is often bold and striking, although its

most distinguished specimen, the royal palace—a square edifice of only moderate height but vast extension—has no attribute to recommend it but massiveness. The Riddar-hus, however, or Swedish House of Lords, is a chamber of striking and dignified aspect; moreover, it has witnessed many great historic scenes. From its windows you look out on the statue of the wise Oxenstiern. Here Gustavus Adolphus, in 1630, delivered his famous speech to his nobles on setting out to join his army, and to fight and fall in the Thirty Years' War; and here, two years later, came the tidings of his death, when fealty was sworn to his daughter Christina.

It is especially in sculpture that the Swedes have attained to high European distinction, and they thoroughly deserve it. In several of their kings there has been the true heroic temper; and when this is so, a noble people forgives in its rulers much that has been foolish, frantic, or even harmful to the commonwealth, if they have shown high courage and a true love of country. Sculptors have always been found in Sweden who could worthily interpret these generous impulses in the people. The gardens called the "Kungsträdgård" (King's Garden) contain two statues of kings. One is that of Charles XIII., a standing figure; the face is expressive of intelligence and grave resolution, but not otherwise remarkable. The other, nearer the sea, is a bronze statue of Charles XII., the hero of Narva. Tall and erect he stands, in his buttoned and belted uniform coat; yet

it is not so much the face of an army-leader as the glowing countenance of an enthusiast and a poet, about to march forth to battle, and to become a theme for immortal verse. His drawn sword is in his right hand; with his outstretched left hand he is beckoning to some far-off point—as if to “marshal them the way that he was going”—for the guidance of his troops. Yet, as one closely scans the face, one would say that the sculptor knew he was portraying the features of a man who had little knowledge of human nature, a dogged obstinacy, and no humour. Involuntarily one compares the face with that of the great Fritz (Frederic II.), in whom were concentrated all those qualities, leading to supreme success in war and government, which here are lacking.

Not far from the statues of the kings, amidst trees, with a fountain playing before it, is the bronze figure of Berzelius the great chemist. He is enveloped in a thick heavy mantle, the stoic fur of the philosopher, and the face and whole pose indicate the union of perseverance and intelligence which belongs to such conquerors in the field of science.

The ordinary scenery in south Sweden is quite unlike that of western Europe, and although sometimes monotonous, has a singular charm of its own. The country is varied by continual rise and fall of the ground, but it is in few places mountainous or even hilly; the lower slopes are cleared and cultivated; swamps and bogs abound; seldom does one travel five miles straight on in any direction without coming to

a lake; the upper slopes are clothed with pine forest, diversified with birch and beech. An immense area of land in Sweden would require thorough draining before it could be of any economic value; that it remains undrained is a proof, I suppose, that the expense would exceed the profit that could be expected.

At the beginning of this chapter it was mentioned that the writer's principal object in going to Sweden was to visit the tomb and the *incunabula* of St. Brigit. Leaving the steamer, I stayed at Wadstena on my journey across the country, wandered through the aisles of the great "Blue Church," once the church of a famous abbey founded by the saint, and sat for a long time on the shore of the Wadstenaviken, a bay of the Wetter lake. It seemed to me that the mental attitude of the modern Swedes towards St. Brigit curiously resembled their mental attitude towards Catholicism in general. They love her, are proud of her, account her one of the chief glories of the nation, and are always writing about her. At the same time they, in the pride of their Lutheran and Teutonic steadfastness, assign her to a system hopelessly outworn, to a period of which the ideals have ceased to interest mankind, and of which the faith is partially obsolete, and insusceptible of development. In fact, the Swedish Lutherans regard the Roman Church much as those German Protestants do, whose predecessors founded the Gustav-Adolf Verein many years ago, and who, since the erection of the new German Empire, have enunciated their principles with a confidence which experi-

ence seems to them to justify. Teutonism in Luther, say they, worked out the freedom of the intellect and the responsibility of the individual ; again, the Teutonic mind, trained by German science elaborated at the universities, has, in the crash and collision with the mind and arm of the Latin nations which have remained under the tutelage of Rome, come out victorious in the contest, and raised the Teutonic race, not intellectually only, but politically also, to the undoubted headship of Europe.

In this line of argument there are weak points which it would be easy for a Catholic opponent to seize and expose. That is a matter of course ; but my design was not to start a controversy, but only to attempt an adumbration of that state of thought among the Swedish Lutherans which has made, and still makes, them so confident in the strength of their religious position, and so deaf to every voice which would recall them towards Rome.

This however is not the whole account of the attitude of the Swedes towards Catholicism. Politically they are more intolerant towards it than English and Scotch Protestants ; but religiously they are less so. Politically the Catholics have no power, no voice, in the Riksdag or national assembly. They are not now persecuted, but the government leaves them severely alone ; no aid is given them in building or maintaining their schools ; still less have they a chance of obtaining any such partial recognition as the paid Catholic chaplaincies, in hospitals, prisons, &c., imply in the

United Kingdom. The reason of this is easily understood ; Sweden has no Catholic sub-kingdom attached to it and sending members to its parliament, the representatives from which are always pleading, and justly pleading, that a share in the bounty of the State should be allotted to their constituents. There is no Swedish Ireland ; Norway, indeed, is under the same king, but the parliaments of the two countries are separate. In the Swedish Riksdag the Lutherans have things all their own way. Not only do the Catholics receive no Government aid, but they are even taxed towards the support of the Lutheran churches and schools. Pastor Lieber, who has the charge of the principal Catholic church in Stockholm, complained of this as a grievous injustice.<sup>1</sup> But while, politically, the Protestant majority in Sweden thus reduces the Catholics to the level of an insignificant sect, they are far more just and reasonable towards Catholicism, considered as a religion, than is the Protestant majority in England. The Englishman is seldom satisfied with an indecisive victory ; he likes to exterminate his opponent ; or, if that is impossible, to strip him of character and credit, and contrast his own virtue and generosity with the supposed vices of his fallen foe.<sup>2</sup>

The Swedish Lutherans display milder feelings. This may be illustrated by an account of their bearing toward St. Brigit. In the *trésor* of the Cathedral at

<sup>1</sup> Pastor Lieber is the brother of the well-known Dr. Lieber, the leader of the Centre party in the German Reichsrath.

<sup>2</sup> Few pages of English post-Reformation history fail to furnish some illustration of these tendencies.

Upsala, which now belongs to the Lutherans, St. Brigit's apron, bearing upon it the insignia of the Order of the Saviour which she founded, is kept as a relic. In the same cathedral a painted window in the north aisle, presented by Oscar, the present king, exhibits the saint standing, of the size of life, dressed in the black habit of her order, and with the widow's coif on her head. It is impossible to imagine Queen Victoria similarly presenting Canterbury Cathedral with a window representing St. Thomas à Becket in full canonicals; the shock which such an act would inflict on the Protestant feeling of the country could not safely be disregarded. Again, the restoration of the old Abbey church at Wadstena, built about the end of the fourteenth century on the site of the original church which had been burnt, is now being carried on with great magnificence at the cost of three public bodies—the government, the province, and the town.<sup>1</sup> This fact will help to explain the expressions of Dr. Sellin, one of the many sympathetic Lutheran biographers of St. Brigit.<sup>2</sup> "Birgitta," he says (p. 21), "is beyond question one of the most illustrious personalities of her period. Only ill-will can deny her genuine personal piety and moral superiority. All her life was a life spent in unwearying struggle and glowing charity." And after praising her powerful style, he adds, "Birgitta's memory may in her native land be honoured for this reason also, that she, perhaps more

<sup>1</sup> This I learnt from Pastor Lieber.

<sup>2</sup> "Vadstena, Omberg, Alvastra," by Dr. Erik Sellin, Vadstena.

than any one else, made the Swedish name known and honoured in foreign countries."

Other evidences of the comparative mildness of Swedish feeling towards the ancient faith may be found in such facts as the following. In the *trésor* of Upsala Cathedral is preserved and shown a large gilt cross, together with a chalice, given by Pope Alexander III. to the first Catholic archbishop of the see. Are any such memorials of Catholic times preserved in any English church? If they are, I never heard of them. The Lollard temper—deaf and blind to the things of beauty—inspired the English Reformers, and they made a clean sweep. In the same cathedral at Upsala is shown the splendid shrine of St. Erik; on the altar is a crucifix, and behind the altar is a large memorial tablet, erected to the memory of Archbishop Jakob Ulfesson (1421–1521), the last Catholic archbishop of the see.

Of the shrine and my visit to it little need be said, for, as will be seen, there is an uncertainty surrounding it. It was a brilliant morning on the 4th August, and leaving the hotel I found my way to the "Blue Church," so called from the colour of the stone of which it is built, and to distinguish it from the older "Red Church," of which only the tower now remains. It stands very near to the bay of Lake Wetter already mentioned, across which is seen a long promontory diversified with woods, houses, and cultivated fields.

Entering the church I found it full of workmen

and in great disarray. After much trouble I was directed by a workman to the street where the "Klockare" or sexton lived. This was a young man, or rather a youth, Bengt Bengtsson by name, with whom, as he spoke a little German, conversation was possible. The floor of the church is nearly covered with tombstones; among which is that of the English Philippa, daughter of our Henry IV. and married to Eric of Pomerania, King of Sweden; the inscription shows that she died in 1430. Of many other gravestones of persons of note an account may be seen in Dr. Sellin's "Vadstena." In a rude temporary shed on the north side of the church are what are said to be the relics of St. Brigit and St. Catherine her daughter. There is an iron outer chest, shaped like an ark; within this, and of similar shape, is an inner chest, heavily chased with gold. My guide unlocked the outer, and opened the inner chest, to which there appeared to be no fastening of any kind. Within were two skulls and a quantity of bones. One of the skulls, which was much discoloured, was said by the Klockare to be that of St. Catherine, the other to be that of St. Brigit herself. The bones he considered to belong to both saints indiscriminately.

When I was in Stockholm I informed Pastor Lieber, who has been already mentioned, of what I had seen, and he at once said that these relics were "certainly not genuine," and that it was quite unknown if the real relics existed, or where they were.

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Dr. Sellin (p. 40) states that the relics now shown were formerly kept in the Royal Museum of Antiquities, but were given by Gustavus III. (1771-1792) to the Wadstena church. He mentions the belief of the Swedish Catholics that they are not genuine, and adds, "Swedish writers declare, some that the bones of Brigit and Catherine were secretly buried by order of Karl IX. (1600-1611), others that they were carried away to Poland in 1608 by Lars Rolamb." Whether the subject has been ever seriously taken up by any writer, Swedish or foreign, I do not know; but it is evident that if the exact truth is to be ever ascertained a searching inquiry is needed.

What is certain about the relics is this. The saint died at Rome on the 23rd July 1373, soon after her return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, in which she had been accompanied by three out of her eight children. Reports of miracles were soon spread, and the desire became universal among the Swedes that the bones of their saint should be translated to her native land. The body had been first interred in the Church of San Lorenzo di Panisperna. Before the end of 1373 it was taken thence, and given into the charge of the saint's daughter, St. Catherine, for removal to Sweden. An arm was left in the convent of Panisperna, of which a small portion was sent by Gregory XVI. to the new Vicar Apostolic, and is now in Sweden.<sup>1</sup> After a long and difficult transit, the remains were landed at Söderköping

<sup>1</sup> Pastor Lieber is here my informant.

in 1374 and finally buried at Wadstena in the same year.

The prospects of Catholicism in Sweden do not appear to be brilliant, but one must not forget or underestimate the recuperative power of the true faith :

“*Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit.*”

In England, little more than a hundred years ago, the number of Catholics in the kingdom was estimated by the Catholics themselves at less than 70,000 souls.<sup>1</sup> Since then there has been an increase of perhaps nineteen or twenty fold. Those who live twenty years may see a Milner or a Wiseman come forth from among the Swedish Catholic clergy, and some gifted Lutheran minister, like another Newman, may bring division and intellectual confusion to the ranks which he has begun by encouraging. The noble Cathedral of Linköping, in which St. Brigit, who belonged to the diocese, used often to pray, may be destined to look down upon a happier sight than the “Blood-bath” of 1600, when the adherents of the last Catholic reaction, under King Sigismund, were beheaded on the city market-place. Yet no one who is at all familiar with Swedish history would think of raising his hopes very high. There is the general presumption, first, against the restoration to the Church of a people that has deliberately renounced her obedience. Again, life in Sweden is hard; the winter is long; the summer not hot enough; the soil

<sup>1</sup> Husenbeth's “Life of Milner,” speaking of 1780.

ungrateful. When a revolution has displaced to a large extent the ancient holders of property, and placed the sources of whatever wealth the country yields under the control of the adherents of a single sect, whose position severe laws are passed to confirm, that sect, if left unmolested for several generations, attains a fixity of tenure of which it is waste of time to expect a near or natural termination. The synod of Upsala in 1593 adopted Luther's Catechism and Peterson's Manual as a standard of doctrine, cast off absolutely the papal authority, and altered the ritual in a Lutheran sense. The estates met at Upsala in 1594, confirmed what the synod had decreed, and developed its temporal consequences. "No Catholic was to be thenceforth capable of filling any office in Sweden; whosoever should embrace the Catholic faith or permit his children to be educated therein was to lose his rights of citizenship; Catholics might reside in the kingdom if they conducted themselves peaceably, but no Catholic service should be performed except in the king's chapel."<sup>1</sup> Such was the Swedish law till past the middle of the present century. The state of things thence resulting may be imagined from the simple statistics given at p. 212. However, there is much activity now among the Catholics at Stockholm; Pastor E. Benelius has published in a very attractive form a Swedish translation of the Vulgate New Testament; of "Bönboker," or prayer-books, there is no lack; and the

<sup>1</sup> Geijer's "History of the Swedes" (Turner's translation), p. 186.

winning and commanding memory of St. Brigit claims more and more attention in all civilised countries.

The most northern point of Sweden that I reached was Upsala, some forty miles north of Stockholm. Thither I proceeded by an early train on the 8th August. The country through which the railway passes is of the same character as that which I have ascribed to the scenery of South Sweden generally; but before one reaches Upsala, the ranges sink into an immense plain, in the middle of which is the famous city. It did not appear to be a stirring place of trade or business; but it is justly proud of its long history, its cathedral, and its university. The cathedral, which dates from the fourteenth century, is of pointed architecture, and reminds one of many a cathedral in France, except that its dimensions are small (360 feet long), and that it is built of brick. I have already spoken of its *trésor*, and of the painted window representing St. Brigit. A Catholic can only gaze with profound melancholy at the series of frescoes in the choir representing the varied and singular career of Gustavus Vasa, who, like Robert Bruce, delivered his native land from her foreign oppressors (the Danes), but marred her long and bright religious history by suppressing the monasteries, and handing over her children for a prey to the heresy of Luther.

From the Cathedral I walked towards the University, the buildings of which are near at hand. An Oxford friend, Mr. F. C. Conybeare, had given me a card of introduction to one of the professors, Herr

Andersen. As I lingered under the north wall of the Cathedral, doubtful what it was best to do, a student with a frank and pleasant cast of countenance passed by. I spoke to him—at first in Swedish, but with such poor success, that I presently changed to German, which he spoke about equally well, or equally ill, with myself—and from that time our companionship prospered greatly. The kindness of my new friend, whose name I found was Herr Sandberg, was untiring. After inquiry, he found that Professor Andersen, who was then acting librarian, and had full charge of the University Library, was not expected to arrive for half-an-hour or more; so he proposed a visit to the new University buildings. These include a noble suite of Faculty halls, lecture-rooms, museums, laboratories, and so on. Each Faculty hall showed a massive table in oak and morocco leather, with brass fittings, proportionate in length to the number of professors in that Faculty. Chairs of suitable design were ranged along both sides of the table, and at its head was a raised seat of somewhat greater dignity for the Dean of the Faculty. At the back of each seat was a brass plate, inscribed with the official title of the chair to whose occupants it was appropriated. After this the student took me to the Museums, or some of them, and through the quadrangles. Altogether the impression made was that of a seat of learning solidly established, splendidly equipped, and scientifically organised, so as most effectually to promote the advancement of learning.

Herr Sandberg now brought me to the University Library, a lofty building standing apart, of grave and impressive architecture. The Assistant Librarian, with whom I conversed in French, was extremely affable, and after a delay of a few minutes Professor Andersen made his appearance. He speaks English perfectly, and on my presenting Conybeare's card, was most cordial. He showed me all the principal departments of the Library, but to go into details would be wearisome. It is enough, in this connection, to say that I took into my hands the famous *Codex Argenteus*, a MS. written in letters of silver on purple vellum, and containing the principal portion of what is left of the Mæso-gothic version of the Scriptures, made by Bishop Ulfila in the fourth century. This MS. was brought from Prague to Stockholm by Count Königsmark, the commander of the Swedish garrison of the former city, at the end of the Thirty Years' War.

## CHAPTER XI

Visit to Rome—Grandeur of the site—The true 'capital of Italy—  
Services rendered by the Popes—Necessity for a just peace.

ROME ! what is there—what is there not—in that one word ? It sums up all that is most glorious, precious, or terrible in history, all that is most architectonic in art, and all that is most memorable and lesson-giving in the fates of individuals. It stands on a site grander, if not more beautiful, than that of Athens, for it points to empire by land, while the site of Athens at most was suited to a supremacy at sea. Paris and Constantinople have both imperial sites, but they lack the sublime dignity of a guardian wall of mountains.

Never having been at Rome before till the present year (1899), and my visit being limited to three weeks, I need hardly say that of what Rome has to teach and show, I learnt and saw very little indeed. Still, the public-school and university teaching of England is not without its value ; it had given to me, as to so many, a certain familiarity with the life and literature of republican and imperial Rome, and trained me to note quickly the illustrations of both which I saw on the spot. Nor was I so ignorant of the history of Christian Rome—the Rome of the popes—as would have been the case if I had first visited the city thirty

years ago. It has therefore seemed worth while to conclude these passages from a restless and unprofitable life with an account of the chief impressions left on my mind by this flying visit to the seat of the one success which earth has still to show, the perduring existence and activity, in spite of miseries and misfortunes of all kinds, of that see of St. Peter which was founded at Rome in the days of the Emperor Claudius.<sup>1</sup>

Reluctantly, yet with full conviction, I arrived at the belief, very soon after reaching Rome, that it is now impossible for the lay people of united Italy, (if it be assumed that the Italian kingdom will endure,) to consent to the installation of any other Italian city as the capital of that kingdom. In the first place, it is more central than any other. Also, it is a place of transcendent historical importance and interest. The charm, the unspeakable attraction, with which it is invested, are felt alike by all educated men, whether Agnostics or Christians; and it is impossible to conceive that it will ever be surrendered by Italy except at the point of the bayonet. It is the general rendezvous of the world's artists and archæologists. It is the religious metropolis of mankind, in the sense of being the radiating centre of *one*, not of a hundred religions. The *sectarian* supremacy of the world may be awarded to London or Philadelphia, for in these, owing to the fissiparous character of their congregations, hundreds of new sects are certain to rise before

<sup>1</sup> According to Eusebius.

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the end of the twentieth century. It may be said that this process is beginning, even in Rome. But it is not really so ; to whatever extent the governing classes are infidel, they do not, as a general rule, desire the propagation either of infidelity or heresy. Despised, politically and socially impotent, without learning or large material resources, the sects and schisms now in Rome are more likely to die away than to thrive and spread.

The great difficulty for the Italian laity of course is that the popes are there before them ; the Papacy has been more or less sovereign, in and around Rome, at least since the time of Gregory the Great. To drive the Papacy out of Rome, though not difficult, would be a deed unjust and ignominious ; and to fly in the face of justice does no permanent good to any people. The huge ingratitude of the act would deeply stir the European conscience. For whence came that transcendent historical and political importance which is one of the chief reasons why Italy cannot consent to have any capital but Rome ? Was it not from this ? that the popes have ever toiled and striven, even to blood, to keep Rome Rome ; to prevent her from falling under the power of the Hohenstaufen, or the Luxemburgers, or the house of Valois, or the house of Bourbon, or the great Napoleon ? Having thus remained herself—retained her self-conscious identity—Rome has never lost her political importance in Europe. Why is she the rendezvous of the world's artists ? Again it was in a great measure the popes' doing, of whom so large

a proportion, for the greater glory of religion, have for centuries gathered together and worthily housed objects of beauty of many kinds, to say nothing of the immortal works of art produced under their auspices in Rome itself. Why is she the religious metropolis of mankind? Because the popes, the successors of St. Peter, have watched over Christendom, as the chief shepherds of the flock, during eighteen centuries and a half. They have preserved the Church such as she came from St. Peter's hands, and from those of his Lord—

One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,  
Entire—one solid shining diamond :

In doing so they have laid the Italian people under an inestimable obligation, in that they have treasured up in their midst that legacy of the past—in the shape of monuments of thought, sublimity, and beauty—which nations rejecting the Church have squandered or lost. The wildest republican cannot think that what foreigners come to see and to revere in Rome has anything to do with Mazzini or his theories; the most convinced Socialist knows that the triumph of Socialism at Monte Citorio would revolt and not attract the neighbouring nations.

On what lines a concordat between Italy and the Papacy could or should be arranged, it does not fall to an ignorant traveller like myself to say a single word. But if there is any force in the above general considerations, they surely suggest that *some* moderate compromise must be capable of attainment, by which

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what is equitable in modern demands might be reconciled with a just and natural conservatism, and regard for the historic rights of the Papacy.

### § 1.

The city, the mountains, and the Campagna, from San Montorio.

THE stage upon which the world-drama typified by the name of Rome has been, and is being, played, is best understood by means of a visit to the terrace in front of the church of San Pietro in Montorio on the Janiculan hill. We were there on the 1st of May; it was a perfect afternoon—sunny, clear, and cool. The city lay at our feet across the Tiber; the Pantheon, the Colosseum, the tower of the Capitol, the Quirinal palace—in fact every one of the larger buildings was plainly distinguishable in the clear air. To the left, about half a mile off, rose very grandly the dome of St. Peter, on the Monte Vaticano; nearer to us, on lower ground, was the church of S. Onofrio. The great mountain view, extending from the north to the south-east, included the mountain of Soracte and the low hills near the Lacus Sabatinus in Etruria, the immense mountain mass in the Sabine country, culminating in the Monte Gennaro, and the volcanic group of the Alban Mount (now Monte Cavo) in Latium. Thus the three great periods of early Roman history, that in which Rome subjugated the Etruscans, incorporating their religious rites with her own, that in

which she suppressed all autonomy in Latium, and that in which she humbled the Samnites (the children of the Sabines), present themselves to thought and memory together in this wonderful view. The space between the city and the Sabine and Alban mountains is filled up by the Campagna, that mysterious rolling plain, once cultivated by Roman citizens, now crossed by the beautiful ruined aqueducts of later dates. On the Etruscan side of the Tiber the eye ranges over the site of Veii to the craggy mountain of Soracte, which from its height (over 2000 feet) and its northerly exposure, must often in every age have presented that snow-laden appearance in winter time of which Horace speaks—

“Vides ut alta stet nive candidum  
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus  
Silvæ laborantes :”

§ 2.

Rome of the Kings and the Republic—The *emissarium*—The Tarpeian Rock—The temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

THE excavations which have been carried on in Rome for a long time, especially in the Forum, are continually adding exactness to our knowledge of the state of things under the kings, and nothing could be more fascinating than to follow such men as Signor Lanciani and Signor Boni in their work and speculation, so as to connect present Rome, so far as may be, its ruins and monuments, with the city of Cincinnatus and the Scipios. This was not possible; but in

the few days that were at my command I was able to pay special attention to a few points illustrating the history of this period, among which were the *emissarium* of the Alban lake, and the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

While we were staying at Castel Gandolfo, we walked down the side of the volcanic crater or basin which contains the Alban lake, and came to the tunnel by which its waters find an outlet into the Campagna below the Appian Way. A gloomy arch on the right; a stream of clear water about four feet deep and less than a yard wide, issuing from the lake by a walled channel, and passing within the arch; there it enters the tunnel, which is not arched, but constructed of great blocks of stone, the common *tufa* of the district. The stream runs at the rate of about five miles an hour, and can be watched, if candles are launched upon it, for a considerable distance in a straight line. Passing under the hill, on the top of which is Castel Gandolfo, the tunnel emerges into the Campagna near Mola, about three-quarters of a mile from the lake. What becomes then of the water? The intention with which the tunnel was made seems to have been, (Livy, v. 16), that the water, on leaving the tunnel, should be dispersed by irrigation-channels among the fields (*per agros rigabis dissipatamque rivis extingues*). The richness of the Alban pastures mentioned or implied by Horace, *crescit Albanis in herbis Victima* (3 Od. 23, 11), might be due to this cause. At the present time the

water from the lake is collected into a stream, the Marrana del Lago di Castel Gandolfo, which joins the Rivus Albanus, and falls into the Tiber at Valca, on the road to Ostia.<sup>1</sup>

Livy connects the account of the portentous rise in the level of the lake in A.U.C. 394 with the approaching fall of Veii—a picturesque but, of course, mythical conception. When he relates the answer of the Delphian oracle, the gist of which is contained in the words already quoted, he seems to touch the real nature of the difficulty. The rise of the lake, from whatever cause, up the sides of the crater, must have caused the destruction of the crops over a considerable breadth of most fertile land. This could be remedied in the future only in one way. In effect the oracle says, “Wait till the lake has sunk to its usual level, and then mine through the crater wall, and make an artificial outlet for the water.” This was done, and the outlet serves its purpose to this day. Other such feats of drainage were undertaken for the lakes of Nemi and Gabii, and one, on a much larger scale, for the lake Fucinus; this was done under the Emperor Claudius.

#### TEMPLE OF JUPITER CAPITOLINUS.

That the great temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was on the south-western side of the Capitoline hill, and not far from the Tarpeian Rock, is evident from a

<sup>1</sup> Gell's "Topography of Rome," i. 52.

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remarkable passage in Cicero's third oration against Catiline. After speaking of the timely denunciation by the Allobrogan envoys of the designs of Catiline, some years before the date of this oration, and of the portents presaging civil war which had come to light, Cicero says that soothsayers from every part of Etruria were called into consultation, and that among many healing and expiatory measures which these suggested, was included one recommending the erection at the temple of a higher and larger statue of Jupiter, and that it should be made to face the east instead of the west.<sup>1</sup> "They hoped," they said, "that if that statue which stands before you should look towards the east, and the forum, and the senate-house, light would be thrown on those dark designs which had been set on foot against the safety of the city and the empire, so that they could be clearly seen into by the senate and the people of Rome." This forecast, Cicero went on to say, had been fulfilled that very morning, when the new statue had been set up facing the east and the forum, and the conspirators, all their treason having been laid bare, were brought across the forum to the Temple of Concord. The change of outlook given to the statue would, as Platner and Bunsen explain,<sup>2</sup> agree entirely with the Ciceronian passage if the Capitoline temple stood on the south-western side of the hill,

<sup>1</sup> "Jusserunt simulacrum Jovis facere majus, et in excelso collocare, et, contra atque ante fuerat, ad orientem convertere."

<sup>2</sup> *Beschr. der Stadt Rom*, iii., Pt. I., and *Nachträge*.

near what is now the Palazzo Caffarelli, but his words would be inexplicable if the temple stood near the church of the Ara Cœli, on the north-eastern side of the hill.

The changed position of the great statue of Jupiter, of which Cicero speaks, led to another interesting circumstance, that the statue of Jupiter Capitolinus was now made to face, "eye to eye," the statue of Jupiter Latiaris on the Alban Mount (Monte Cavo), twelve or fourteen miles away. As one gazes at the striking outline of the Alban hills at the present day from the same point, one partly realises the deep impression which the average Roman of the first century B.C., who, though hard, was religious, (*Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas*), must have derived from this friendly conjunction of two presentations of deity, each in his eyes so venerable.

The presumed site of the temple of the Capitoline Jove has been as yet imperfectly explored, and many discoveries may be expected when the official excavations are again directed hither.

The temple literally *shone* with the gold by which it was overspread; whence Horace calls it "Capitolium fulgens"; and Virgil, referring to the former aspect of the hill, makes Evander guide Æneas "*ad Tarpeiam sedem et Capitolia*," which, though "*Aurea nunc*," were then only a rough, bushy covert. Horace too says, that if we repent of our crimes, we must either piously bring our gold and jewels into the Capitol (to add to its magnificence), *or* cast them into the nearest sea

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(3 *Od.*, 24, 45). The ceremony of the Pontifex Maximus, with the vestal virgin, ascending the hill each year to renew the sacrifices to the great gods, was for Horace a symbol of unending duration.<sup>1</sup> Compare also Virgil:—<sup>2</sup>

“Dum domus Æneæ Capitoli immobile saxum  
Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.”

Doubtless it was of the Capitol and its temple, as the eternal centre of the Roman empire, that Virgil was thinking when he wrote—

“His ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono,  
Imperium sine fine dedi.”<sup>3</sup>

### § 3

Rome of the Emperors—The Pantheon—The Colosseum—Domitian's palace—Horace and his Sabine farm—Forum of Trajan.

OF the monuments of imperial Rome, there is of course no end.

The noble proportions of the Pantheon, which in its present form dates from the reign of Hadrian, leave an impression of singular majesty and grandeur. Here is the tomb of the ever-beloved Raphael, who died on the 6th April 1520. It was opened in 1833, and the bones of the immortal painter were discovered behind the altar of the chapel,<sup>4</sup> in which it had been deposited. To the celebrated Cardinal Consalvi,

<sup>1</sup> “ . . . dum Capitolium

Scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.”—(3 *Od.*, 30, 8.)

<sup>2</sup> *Æn.*, ix. 446.

<sup>3</sup> *Æn.*, i. 278.

<sup>4</sup> Murray, p. 156.

whose heart is here, there is a monument by Thorwaldsen—a portrait relief—representing a face and head of remarkable power.

We visited the Colosseum on the 19th April. This was the great amphitheatre commenced by Vespasian, and dedicated in A.D. 80 by Titus. It must be less impressive now, when the hand of the restorer and the excavator is everywhere visible, than it was fifty years ago and earlier, when grass, flowers, and an altar or two were all the contents of the vast interior. But, as it is, nothing could convey a livelier image of the immense power and wealth of the Roman people than this huge and beautiful ruin, with its four elliptical stories, and the stupendous masses of masonry which those stories represent. The proportions also are true and satisfying; one would not wish the arches either narrower or wider—either higher or lower. The whole represents the nobleness and free play of the artist mind; just as the Albert Hall in London, that monstrous caricature of the Colosseum, represents the occasional degradation and captivity of the artist mind. In the external architecture, the “orders” are introduced with great effect; the columns between the arches have Doric capitals on the ground plan, Ionic on the second plan, and Corinthian on the third plan.

Alongside of this intellectual and æsthetic greatness, the history of the Colosseum enables us to set the moral greatness of martyrdom. In A.D. 106, the Emperor Trajan, on his march towards Parthia,

saw Ignatius at Antioch, of which city he was bishop; and, after an unsatisfactory interview, ordered that he should be taken in chains to Rome, in the charge of a file of soldiers, and exposed to wild beasts in the amphitheatre for the amusement of the people. This was done; but the voyage was broken at Smyrna and Troas, and from these places Ignatius wrote his famous seven epistles,<sup>1</sup> to the churches of Ephesus, Magnesia, Tralles, Smyrna, Philippi, and Philadelphia, and to Polycarp bishop of Smyrna. Writing to the Romans, he entreats them to do nothing to prevent his giving his life for Christ. "Encourage the wild beasts rather, so that they may become my tomb, and leave nothing of my body. . . . From Syria to Rome, I fight with wild beasts by sea and land, by night and by day; being chained to ten leopards, that is to say, to a file of soldiers, who become more savage the more one does them good." The ship at last reached Portus at the mouth of the Tiber. Ignatius was soon brought to the amphitheatre (the Colosseum) and exposed to the wild beasts. They were more than usually savage, and the martyr was immediately devoured. On this very ground which the indifferent sight-seer treads, the body of St. Ignatius was torn to pieces by the wild beasts; the ground must have been soaked with his blood. Some of the large bones were recovered, and

<sup>1</sup> It is well known that Bunsen and other critics held that only three of these epistles were genuine. Pearson, Hefele, and Cardinal Newman believed that all the seven were genuine, and, as it seems to me, established their case.

finally buried at Antioch. This happened during the feast of the Sagittaria, on the 20th December 107.<sup>1</sup>

#### DOMITIAN'S PALACE.

But a few years earlier, the magnificent villa and gardens at Castel Gandolfo, which the villa Barberini now partly represents, had been the delight and solace of the last of the Flavian emperors. Not of course the *same* villa, but one, it can hardly be doubted, rising on the same site. The gardens are very beautiful; long avenues, beautiful pines, fountains, flowers, and fragments of grey ruined buildings, partly overgrown by trees and creeping plants, emerging every here and there. Hidden in the trees, the nightingales without stint "their heavenly descant sing." The buildings are thought to have been part of the villa of Domitian, "which extended to the pine groves of the villa Barberini, just outside Castel Gandolfo."<sup>2</sup>

Cramer<sup>3</sup> cites Juvenal (Sat. iv. 144) for the story of Domitian's summoning the senate to his Alban palace, "Albanam in arcem," to debate the question what should be done with the enormous turbot lately caught in the Adriatic and brought to Albano as a present for the emperor. In the same satire Juvenal speaks of the "Albana arena," that is,

<sup>1</sup> Not having a copy of the Ignatian Letters and Acts at hand, I have used here the full and excellent account in Fleury, "Hist. Eccl.," ch. ii.

<sup>2</sup> Murray, p. 409.

<sup>3</sup> "Ancient Italy," ii. 41.

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the amphitheatre constructed by Domitian at Albano, of which more than traces are still visible, and large remains existed in the fifteenth century. Other poets, *e.g.* Martial and Statius, speak of this palace of Domitian,<sup>1</sup> the unearthing and investigation of which is sure to be undertaken when the circumstances of the Italian kingdom permit it.

### HORACE AND HIS FARM.

Horace belongs to the times of the first emperors, and even if his fame had died out elsewhere—an impossible supposition—Rome and the surrounding country would still be imperishably connected with his memory. In proportion to a man's good sense and soundness of feeling are the love and admiration, increasing with his years, which he bears towards Horace. Well then; now for the first time one trod the streets and public places which Horace trod, travelled by roads to him familiar; and recognising, on the first foot-hills of the Sabine mountains, the "Tibur" which he desired should be the resting-place of his old age,<sup>2</sup> looked beyond it to the valley of the swift Digentia, a feeder of the Anio, where beyond question lay the villa-farm which Mæcenas, not long after the beginning of their acquaintance, had generously given to the poet. With the aid of an accurate and genial essay ("La Maison de Campagne

<sup>1</sup> See the work of Cramer already cited.

<sup>2</sup> "Tibur, Argeo positum colono,  
Sit mee sedes utinam senectæ."—"Carm.," ii. 6, 5.)

d'Horace") in the *Nouvelles Promenades Archéologiques* of M. Gaston Boissier—and, of course, of the poems themselves—we will work our way up from Rome and the Campagna to Tivoli and the Sabine hills, and examine—himself being our authority—what manner of life Horace led at that Sabine villa, to which he became continually more attached, and which, so far as we know, was the scene of his somewhat early death.

In what part of Rome Horace lived, either in his father's lifetime or afterwards, we do not know. He speaks of walking on the Via Sacra, portions of which, on and near the forum, are still entire, and mentions the Carinæ, a fashionable quarter between the Æsquiline and the forum, and the Gardens of Cæsar in the Trastevere, and the Fabrician bridge over the Tiber, and the Rostra in the forum, and the Esquilæ on the Æsquiline hill, where was the villa of Mæcenæ. To the Capitol, as we have seen, his Odes make frequent reference; but the street or quarter in which he himself lived is never mentioned. It is not till we quit the *fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ* that we seem to get close to him. The Via Tiburtina, the road to Tibur or Tivoli, must have been travelled scores of times by him and his mule; farther south comes the Via Prænestina, by which, in the heats of summer, he would travel to the "cool Præneste";<sup>1</sup> still nearer to the sea is the Via Appia, the far-famed Appian Way, along which he rode with his Greek friend Heliodorus, when, in 713, he joined

<sup>1</sup> 3 Od., 4, 23.

the train of his patron Mæcenas, sent on a mission to Brundisium to arrange a treaty between Augustus and Antony. When I was at Castel Gandolfo I went down the hill one morning into the Appian Way, and followed it some distance towards Rome (with the dome of St. Peter's visible in front), and then turned and went towards Aricia, so as to make quite sure of treading in the very track of Horace, mounted on his "dock-tailed mule,"<sup>1</sup> nineteen centuries and a half ago. However, it was usually towards Tivoli that Horace's steps were bent when he was free to leave Rome. The farm which Mæcenas had given him was among the mountains, some twelve miles from Tivoli. The road to it followed the Anio as far as Varia (1 Ep., 14, 3), now Vico-varo, and then turned to the left up the side-valley of the Digentia, the "cold stream" by which the poet says he was "refreshed."<sup>2</sup> On the right bank, looking to the south, was the villa, though its exact position is a disputed point. It did not bring its owner corn, nor oil, nor fruit, nor wine; but there was an ample stretch of woodland which provided acorns and mast for his "flock" (goats probably), and shade for himself (1 Ep., 16, 1-10). Five householders, good men and true, who used to meet at Varia to transact local affairs, were tenants on the land (1 Ep., 14, 2). Here Horace found increased contentment and peace in living, though for many years his absences

<sup>1</sup> 1 Sat., 6, 105.

<sup>2</sup> "Me quoties refecit gelidus Digentia rivus" (1 Ep., 18, 104).

were frequent. In the winter he often visited Tarentum, near which was the valley of the Aulon, the beauty and fertility of which delighted him "beyond all other corners of the earth."<sup>1</sup> Or he would, in the summer, make a long stay at Præneste, the coolness of which is owing to its position on an outlier of the Sabine hills, where there is a continual draught of wind through the gap between them and the Monte Cavo (3 Od., 4, 23). The rich and great men of Rome had their villas at all these places, and also at "pleasant" Baiæ (1 Ep., 1, 83). One may conceive how welcome his manly frankness, his wit, his independence of politics, and his powers of talk, must have made Horace to such persons, when *ennui* and heat pressed heavily upon them. The circumstances, in many respects, bore a strong resemblance to those with which we are familiar in the case of Pope. Owing chiefly to his own lovable qualities, he could truly say that he "*cum magnis vixisse*"; just as Pope, whom a similar combination of endearing and fascinating qualities enabled to cope on equal terms with the Bolingbrokes, the Peterboroughs, and the Marchmonts, could honestly write, from that Twickenham villa which was *his* Sabine farm—

"There my retreat the best companions grace,  
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place."

As the years passed, Horace cared less and less to

<sup>1</sup> 2 Od., 6, 18.

leave his dear retirement. In the epistle nominally addressed to his bailiff,<sup>1</sup> he insists on the difference in their tastes. "The man who was once graced by fine clothes and shining locks, whom the money-loving Cinara preferred to his rich rivals—who would imbibe Falernian wine at midday—now is pleased with a frugal supper and a nap on the grass near the stream." I played while the play was good, he seems to say; now I keep quiet. "The neighbours laugh at me as they see me dragging about logs and stones." Horace, short and fat, who, Augustus declared, was as broad as he was long,<sup>2</sup> must indeed have made a curious figure while engaged in his landscape gardening. Before his death, the exact date of which is not known, he disappears from our view. One may believe that courage, friendship, and philosophy sustained him to the last. Augustus must have thought of him with true respect and affection; we know from Suetonius how much he desired that Horace should become his secretary; and the same author tells us, that when Mæcenas was dying, he commended the poet to the special care of the emperor—"Horati Flacci, ut mei, memor esto"—evidently feeling certain that the injunction would be duly observed.

<sup>1</sup> 1 Ep., 14. Orelli thinks, and perhaps he is right, that the address to the *villicus* (who was one of his slaves, and would scarcely have appreciated the delicate trains of thought broached in this Epistle) was only nominal; a mere literary artifice.

<sup>2</sup> Suet. "Vit. Hor."

## FORUM OF TRAJAN.

The Forum Trajani was part of a great scheme by which, through the erection and arrangement of the "Imperial Fora,"—the Forum of Julius, that of Augustus, of Nerva, &c.,—all in the neighbourhood of the old Forum, the vast multiplicity of judicial, economic, and commercial business which had poured in upon Rome since the close of the Republican era, was adequately and splendidly provided for. None of these Fora equalled the Forum Trajani, on account of the beauty and varied interest of the column which still rises there. It was dedicated in honour of the Emperor, according to the inscription on the pedestal, by the Senate and people of Rome in Trajan's sixth consulate; that is, about the beginning of the Parthian war; so that Trajan, who never returned from that war, did not live to see it. The spiral sculptures, it is well known, represent the victories of Trajan in the Dacian war; but they are much worn, and therefore dim to any but keen-sighted people. They contain, it is said, not less than 2500 human figures. Even short-sighted persons can make out enough of their significance to confirm Wordsworth's words, to the effect that in all the conflicts represented, the Roman soldiers conquer and the Dacians fall;

"In every Roman, through all turns of fate,  
Is Roman dignity inviolate."

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Two small churches, S. Maria di Loreto and Nome di Maria, are to the north of the column. We tried to enter them one Sunday, after hearing mass at the Minerva, but found them both crowded with devout congregations to the door.

### § 4

Rome in the Apostolic age and under the earlier popes—San Clemente—San Gregorio—S. Agata de' Goti.

SEVERAL of the churches at Rome have architectural features and works of art which are referable to the first or second Christian century. Such are San Clemente, Santa Pudenziana (more correctly, perhaps, St. Pudens), Santa Prassede (Praxedes), and Santa Prisca. Of the same date are great numbers of the sepulchral remains, paintings, and sculptures of the Catacombs.

We visited the extremely interesting church of San Clemente, in illustration of which elaborate works have been written by Prior Gillooly and the Cavaliere Rossi.

*San Gregorio.* On the 18th April, the first day which we had entirely at our own disposal, we went to the church of San Gregorio on the Cœlian. From the Piazza di Venezia, a central point at the south end of the Corso, the principal street in Rome, the way led near the river, past the lovely Temple of Vesta, and then along the Via di Cerchi, which marks the site of the ancient Circus Maximus. The Aventine was on our right—the Palatine, sown with the ruins of imperial

palaces, on our left. Here Augustus, Tiberius, and Claudius; here afterwards dwelt Severus and Caracalla. Presently we came to the gap between the Aventine and Cœlian hills, and turning slightly to the left, found ourselves facing the church of St. Gregory the Great on the slope of the Cœlian, called in his day Clivus Scauri. This church at the end of the sixth century was dedicated to St. Andrew, and the monks in the monastery adjoining it observed the rule of St. Benedict. Gregory, who was nobly born, being of the Anician gens, and wealthy, had erected both church and monastery at his own expense. The story, as told by Beda, is well known—how one day, before he became pope, he was interested by the sight of some young Angles exposed for sale in the Roman slave-market; how he tried to leave Rome in order to pass over to Britain to labour at the conversion of their countrymen, and how he was hindered from doing so by the Roman people. After he became pope, he took up the enterprise again, and from this church of St. Andrew (named in later times after himself, and rebuilt by Cardinal Borghese in 1633) he dismissed the monk Augustin and a goodly following in 596, to take, as Englishmen used to say, “baptism to our forefathers.”

From the old church several interesting monuments have been preserved. In a chapel to the right of the high altar is an altar having a marble relief, illustrating the story of the monk whom Gregory delivered from purgatory by having thirty masses said for him. The

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details may be read in Beda. Still further to the right is a recess in which is a marble chair, on which Gregory is said to have often sat.

In the nave are two monumental tablets, commemorating the death of Robert Peckham in 1569, and that of Sir Edward Carne in 1561—Englishmen whom the change of religion made exiles from their own country, and caused to die at Rome. Carne was employed by Henry VIII. for some time in the negotiations relative to the divorce from Catharine.

There is another church in Rome which connects Gregory's name and work with Ireland, as San Gregorio connects them with England. This is the little church of S. Agata dei Goti in the Via Mazzarino, belonging to the Irish College, to which we found our way from the Forum of Trajan on the afternoon of April 20. The explanation of the name is found in a passage of the "Dialogues" of Pope Gregory (Book iii., ch. 30), and in one of his letters (Epist. 19, book iv.). During the reign of Theodoric the Ostrogoth (A.D. 491-526), Arianism had been the State religion at Rome, and several churches, among which this of St. Agatha was one, had been in Arian hands. After the expulsion of the Goths the old state of things was gradually restored, and Gregory states ("Dialogues," *loc. cit.*), that after this particular church had lain vacant for more than two years, he had dedicated it afresh for Catholic worship, placing in it some relics which he had obtained of St. Sebastian and St. Agatha. The pope's close connection with Sicily, where he had

founded several monasteries, perhaps explains the choice of St. Agatha of Catania as the patron saint.<sup>1</sup> But the words "of the Goths" have ever since clung to the place, and are a record of the short-lived ascendancy of the Arian heresy at Rome in the sixth century.

Monsignor Kelly, the present Superior of the Irish College, received us with the greatest kindness, and showed us over the college and church. The students' rooms, opening upon airy corridors, are charming; in their private chapel is a very beautiful half-length picture of the Christ by Guido; the refectory is spacious and cool; while the library is not only rich in theological and classical works, but presents a considerable array of modern books. The only wonder is that a college like this, with a fine garden, situated in the heart of Rome, and providing on easy terms a complete professional education for those whom Rome itself, and the Roman atmosphere, would be teaching every day, and inspiring with a knowledge nowhere else obtainable on earth, is not full to overflowing with Irish students; but this, strange to say, is not the case.

In the college there is a suite of rooms which constitute the home of a cardinal; for this is one of the churches which give a cardinalitian title.

O'Connell in his last years, feeling sad and ill, and reflecting that he had never seen Rome, nor visited the tombs of the apostles, travelled Romeward in 1848. But being overtaken by mortal illness, he died at

<sup>1</sup> "Gregorovius," ii. 78.

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Genoa, having first bequeathed his soul to God, his heart to Rome, and his body to his country. In the left hand aisle of this church of St. Agatha a rather poor relief marks the place where his heart is deposited, and commemorates a historic scene. Part of the inscription at the foot runs thus: "He [O'Connell] is represented at the bar of the British House of Commons, when he refused to take the anti-Catholic declaration, in these remarkable words: 'I at once reject this declaration; part of it I believe to be untrue, and the rest I know to be false.' He was born VI. Aug. MDCCLXXVI, and died xv. May MDCCCXLVIII. Erected by Charles Bianconi, the faithful friend of the immortal liberator, and of Ireland the land of his adoption."

### § 5

Rome of the Middle Ages—Campo dei Fiori—St. Brigit—San Tommaso degl' Inglesi.

OF the many beautiful or interesting churches in Rome, built here in the Middle Ages for the honour of God and the spiritual profit of Christians, we were able to visit only a few. But of course we could not fail to note how these churches bind the past and the present together. They exemplify a true development of customs, and customary thought and feeling, in virtue of which the believer in the relative fixity of the sun in space feels no alienation from him, who in

the Middle Ages regarded the earth as the centre of the universe, nor does the veneration of the Roman Pontiff, or the cult of images, imply the faintest shade of real disagreement with the fierce iconoclasm of Minucius Felix, or detract from the essential spirituality of Catholic worship.

On the way from the Piazza di Venezia to the Piazza Farnese to visit the church of St. Brigit (3rd May), objects of great interest crowded, at intervals of every few yards, on the eye and mind. San Andrea della Valle, a lofty church, bright and shining with its white or gilded walls, and famous for its rare marbles, has on its ceiling and on the spandrils of its dome some of the noblest work of Domenichino. The Palazzo della Cancelleria, which is the property of the Holy See, and accommodates various offices for the transaction of papal business, has an interior of unsurpassed dignity and beauty—a large square court being surrounded by two arcades, one above the other, of round arches, admirable in proportion and decoration. In this building Pellegrino Rossi, Pio Nono's minister of state, was assassinated by the Garibaldian mob in November 1848. Turning to the left one comes to the Campo dei Fiori. This was, on this particular occasion, a scene of great animation; for, besides flowers, immense quantities of cloth, linen, pottery, and other wares were exposed for sale. In the centre of the Campo is the fine bronze statue of Giordano Bruno, ex-Carthusian and Pantheist—the head nearly enveloped

in the monk's hood—who is said to have been burnt here by order of the Inquisition in 1600.

Not far from the Campo dei Fiori is the Piazza Farnese, at the far right-hand corner of which is a small church, with a pediment and Corinthian pillars, and, above, an inscription, "In honorem S. Birgittæ." It was closed, but we obtained admittance with some difficulty, and found a genial, French-speaking sacristan. He thought we were Swedes, and became very cordial when he found that we were English. He brought us into the church, and then showed us two rooms on the ground floor, in one of which was a picture of the saint; the face in this picture was very expressive. It was in this house that St. Brigit wrote the greater part of her "Revelations." It is now occupied by Carmelite nuns, who only show the upper, or living rooms, on particular days, and the day of our visit was unfortunately not one of them. Here the saint died, and Boniface IX., who canonized her in 1391, seems to have at that time turned part of the house into a church.

The church of San Tommaso degl' Inglesi (St. Thomas à Becket), belonging to the English College, is close to the church of St. Brigit. At this time our own English cardinal, whom we all love and honour with such abundant reason, having business at the Holy See, was staying at the college. The church has many interesting monuments, among which is the beautiful marble tomb, with recumbent effigy, of Christopher Bainbridge, Cardinal Archbishop of York,

much employed in diplomacy by Henry VII. and Henry VIII. Memorial slabs attest the adhesion to the ancient faith of Nicholas Morton, Robert More, and others, exiles from England for religion under Elizabeth.

§ 6

Return to England—Clusium—The Trasimene Lake—Lucerne.

*May 8.*—We started from Rome for Florence, as the first stage on the homeward journey, by the morning train, on Monday the 8th May. Except for occasional fine views of the Apennines on our right, the line for a long distance is not very interesting. The surface of Etruria is generally broken, and the first region where one can imagine a powerful state or kingdom to have been established—a state capable of contending for sovereignty with Rome—is the beautiful valley-plain of the Chiana, the ancient Clanis, leading up to Clusium. Some miles south of Clusium, the northern end of this plain—which is four or five miles wide, and bounded by low hills—is blocked by a large spreading mountain, the mountain of Radicofani, which rises to the height of 2500 feet. As we advance, an opening between this mountain and the eastern hills reveals itself, and we arrive at Clusium. This was the capital of Lars Porsena, whose kingdom, Livy assures us, had attained considerable power<sup>1</sup> in the third century of the city.

<sup>1</sup> "Res valida," Livy, ii. 9

Soon after leaving Clusium the traveller arrives at the western shore of the Trasimene Lake. It is a beautiful sheet of water, nearly round, hemmed in on the north-east by a chain of high mountains, but easy of access on the western side. The consul Flaminius, however, who was bringing his army hastily southward from Arretium, led it by the usual road, which followed, and still follows, the eastern bank, towards Perugia. There, on a foggy morning, it was caught by Hannibal, while cooped up between the mountains and the lake, and came, as every one knows, terribly to grief. Livy and Polybius both give detailed narratives of the battle, Livy's being, it is now generally agreed, much the most rational and coherent account of the two, and the one which best agrees with existing natural features.<sup>1</sup>

From Florence we journeyed rapidly by Milan, Lugano, Bellinzona, and the St. Gothard tunnel to Lucerne. I have never seen Switzerland looking so beautiful; the mountains were robed in dazzling white above, in freshest, sunniest green below. By Bâle we entered France, and keeping to the east of Paris, travelled, without stopping, by Chaumont, Châlons-sur-Marne, Laon, and Lille to Calais, arriving in London on the evening of the 12th May.

<sup>1</sup> "The Second Punic War," ed. by W. T. Arnold, p. 40.

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